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CONDUCTED BY

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"Nec araneatum sane textus ideo ... or, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec nostri
vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut a res." JUST: *Litt. Monit. Poli.* lib. i. cap. 1.

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[Vol. II.]

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[No. 1.]

THE PAST YEAR.

THE wisest maxim which has been left as the most precious legacy to posterity, by one of the sages of Greece, is to review thrice the daily occurrences of life, before sleep has touched the eyelids. This salutary admonition will be found to be most beneficial to individuals. Self-cross-examination is the certain road to amendment of conduct, and it has a direct tendency to promote rectitude of heart. It is not, however, our purpose to give a summary of our own experience. How precious soever, may be the articles, which we may possess in our store-houses, others will not derive much pleasure from looking at them. The only *investment*, that will attract attention, is the display of those occurrences, that have affected *millions*. Although it has been sung by a noble poet,

“That one breast laid open, were a school,

“Which would teach mankind, the art to shine and rule,”

it must yet be borne in mind, that this *one breast* must belong to a mighty conqueror, whose desire of power, is perhaps only limited by the horizon of the sky. The breast of an ordinary mortal, even carefully dissected, would scarcely excite curiosity. There is nothing in it to dazzle or even to please—no rays of genius flow from it, to enlighten and astonish the world—no eccentricities of conduct mark the individual character.

Hence, it is not our design to write the occurrences of our life. It will no doubt, be of great advantage to us, to put into practice, in our closets, the maxim contained in the first sentence of these remarks. All that we intend to do, is to note the most prominent objects, that are painted on the canvass of a nation's history. It is good to ponder over them, and submit them to close consideration. The turning of a year, is the *point* which is most advantageous, for looking back at the past, and directing attention to the future. It is a *pivot* upon which turns the wheel of fortune, and those who understand the best method of resting their thoughts on this *pivot*, will gather the best instructions from such contemplation. The revolution of a year, is the most advantageous time, for revolving the incidents that have become identified with the *Past Year*. It is sad to stand by the grave of THE PAST YEAR, while memory with moistened eyes, awakens those recollections, which gave us pleasure, or recalls those thoughts, which excite emotions of pain and penitence.—On the other hand, it is a source of pleasure to worship the birth of a NEW YEAR, and indulge in the most delightful anticipations of the *store* which is to fall to our lot. There is something in the lapse of years, like the ebb and the

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flow of the ocean, which sometimes causes the mind to rise with joy—and at other times, makes it sick with melancholy. Whatever therefore, may be the feelings which are awakened in the mind of an individual, as he sits, in studious contemplation of the *past years* of his life—there can be but one common feeling pervading the breasts of all men, as their attention is directed to the concerns of nations, and the happiness of thousands.

Of all the occurrences of the “Past Year,” the most important, and one capable of exciting intense attention, is the annexation of Scinde, to the wide limits of the British dominion in this country. It is of a truly important nature, when we consider the policy to have originated from a conservative nobleman, one who wisely judged the confines of the British Empire in the East, to be greatly extended, and proclaimed from his seat of Vice-Regent, that it was his ruling principle, “not to destroy—but to save and to uphold.” This novel *advertisement* has been most signally contradicted; for no sooner had the trees of Affghanistan, been shattered by British bombs, than we heard the din of war, from the land of Hyderabad—and soon after, read with wonder, that the present *Conservative* government, had not only *preserved* the integrity of the British Eastern Empire, but actually adding sweets to the *conserve* of roses, had taken under its especial care and preservation, the large province of Hyderabad.

We do not here exclaim against the injustice, and the cruelties practised on the Amcers, who were pursued, like so much game—but we cannot help noticing this extraordinary feature of a conservative Government. Truly conservatism is a Hydra! The present administration bears no family likeness to its predecessors. In it one does not perceive, the fixed and daring resolves of Clive—the wholesale plunder of Hastings—the brilliant achievements of Wellesley—nor the protecting and encouraging administration of Bentinck. The nobleman now presiding over the destinies of India, is not destitute of talent, nor wanting in energy. He fails—he has failed, from a desire to accomplish something, which will throw all preceding events, into the shade—and which, by its magnitude and brilliancy, will throw its shadow and its light, far into the future. As President of the Board of Control, he learnt something of India—its finances and the ability of its servants—nothing of its wants, its weaknesses, and its miseries. He perceived from documents, that there was a screw loose here, or a something wanting there. He never weighed the awful responsibilities of his office—but he accepted of the highest office in this country—buoyed up with high thoughts, and fermenting with daring resolves. But experience has shewn him, the difficulties that beset his onward career. He finds himself a little “cribb’d, cabinn’d, and confined,” and these inconveniencies operating upon a temper, not the sweetest, urges the nobleman, to act, as he has already done. Like a man bound and manacled, he manifests great strength, and—often appears ridiculous!

We have elsewhere stated it, as our opinion, that the office of the Board of Control in England, is not the best school for acquiring a knowledge of India and its wrongs. Its archives furnish matter, which may be useful for computing the revenue, and adjusting the finances; but it supplies

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not even one particle of information, regarding the actual and pressing necessities of India. The Local Government is always happy to receive favorable accounts of the increase of revenue, because no other statement will be satisfactory—and that district is said to be very flourishing, which pays well, and that servant, useful and industrious, who collects the largest amount of revenue—but alas ! who can tell the means adopted for collecting this revenue. Who will count the poor man's sighs, and sacrifices, and privations—who will measure the dimensions of his miseries, and collect his tears into a bottle—who will weigh the "iron that has entered into his soul?" None ! None ! In consequence of this gross neglect and indifference, the poor man's case, excites no interest—the bowels of pity do not yearn for him.

Something, we are confident, will be performed for the benefit of the poor, through the agency of Mr. Thompson, who has left our shores for his native land. Notwithstanding all that has been said, deprecatory of his services, and the influence of the British India Society, one thing is certain, that much will be done by him. He has been an eye-witness of the wretchedness, and misery of India. He has trod the plains of India, and noted the natives as little better than "artless savages." He has seen much to serve his advocacy—and it is our sincere prayer that through God's blessing, he may be able to effect a vast amount of benefit for this degraded and debased land. The best book to read, which treats of India's history, is "India itself," and Mr. Thompson has perused its contents, so far as circumstances would permit—he has perused the contents, we feel persuaded, carefully and attentively.

But there is a note, which comes to our ears, borne over the Atlantic—we do not allude to the "REPEAL PARTY" in Ireland. Our predictions have been verified—we hear of a nation's cry for cheap—bread. The restrictions on Free Trade are beginning to be felt, and a hungry people demand their entire abolition. There was a cry, which once tore old England's concave—"give us those traitors, who are against peace." The cry of every man, woman, and child, now is, "give us those traitors, who favor Corn Laws." The people, however, are labouring under a sad delusion. They fancy, that cheap bread will maintain the present rate of wages. It is our opinion, that in proportion that bread is cheap, the rate of wages will fall ; for let us suppose an instance—let us for the sake of argument, assume, that in consequence of the price of *rice* being 6 rupees per maund, the wages of labour, rose to 10 rupees per month ; six of which were paid to the rice merchant, and the rest devoted to the supply of the necessaries of life. Now, by some means, we will suppose, that the price of rice, fell to *one* rupee per maund ; will it be maintained, that the rate of wages, will continue the same ? Competition among the laborers, will soon reduce wages to 5 rupees per month, and soon will the same notes of complaint, from the lips of poverty, reach our ears. Do what we will, every relief will be at best but temporary, and the fiat of the Almighty, can never be falsified—"In sorrow shalt thou eat bread."

Calcutta has been stirred from its lethargy, by the Oriental and Peninsular Company in England. We feel too much interested in Steam Communication, to let this subject, pass unnoticed. We fully sympathize with those, who have friends, relatives, and children in

A Propitiatory Sonnet.

England, and on whom Steam Communication has conferred great benefits. We feel for the sick who can thus obtain an expeditious transmission to their native lands. We are as anxious as the mercantile community, in obtaining ready information from England on every subject connected with Commerce,—but we regard Steam Communication in another point of view. We hail it as the herald of justice to India. By Steam Communication the actual condition of India will be made known to the parent country.—Her resources will attract attention and awaken interest; and then will all her wrongs become palpable. To obtain the first, the second must be remedied. Though much time will be swallowed up before this era will have arrived—yet we do not despair to see justice extended to India. Have not years elapsed since the necessity of augmenting the salaries of Darogahs and subordinate Officers of the Mofussil Courts—and of the appointment of Deputy Magistrates—has been discussed? And yet we have witnessed the accomplishment of these things. Though late, yet justice has been done, and will not the past animate us to expect that how degraded soever the condition of India may be—truth and justice will prevail, error will be banished, superstition fall like lightning to the ground, and heathen, idolatrous India, become civilized, and, what is more, Christianized?

The past year is now shorn of all its leaves—its honors are almost gone, and the New Year, is just shooting forth its tender leaves. We hope that the coming year will not be wanting in improvement—not only that the alumni of the different schools and colleges will make progress in their subjects of study, but that Oriental Literature will flourish, and the Oriental Magazine not fall short of well grounded expectations.

“ Come, bright improvement ! on the car of time—
“ And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
“ Thy handmaid arts shall every world explore,
“ Trace every land and culture every shore.”

A PROPITIATORY SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE ORIENTAL MAGAZINE.

I seek not ('t would be vain) a Poet's name,
I ask not (vainer still) the poet's lyre ;
To honour, sordid wealth, and worldly fame,
Let prouder, meaner, loftier souls aspire.
Yea, sometimes, in the sad and lonely hour,
When Idleness would eat into the mind,
I give employment to that mystic power
Which conjures up the scenes left far behind,—
Home, friends, and children, and a wife most dear,
An only parent, longest-loved, and best :—
At thought of these will start th' unbidden tear,
And verse will sometimes ease the labouring breast :
Then, scan not with a stern, censorious eye,
My pensive musings, penn'd ere yet the tear was dry.

6 A WANDERER.

CALCUTTA AND ITS SUBURBS

OUR good folks of this gay and busy City of Palaces are, for the most part, so involved in the vortex of business, or engaged in continuous rounds of pleasure, as seldom to find leisure for giving a moment's thought to the peculiar formation and natural history of the soil upon which they move and breathe. After having travelled in distant lands, and seen the wonders of Nature and Art presented to the view of the traveller in the gigantic rocks and snow capped hills which arrest his eyes, whilst contemplating an Alpine or a Himalyan scenery, or examining the Thames Tunnel, the Thuilleries Palace, or the magnificent Basilican Pile of architecture which now graces the city of the ancient Cæsars and forms the seat of the most illustrious Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, one cannot easily be prevailed upon to turn with interest and curiosity towards the low soil of his native land, or the scene of his sojourn. Yet, in these monotonous plains of Bengal, this unromantic flatness of aspect, there are peculiarities which may deserve his attention. We shall, on the present occasion, content ourselves with simply leading his thoughts in this direction.

One who has been used to the bracing climate of Europe, or even to the dry atmosphere of the Upper Provinces, and has there drawn water for his horse or his camel from wells several hundred feet in depth, has seen the masts of the largest river craft sunk beneath the rising banks of the Gunga or the Jumoonah, and has, during the hot wind of the *Looch* that sweeps over the sandy plains of Seinde, taken shelter in apartments constructed under ground, is surprized when he finds, that to form a well or a tank in Calcutta, nothing further is necessary than to dig a few feet, that in the rains he cannot dig even to the depth of a couple of feet without having the excavation filled with water oozing from the spongy soil on which he stands, and is astonished when he sees wells influenced by the tidal changes of the river, and filling and subsiding at regular intervals. Let him but examine the Suburban scenery with the enquiring eye of a naturalist, and he will soon be satisfied in regard to the causes of the peculiar appearances we have just described. If he starts from the Strand Road a little to the southward of the New Mint, and takes an easterly direction, it will not occupy him beyond a few hours to reach at leisure the shores of the Saltwater Lake,—a distance of not more than three miles and a half, entering the *Toolah Bazar* road, he will find himself in a narrow street, lined on both sides with high houses of the most irregular and unscientific construction, filthy in the extreme, with old huts on their tops, and hung with sooty curtains, over which several rainy seasons have passed. Below he will meet with a dense crowd of Up-country trades-people and shop-keepers, all busily engaged in their various vocations, and endeavouring to make their way through carts laden to excess with bales of goods, and drawn by lazy, famished bullocks, which will not move out of the way even for the Governor General of India, for this good reason, that they cannot move out of the way. Should the sojourner of the gay and lively Chowringhy whose steps we have directed hither, be in a wheeled conveyance, let him expect to be detained at least for an hour in the *Toolah Bazar* Street, not for the purpose of enquiring into the nature of the soil to the examination of which we are leading him; for there is no natural soil here within some

six feet of the surface; but in endeavouring to extricate his vehicle from the entanglement of the said bullock carts, when he perceives the road blocked up by these slow moving oddities, let him above all beware of getting into a passion, making much noise, or allowing his syce to do so; not that he may be insulted; for notwithstanding some instances of maltreatment from the denizens of Burra Bazar, there is not much fear of such an accident, if one behaves with common prudence; but because, if the cart drivers and the coolies who are unloading them, once perceive, that you wish to make them move out of the way sooner than they are willing, they will all scamper off into the neighbouring houses and allies, leaving their carts, bullocks, and merchandize to the good management of yourself and your Syce. Should things come to this pass, you had better coolly turn your gig, and give up for that day, the examination of the natural curiosities which you were going to see in the vicinity of the Saltwater Lake. If, however, you can manage to pass this strait, we would advise the attempt. The remarkable changes of the scene will repay the labor.

After one has passed the Chitpoor-road, and entered the Muchoa-bazar-street, there is no fear of being stopped, except by the waters of the Lake, at the end of his journey. At the termination of Toola-bazar, the scene suddenly changes. The high houses dwindle into tiled and straw huts, inhabited chiefly by Mussulmans, which continue till you arrive at the Circular-road, and pass the celebrated Mahratta Ditch. Here another change is observable; the crowded huts have given place to garden houses and villages interspersed with bazars and grain shops. Scarcely has the eye rested on this new scenery, than the Suspension Bridge—a very neat and elegant specimen of modern science, hung over a rather narrow, muddy, and crowded canal, arrests the attention.

It is generally from this point, that one begins to observe the peculiarities of the soil on which this City of Palaces stands. Each side of the road is studded with tanks and hollows of all sizes and shapes. There is scarcely a garden or a cluster of huts, but is accompanied by a tank. It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the number of these receptacles for water, without looking at a map in which they are all simultaneously brought under review. The character of the country then develops itself, and you at once perceive, that this little tract, no less than the globe itself, is two-thirds covered with water. After passing the gardens and inhabited parts, the paddy fields begin to appear, the tanks seem less crowded and the whole aspect is flatter and more marshy. At length the Saltwater Lake bursts upon the sight, the paddy fields begin to disappear, and are succeeded with inlets and arms of the marsh, covered with weeds, and divided at intervals by bunds or narrow causeways, which serve for footpaths as well as for various purposes of the fishery which supplies the markets of Calcutta.

The various changes of scene through which we have passed are sufficient indications of the natural history of the soil on which Calcutta and its suburbs stand; and although an enquiry into the geological formation of this soil leads us to the same conclusion, yet we shall defer the consideration of that branch of the subject to a future occasion, confining ourselves for the present, to the superficial aspect of the country. The manner in which portions of the salt marshes to the East of Calcutta

are every day being converted first into arable, then into habitable land, clearly shows what the site of Calcutta must have been some centuries back. Vegetation, which derives perhaps as much of its substance from the atmosphere as from the soil on which it grows, continually adds by its annual decay to the soil. In forests that have stood for centuries, the superficial stratum is always composed of decayed leaves, which have thus added to the soil more than it could have acquired in the absence of vegetation. This process of vegetable production and decomposition is going on at a rapid rate in every part of the Salt Water Lake, which is sufficiently shallow to admit of aquatic plants taking root. The borders of this Lake, are therefore, annually becoming more and more shallow, and when any part has sufficiently recovered from the incursions of the saline tides, they are banded off by narrow causeways of earth, and being thus preserved from the inroad of salt water, and sweetened by the rains of a few years, they are converted into Paddy-fields. After some years these fields are so far freed from the effects of salt water, as to become fit for the cultivation of most of the indigenous plants and fruit trees. But their flatness and lowness causing them to be flooded every rainy season, unfits them for the culture of those plants which cannot be reared on low moist lands so copiously supplied by water. The conversion of Paddy-fields into good Garden ground is, however, not only easy and cheap, but even profitable, if a small capital be laid out on them at the commencement; and this is done every day in all parts of the distant suburbs of this city.

Suppose it was intended to convert a piece of Paddy land of some five bigahs in extent, into a Garden, all that would be necessary is to dig a tank of about a bigah in some part of it, and spread the earth obtained from the excavation over the rest of the ground, raising it about 4 or 5 feet above its original level. A part of the earth may be reserved for making bricks, constructing a ghaut for the tank or any building that its owner may wish; by this simple process the suburban Paddy-fields are daily being converted into beautiful Gardens, with fine tanks for irrigation; and which, when let to fishermen, yield more than the same extent of arable land, whilst the raised ground all round it is either let to tenants for building huts upon, or turned into gardens, the produce of which now so plentifully supplies the markets of Calcutta.

The increase of population increases the value of building ground, and the owner after some time, finds, that the profits of fishery from his tank are not so large as the returns from lands occupied by houses, and he begins to fill up the tanks with the sweepings of the town. A couple of years are sufficient to render the site of a Tank thus filled up, fit for the erection of tiled and straw houses, and the huts of the poor are soon crowded in places where tanks once existed, affording ample materials for those periodical conflagrations which irresistibly sweep away whole tracts filled with erections of this kind.

Even a cursory examination of the superficial appearances from the Strand Road on the West to the margin of the Saltwater Lake on the East, is quite sufficient to indicate, that not many years ago fishes and fishing canoes occupied the places, where magnificent palaces and crowded streets now stand; and whence the destinies of a hundred millions of the human race are now ruled.

AN 'INDIAN SCENE,

BY A WANDERER.

These are thy Glorious works, patient of good,
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame
 Thus wondrous fair. Thyself, how wondrous then!

Milton

ON the evening before I entered Delhi, (it was during the rainy season, I beheld one of the most enchanting sights upon which it is possible to gaze—though the world in which we live is full of natural objects of beauty and of grandeur. I had arrived with my palankcens at the village of Dadree, about thirty miles from Delhi. I was some hours earlier than was expected, according to the Post Office direction respecting bearers, being anxious to reach Delhi that night, the next day being the Sabbath, I required twenty-two fresh men. The Chowdrie, however, was no where to be found. After waiting nearly two hours, I resolved to leave my servant and the Palankcens to follow me, and to proceed alone, and on foot, to the next stage twelve miles off, where I was sure of accommodation at the bungalow of an English gentleman. There had been a heavy fall of rain, which had cooled the atmosphere, and made the evening refreshing and pleasant. As my face was directly to the West, the Sun went down before me, and seemed to set at the precise termination of the road I was pursuing. The effect was exceedingly remarkable. I might have fancied myself a pilgrim to the Celestial City, who had come at length within sight of his glittering and everlasting abode—the mansions in his Father's House. The gorgeous clouds were of every form, and of every colour. They assumed the shapes of towers, battlements, terraces and domes, piled up in imperial magnificence. Streams of amber light shot upwards behind the congregated masses, while above the Glory of the Most High seemed to rest upon the whole. Far up in the heavens were streaks of vapor, tinged with hues of a variety and brilliancy that cannot be described. I was tempted to exclaim—"there are the gates of bliss, the palaces of light, the pavements of gold, and the fountains of living water,

'Where everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers.'

There is the 'City which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' Immediately to the left of the setting sun was a series of fleecy clouds, appearing to rest upon the Earth, which resembled as nearly as can be conceived, a range of hills, each covered from the summit to the base with unsullied snow. To the right was another range, dark as Erebus and gloomy as the grave, that might be taken for the residence of lost and damned spirits. But these objects were not all that made up the beauty and sublimity of the scene. An almost imperceptible rain was falling,

"And overhead a rainbow too was seen,
 Midst scattered clouds, and spanning the broad plain;
 Resting its bright base on the living green,
 And all within its arch, appeared to be
 Clearer than that without, and its wide hue,
 Waxed broad and waving like a banner free

* * * * *
 The airy child of Vapour and the Sun;
 Brought forth in Purple, cradled in Vermillion,
 And blending every colour into one."

What a scene of glory was this! with clasped hands I stood in the centre of the wide plain, and felt as in the immediate presence of the power, and wisdom, and excellence of God. The rainbow melted away. The orb of day was gone to shine upon another hemisphere. The objects just before so full of distinctness, and majesty, and glory, were no more. But yet, a brief space, and the moon came forth to give her fainter light, and shone with full-orbed splendor on the Earth. The stars came out to welcome her, and covered with profusion the deep blue, transparent concave. She moved among them like their Sovereign, and they seemed to do her homage as she passed. All was silence and loneliness; but it was a silence and loneliness, that amidst such a scene, was worth all the pomp and revelry which man can create. I pursued my way musing as I went—

A SONNET.

The sun has gone down in the furthest West,
Like a monarch retiring in glory to rest:
The rainbow has melted in vapour away,
Like a vision of beauty too lovely to stay.
But, yonder I see the pale Moon gently rise,
Diffusing soft splendour all over the skies;
While the stars in their courses with lustre serene,
Adorn as with jewels, night's radiant queen.
There is bliss in the scene, there is balm in the air,
'Tis a season for rapture, devotion, and prayer;
The heavens speak the Glory of God the Most High,
And each star sings his praise from its home in the sky.
Fall prostrate my soul, and in silence adore,
Then rise and be His, from this time—evermore!

THE DASH, OR CUTTING A DASH.

"THE dear Cookee whom I adored" had made himself scarce, and the kidmutgar had followed in the wake of his cousin, giving me the leg bail; and on my return from office, instead of the cheering *aroma* of the chops and the merry whistling of the pot, I gazed, in the silence of my soul, on the spit in its solitary grandeur, lone and mournful, a Niobe in tears. "Well," said I to myself, "what can't be cured must be endured," an apothegm however consoling sometimes, was on the present occasion, far from mitigating the growls sure to be engendered by an eight hours' abstinence from food. In this state I wandered to one of the squares, determined to drive away my chagrin by criticising the beauty of the ayahs in their evening promenade with children. If the highest class of beauty sometimes proves indifferent, the reader may well conceive the nose and eyes I counted there, did not much allay the tumult of the appetite. I never before felt the force of that great truth, that nature abhors a vacuum. I wish I could have convinced and realised in myself the truth of Berkley's idealism; far from it;—the reality of matter, or so to speak, the want of material reality in me, reduced me to a not over-delightful nonplus, for I wondered at the activity with which my mind traced rounds of beef in the very skies, and fillets of veal in distant views; while every curly-headed boy and carrotty-locked urchin wore to my vitiated vision, the appearance of drum head cabbages and well boiled carrots. Who after this, will deny the reaction of

the body on the mind? My musings were disturbed at the sight of a man with the swaggering gait of a coxcomb, although clad in the garb of a puritan. I thought it was a school-fellow of mine whom I had lost sight of for years, and who, I understood, was running a career of riot and extravagance. Nothing, however, could better contradict the report than his garb, which gave him the appearance of a saint, were it not for the habit he had contracted of strutting with the air of one conscious of some inherent power in himself. "Well, Tom," said he, addressing me familiarly, "how fares the world with you my covey? seem rather low in the mouth?" I must explain. This voice, in my younger days was associated with every thing that was dainty in the gastric line, and its soothing and sedative influence on me was instantaneous; and then, that considerate allusion to the "mouth," which had enjoyed its sinecure for the day, promised some suitable employment. He was no other than my old school chum and crony Frank DeMello, who in his usual abhorrence of every thing Portuguese, had changed the same to Francis DeLatang Mills; and as, according to his account, French, American and English blood ran in his veins, he boasted the appropriateness of his name elect. If any one remonstrated with him on making light of baptismal names, he simply answered it by stating his sense of the impropriety of infant baptism. I am wandering however. He was, in my memory, connected with all manner of fun and folly in school. The ease with which he had access to the larder, the magic power of denuding the plum, apple, and mangoe trees of their fruitage, and the almost open sesame fashion in which he ensured the procurement of the dainties (and what are not dainties to hungry boys in a charitable school) for the mouth and the belly, stamped him a genius likely to cut a figure in life. The acorn I thought must now be an oak; so shaking him cordially by the hand, I answered, "why well! only rather poorly in the mouth, as you correctly remark." Question and answer followed in quick succession. We soon understood each other (of which more anon), and both wended our way to Pigot's, and whatever people may say of "father's hall and festive scenes," it is the best place one in my plight can go to; nor am I without authority;—for it was at an inn only Shenston found the most cordial welcome. By the way, Frank's spirits were buoyant, and quips and land cranks fell around as plentiful as blackberries; but a vacancy in the lower story is always accompanied with dullness in the upper. The perception of this effect on me and mistaking the cause, he was led to indulge in sundry sapient reflections on the deadness of our sensibilities by contact with the lucre loving world. There we were seated cheek-by-jowl in one of the snugish rooms of Pigot, and as the waiter wished to know what we would please to have, I replied, "any thing, but quick." "Any thing," exclaimed my companion indignantly, "do you know what any thing means in this place?" "Not I,—only I'm exceedingly hungry;" said I, imposing upon my impatience restraints of a forty-horse power. "Why, any thing means pigeon stew made of stale chickens and giblet pie with bull's heart—you may enjoy your any thing; but waiter bear a hand with some oxtail soup and roast beef—don't forget the peas and cauliflowers, you rogue," said he, in a self-satisfied tone, as he gave a significant jingle to the cash in his pocket. Of course, I had no particular objection to the arrangement, for I always thought with Young, that "tired nature's sweet

restorer was "balmy beef;" and felt not a little amused at overhearing the waiter remarking in reference to Frank's jingle, that "copper was oft full as sonorous as silver." It is all very well to declaim against attaching importance to the base and material part of our nature; but there is not a poet, however ethereal, philosopher or divine however abstracted, but will tell us, that there is no prosecuting the even tenor of one's way, without first smoothing down the asperities of that same base part. The divine images in the mind are otherwise very likely to assume the form of buttered rolls, nor can a divine declaim against the carnalities of life until he has passed his hand over his rotund paunch, first ascertaining the quantum of the same carnalities therein stowed. Newton too has many a time and oft made his philosophy an excuse for turning to his dinner table, pretending all the while, his abstraction had rendered him oblivious of the previous oblations to that god—his belly. And the gravest of all these will tell you, that to the solids a stoup of the rosy forms no inappropriate adjunct. There may be music in the nightingale, and music in the spheres, or in the French company now on the *tapis*, but their combined harmonies are discord itself, to the heart-dissolving music which attends the drawing of a cork. The screw shames the flute or the guitar. And when its strains unlock the heart as with a ruby key to diffuse the genial sunshine o'er the mind—man is for the moment etherealized—purged from the dross and earthiness of the world. Yes, much abused, cordial, the solace of the depressed—the soother of the woeful—oh blest alchemy, whose touch inspires man, woman or child, with a golden flow of spirits, abused as thou art, one feeble voice shall still rise in thy praise! To the weak in vision, thou givest the power of seeing double, to the proud legs, thou impartest a tottering—and the uneducated are blest with the gift of making circles and other mathematical figures, while the downy bed and slushy drain, are equally strewn by thy hand with poppies and repose. The upshot of the whole is, that we put ourselves in a cheerful trim to prosecute with light spirits the hows and wherefores—and the ups and downs of our lives, since we left school. "To tell you the truth," said Frank, "I found it no easy task to follow some cue or calling, since the universal voice is low eno' to require a man whose pockets are not lined with gold to dig and delve. Neither agreed with my kidney. True, I engrossed indentures and bonds at an Attorney's for a time—copied broken sets and body sheets in a Government office—wrote police reports for newspapers, for your reporters are first-rate trumps—and taught the declensions and conjugations in a native school, not one of these suited my genius. If a female came for law, I criticised her age and face much better than I did her case, and instead of *law*, she had enough of *justice* from me in the blarney line. The tracing letter after letter of my sections, all about LIN, Dost Mahomed, Appah Sahib, and Khasgeewallah, was a task so mechanical, that it had been better performed by steam than by any agency of mind or thought. And in teaching the young idea how to shoot, I regularly overshot myself; for I found my declensions in a decline, and could not conjugate the verb "raise the wind." Will you believe it, that native proprietors of schools, with untold heaps of silver locked up, actually put me off to the fourth month for pay. In the meantime, I was to live on wind, but how

to raise it was the query. This is a pleasant plight, for a gentleman to be in I thought, as I went supperless to bed; nor was that lady universally known by the name of invention, long backward in dallying with me on my sleepless couch. I got the old lady to pay me for my *devoirs* in the career, which she then chalked out for me. Lift not up the eyes of wonderment, when I declare I determined to be a dash—a flash. There is something electric in the word and vocation. Not like your every day plodding fellows, who move to comfort and competence, with a cloddish inch by inch. Short and sweet is my motto, whether it be like a sky rocket or a jackass' gallop. 'A dash—a flash—now here, now there—look again, 'tis nowhere,'—a second-hand red coat was my only weapon and implement, my shield and my sword, which in hand, I was determined to open the world like an oyster. 'A red coat?' said I; "what can you mean?" thinking the sherry was making a circuit somewhere about his *sensorium*. "Aye, an Ensign's Coat," answered he with a wink, "and I was Ensign Templeton. The lots of money which the said Ensign was reported to possess, opened the door of the tradesmen, with a bland welcome."

"What FRANCIS DELATANG MILLS discarded!" escaped from me.

"No, no; I kept that dear name apart, by way of a reversionary inheritance when the gulls would, in some future day, be flying about my ears. What's in a name, you'll say; a great deal, say I. The other night I had a battle with couple bottles of port; and as my antagonists were too strong for me, I certainly did stagger a little. A Samaritan passing by, extended his helping hand and asked my name; I took the former, and for the latter, gave him the name of the Deacon of a dissenting church. I heard he was a little surprised when his brethren hauled him over the coals. So much for a name. Upon assuming my new character, the stable keepers vied with each other as to who should give me longer credit, and Snip and Cabbage went to logger heads for the honor of my custom—and I—I my majesty went a few days before supperless to bed. I can tell you besides, that some of the tailors' and stable keepers' nieces can indite as perfumed billets as any. My coat had won their hearts and nothing like a letter or a stanza to give vent to the feeling; but you must not kiss and tell you know, and I am *mum* on that head. In a word, there was nothing which I could not wish for without its inviting my grasp; so much for faded crimson and a becoming address. If bills abounded more than cash—(and that was *nihil*) why, I expected remittances the proceeds of my *demesne*, somewhere in Lincolnshire or Timbuctoo—or the note in my pocket was for 2,000 Rs., and required change, or my cashier had not come, or any thing at hand to silence the clamours of that very annoying set of fellows—the bill collectors. It is, doubtless, fraud to run into their books without any prospect of wiping off scores, except with the sponge which the Insolvent Court invests every extended hand. The conscience may be ever so sooty, the whitewash of the Act leaves not a trace behind. I feel, of course, some twinges—some compunctious visitings, but they are absorbed in the overwhelming idea of having every thing for—nothing. To drive your cab, eat your chop, drink your claret, sport your extra Saxony, dally with the girls, and all without the sweat of the brow, except that which attends the play of wit, is a consciousness that diffuses over the heart a rosy glow. Is there a

man who does not, while drinking champagne, smack his lips with extra zest when his legs are under the mahogany of some good and easy natured friend, while the same liquid falls without its raciness on the palate under one's own roof? Wherefore the difference? Some would tell you, that in the one case, there is the feast of reason and the flow of soul, and in the other's there is a painful loneliness—all flam: don't believe it. The only difference consists in one paying for what he tastes, and the other, in not paying for it. Conceive then, my triumph when, by the force of the Ensign I had hoisted, I could eat, drink and be merry, and marry! no bill to pay. I look upon all the trade establishments as part and parcel of my domain, and gazing upon their commodities I feel, yes I feel, I am "lord of all I survey." The miser who gloats upon his treasures, the voluptuous native prince gazing on the living flowers in his seraglio or the Emperor from the height of some pinnacle weeping tears of joy at sights and scenes of life within the furthest verge of his dominions, cannot,—does not feel my happiness, untinged, as it is, by their cares and anxieties, while I, yes I whistle "the devil to pay." The longest day will have an end. Having run out the full length of my tethers, I lay *perdu* for a few days. The landlord knocked at the door; I threatened to knock him down if he repeated his ungentle knocks. The baker, butcher, barber, bistec, even to the dhobee, who had been dancing to the tune of to-morrow, were told to renew their jig to the same strain; and the European tradesmen were postponed to my expected remittances. But alas! where is the man whose footsteps adversity does not dog, and in any case, this Shakespearean toad, minus its gems, made its advent in the form of John Doe and Richard Roe. My lords the Queen's judges, in the excess of their attachment to my person, had charged a bailiff, those attached friends of gentlemen of my kidney, with an attachment of a different kind. Catch-pole had assumed many forms, and adopted many shifts to bespeak his loyalty to my person; but you know, it is safer to avoid some people's attachment, than their hatred. On some pretence or other, gentlemen in blue, black and red appeared at my door, and thanks to a chink thro' which I peeped, each and every one of them, was the same edition of old catch. Well, old decoy, said I to myself, you shant have me until I please, come you in any conceivable form, sailor, soldier, or parson. The fellow once actually said, he was a tract distributor: but I knew better. With a demureness of voice he wished me to take a tract on Sabbath breaking; I bid him beware of door breaking, and as he twitted me on my indifference to Sacred Writ, I asked him how he was off with Court Writs. Sometimes I tickled his auriculars with the tune of money in both pockets on my flute; of course first taking the precaution of barricading the door, lest he should feel tempted to make some brisk move, from the inspiring nature of the strain. The greatest General finds himself constrained to yield a garrison or fortress for want of provisions. I came to a parley, the terms of which were, that on his giving me a treat at Dainty Davy's, I would, with my blushing honours thick upon me, march to the stone Frigate, thus exemplifying, that even in death strong is the ruling passion. Whether the terms upon which I surrendered were conformed to, may be easily ascertained by the chagrin of the bailiff whenever interrogated as to the expenses of carry-

ing out the treating treaty. I went to the place as if to the grave, with which our truant imagination associates a jail. Never was there a greater delusion, as may be seen in the happy faces, gay spirits, and improved notes of the birds roosting within its precincts. After a debtor's release, he weighs a stone or two heavier than when he entered prison, proving, that the kind of depression under which one labours there has the effect of adding to the corporeal proportions; of course, it is a sign of unbearable misery. Fatful in its tendency as the place was, I circulated a paper amongst my dashing friends, representing my plight, adding with a *nota bene*, that it was only placing them under an obligation by presenting opportunities for the exercise of friendly feelings in subscribing to the expense of my discharge under the Act; not knowing how soon it would be their case to have recourse to similar circular, to which they were travelling with rail-road speed. There is sometimes a strange obliquity of the moral vision, which prevents some people from seeing the propriety of a thing. This was the case with a number of those straight-laced people the precise, who showed not a little of that same precision, by precisely cutting me short with a nay. Be it so. I am a victim to the prejudices of the world. Do not courtiers and ministers, kings and emperors enact the same part with myself only:—on a grander scale? Who ever blames Runjeet Singh for establishing a kingdom, where he had not a rood of ground; or censures Ellenborough for adding Scinde or the Punjaub to the British Empire? I am doing the same on a small scale; if the degree makes the distinction, then the distinction is without a difference. Never mind the moral of the thing for the present, as I intend to shew the point in a more elaborate work, in which Paley and Brown expect little mercy. Grist eno' did I eventually procure to set the legal mill going for my discharge, and on the first Saturday of the following month, I attended the *Insolvent Court*—a most appropriate name, if one may judge from the profusion of broken chairs, and torn mats about the place. By the way, the first Saturday of every month, is fixed for the discharge of prisoners—a great hardship on the Israelites, as they form a pretty large class of creditors. Their Sabbath precludes their attending to oppose the discharge of insolvents with any effect. The thing forms a kind of jubilee, which they cannot much relish. *Si sic omnia*, I hear my fellow prisoners say;—but as I detest injustice, and owe no money to *Jews*, I cannot join in any such latin nonsense. Come, this talking is dry work; so here's to the glorious memory of His Majesty, George the Fourth.

"His Majesty George the Fourth!" said I, surprised; "what have we to do with him?"

"Perhaps," rejoined Frank, "you don't know the Insolvent Act, in legal phraseology, is baptized the 'Act of the 9th year of His Majesty George the Fourth;' that chap was a trump, wasn't he?"

"Well, well," said I, "whatever the name, the Act has done much harm; and were it not for it, you might have pursued some more honorable course."

"There, I thought you would be moralizing with a belly full. It is a strange phenomenon of the human mind, that the traces of *meum et tuum* are lost when the wolf is at the door; and for that matter, gnawing at your entrails too!" There was no use arguing with him, so I bid

Frank go on ; when fixing his thumb on his nose, and twirling the extremities of his fingers as a mark of triumph, he resumed.

“ Well, Saturday came. I felt much like a girl of ‘ sweet fifteen ’ about to be married, a little fear and a little joy. The feeling was one of all overishness, with this difference, that it was confined to the heart ; for which I’ll devise a fitting name at my leisure ; in the mean time, be it known, it bore no resemblance to soap suds, or even to a mixture of snuff and butter, which, a native friend once told me, was the complexion of his wife. The venerable looks of the honorable Commissioner soothed me ; the hyena looks of the reporter (who I knew would try to make a job) told apparently, he was mentally concocting every kind of cock and bull about me.”

• (*To be continued.*)

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I.

O happy day—when every eye is bright,
 And every lip is smiling,
 And young and old in joyousness
 The moments are beguiling :
 Why is my heart alone so sad
 Amidst the jocund throng,
 Nor heeds the words of merriment
 That flow from every tongue ;
 Nor yet the laugh of wild delight
 And spirit-cheering songs.

II.

It is a theme I cannot name,
 But must express it weeping,
 Since all I lov'd and valued here
 Is now in silence sleeping
 In death's cold arms ; and on whose grave
 No stone declares her worth,
 And how she lived,—and how she lov'd
 And how was hurried forth
 From all the sweet and blooming scenes
 And breathing things of earth !

III.

Oh spirit of the Dead ! if thou
 Canst see my heart's deep sadness,
 And how alone it aches and burns
 Amidst a world of gladness—
 But ah, 'tis vain ! Let time roll on,
 Let years unnumbered fly ;
 And health decay—and youth depart,
 And all 'tis pleasures die !
 For she can never more return,
 Nor yet the days gone-by.

A TRIP TO THE TAJMAHAL, AT AGRA,

BY MOON LIGHT.

(For the Oriental Magazine.)

The glitt'ring stars, were clear and bright,
 The moon sent forth her placid ray ;
 So mild, so pensive was her light,
 It tempted us a while to stray.

And by her lovely, gentle aid,
 We visited yon ancient wall,
 Where Shah Jehan and spouse are laid—
 The splendid, far famed Tajmahal.

We walk'd its gardens neatly laid,
 With choicest plants that e'er were seen :
 The rich breath of the flow'rs inhaled,
 And viewed the mournful evergreen.

But see yon great resplendent dome,
 Which now bursts forth upon our view,
 Resembling 'neath the radiant moon,
 A huge majestic mass of snow.

A high enchanted castle fine,
 By fairies built, it doth appear,
 As bright the moon beams on it shine,
 And gild its proud and lofty spire.

See tow'ring near in stately mien,
 Its minarets, with turrets high,
 And just beneath its walls is seen
 The gentle Jumna gliding by.

There see in placid golden streaks
 The pale moon in the waters play ;
 The rippling wave its splendour breaks
 And glitters 'neath its silv'ry ray.

O how delightful 'tis to roam,
 Where solitude and silence reign,
 Beneath the mild and placid moon
 Queen of her bright and starry train !

Now light us home thou lovely Queen,
 We've wander'd long enough we find,
 Whilst thou hast, sweet enchanting moon,
 Employ'd thy magic o'er our mind.

Come aid us placid, pensive Moon,
 Queen of yon starry vault so bright,
 And when we safely reach our home,
 We'll bid thee gentle Moon " Good night."

THE POETRY OF

IT is a very common notion, that there is a certain kind of incompatibility between philosophy and poetry ; between science and literature : and yet we think, it might be very easily shown that these two, so far from being incompatible, are necessary auxiliaries to each other, and must both hold a place in a well regulated mind. Indeed, we believe that nothing is more essential to the formation of such a mind, than the harmonious union of these two elements ; while the undue prevalence of either, renders a man less happy in himself, and less useful to the community of which he is a member. As there is no object, that we have more at heart, than the eradication of prejudices from the minds of our readers in regard to the developement of their faculties ; we shall devote an article or two, to shewing the connexion that exists between Poetry and Philosophy. We shall present a few thoughts on the subject, without much attempt at regular order ; yet, by way of giving some form and method to our lucubrations, we shall treat our subject under two distinct heads, which we shall style respectively, the POETRY OF PHILOSOPHY, and the PHILOSOPHY OF POETRY. The former of these topics shall be the subject of the present article.

I. Our first proposition then, is this, *that there is nothing in the study of philosophy, that necessarily unfits a man for relishing the beauties and the attractions of poetry.* The contemplations of the philosopher, are, of course, much engaged with abstruse and complicated subjects ; and this, it may be supposed, would lead his mind and his taste away from the more light and graceful themes which are understood to be the peculiar province of poetry. But this is altogether a narrow and contracted view of the subject. For, as the chief aim of philosophy is, to detect and discover the harmonies that exist in the physical, mental, and moral world, by the appointment of the All-Wise Creator,—it seems to us, that one of its chief ultimate ends is, to bring the mind to the contemplation of the beautiful, the sublime and the good. But these are the very qualities with which poetry has to do ; and therefore, we are unable to perceive why the study of the one should disqualify for the relish of the other.

But it is said, that philosophy has to do with truth, poetry with fiction ; philosophy with the real, poetry with the ideal. Now, while this is true in so far as the words go in which it is expressed, it is necessary in order that it should be of any use as an objection to our position, that it should mean something more than, or at least, something different from, what is properly expressed in the words. Those who would use it as an objection to our position must employ the term fiction as opposite to truth, in other words, as synonymous with falsehood. Now, we at once deny that poetry has any thing more to do with falsehood than philosophy has. There is false poetry and there is false philosophy ; but truthfulness is as essential to real poetry as it is essential to sound philosophy. To cite examples in confirmation of this assertion were to present a graduated scale of all the poets in all ages and in all nations : it would be found, that just in proportion as their writings are truthful they are poetical ; every deviation from truth is a deviation from poetry. But one example shall suffice, and

it shall be the example that stands at the top of the scale. The poems that, viewed merely as poems, are the noblest and best compositions in the world, are the records and the message of Divine Truth itself; the raptures of Isaiah, the wailings of Jeremiah, and the mingled notes of mourning and joy from the lyric bard of Israel, are at once truth without any mixture of falsehood or even error in their matter, and poetry undiluted in their manner.

II. But more than this, *the study of Philosophy is fitted to awaken the mind to the appreciation of the delights of Poetry.* If the poet is permitted to roam uncontrolled through all worlds, and even through all possibly existing worlds, and to descant on every theme that either exists or can be supposed to exist, it must be evident to all, that no inconsiderable expansion of the mental faculties is absolutely necessary, in order that a man may be able to appreciate the excellencies of poetry. And this expansion of mind is induced by philosophical studies, when properly conducted. It is true, that all the beauties of most of our poetry, can be fully estimated by the man who has no more acquaintance with philosophy than that which every one acquires by his intercourse with his neighbours, in the ordinary affairs of life; but an appreciation of the excellencies of the highest style of poetry require the attainment of a higher style of philosophy. Just as all the beauty of the finest articles of human manufacture can be perceived by the ordinary eye; but if we would see the full beauty of the finer works of nature, we must apply the microscope. Yea, we may carry this illustration further, and say, that just as the microscope will shew the defects of a work of ordinary art, which are hidden to the common eye, and will detect unsuspected beauties in the works of nature, which appear to common apprehension coarse and common-place, so will philosophy detect many blemishes in many of those works which will mightily please ordinary readers; but then the philosopher will have his full reward, in the intenser enjoyment of those beauties and excellencies which are hidden from the common eye in the works of those master minds whose poetry is of a more elevated and transcendental cast.

III. Thus far we have spoken of the philosopher's power to appreciate poetry as the production of others; but if what we have asserted be correct, it will follow that *philosophy is a great help to original poetic composition.* Here it must be observed we use philosophy in its full and proper sense, as having to do, not only with the physical world, but also with all the relations and affections of intellectual and moral beings. Who can doubt that philosophy must furnish innumerable themes and subjects for poetry and poetical illustration? What so grand as the glories of the mundane system? What so poetical as the providential government of the world? In both these cases it is true, that "truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

Every man that draws merely upon the conception of his own mind, will fall into sameness, and repetition and common-place; but he who studies from nature will delight with a ceaseless variety, and instruct while he delights. We remember a case in point recorded in the life of Sir Walter Scott. When he was on a visit to Rokeby, he was not contented with taking a general view of the scenery that he was to describe, but

busied himself in collecting specimens plants and flowers that beautify that lovely scene ; and being asked his reason for this unpoetical-looking procedure, he assigned for it a reason similar to that which we have just stated. Such was his constant custom, and such is the reason of the fact, that his descriptions of scenery have more individuality, and therefore, more beauty, than those of any other poet whatsoever.

But it will be said, that many of our best poets have not been philosophers at all. This objection we meet by a direct denial. To confine ourselves to our English poets, and to specify only a few of these,—it will not be denied that Milton's philosophy was far in advance of his age. Even if he had written no works of philosophical kind, and if we did not know that he was the friend of Galileo, "the Columbus of the heavens," his poems themselves, in some of the noblest passages of the noblest of them, bear testimony to his intimate acquaintance with philosophical truth. There is one branch of science especially with which he shows more acquaintance than any other writer whatsoever,—we mean the science of geography ; and no one can ever persuade us, that he could attain this knowledge without a very considerable, and indeed minute acquaintance with the sister science of Astronomy. Shakespeare's philosophy, though not learned from books, is at once extensive and profound. Its peculiar distinction is, that it is the philosophy of man's moral nature, of the immaterial mechanism that directs, and controls, and incites his actions as a moral being. Even Burns owes his chief attractiveness to that calm philosophic eye with which he generally looked upon the affairs of everyday life. We mention not Akenside, Darwin, Campbell, and Rogers, because they are professedly philosophical poets.

But again, it is objected, that most of our celebrated philosophers are more insensible than almost any other men to the delights of poetry, and more incapable than almost any other men of poetical composition. There are unquestionably, cases of this kind ; but we apprehend that they are less general than is commonly supposed ; and we believe, that they will become still less general as education is improved, and the harmonious developement of the faculties of the mind is more carefully attended to.

It does indeed seem to us, that there is a much closer resemblance than is commonly supposed between the faculties of the mind which go to the formation of the philosophical character, and those which constitute poetical genius than most would, at first sight, suppose. A sound judgment and acuteness of discernment are equally essential to both ; sound sense and refinement of taste are indispensable to eminence in either department. Even imagination is a necessary ingredient in the philosophical character ; though perhaps in a less degree than in the poetical. This is a startling assertion ; but we unhesitatingly make it. In our apprehension, imagination is in any department the chief element of inventive genius : and although it may seem paradoxical, yet we believe if carefully analyzed it will be found to be true, that Newton's grand discovery of the law of the planetary forces, was accomplished by an act of imagination.

INDIA :

In imitation of Lord Byron's "Bride of Abydos."

BY BABOO KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

Know ye the land where the Sun ever pours
 His warmest of beams and his brightest of light ?
 Know ye the land where the twilight's soft hours
 Insensibly melt into Moon-lighted night ?
 Where the high towering hills, like proud monarchs, arise
 And kiss the bright face of the fair, laughing skies ;
 Where the Peepuls, and Baubuls, and rich Sandal trees,
 In the pride of their beauty are wooing the breeze,
 That wantons about like a young, little girl,
 Whose heart is all gladness and pure as a pearl.
 Where the largest of rivers in majesty flow,
 Like a Mirror reflecting each bright, sunny glow.
 Where the rose and the jasmine abundantly bloom,
 And gladden the sense with their rich, sweet perfume.
 Where Nature appears in her loveliest dress,
 And all but the LAWS do contribute to bless.
 'Tis the clime of the Sun ! 'Tis the country of old,
 So famed in the world for her soil and her gold !
 'Tis the land of the Gods ! and the birth place of those
 Brave heroes who sleep in eternal repose !
 'Tis the land that was favoured by Learning of yore ;
 'T was the home of the Arts ! but alas ! now no more.
 'Tis the land that hath ever been sacred to Fame
 Either ancient or modern—and India her name.

O ! India ! fair India ! the land of my birth !
 What changes of Fortune have marred thy fair brow !
 Thy pinions of Glory are chained to the earth,
 Thy spirit is sunk ; what remains of thee now !
 O ! who being nursed on thy breast can remain
 Ever viewing thy sufferings and feeling no pain ?
 But there are undoubtedly many who fear
 To tell the bold truth of the wrongs thou dost bear ;
 For there may be tyrants who hate such revealing,
 And ever would smother each patriotic feeling.
 But India ! fair India ! tho' dark is thy fate,
 Tho' sadly and totally altered art thou,
 Yet Glory perchance at a period, too late,
 Again like a halo may shine round thy brow ;
 For Hope, that hath long lain in death-like sleep,
 Like the Goddess of Beauty and Love from the deep,*

* Lakshmi: Vide Parker's Draught of Immortality.

Arise and whispers, tho' faintly, that thou
Shalt be freed from the bondage that shackles thee now,
And ranked among nations in equal degree,
Bright Glory and Honor will wait upon thee.
But woe me! I never shall live to behold
That day of thy triumph when firmly and bold,
Thou shalt mount on the wings of an eagle on high,
In the region of knowledge and blest Liberty.
All this a mere vision the sophist may deem,
Still, still let me woo to my bosom the dream ;
For 'tis of my country—the land of my sires,
What dream is not welcome—what hope not inspires ?

THE USURPED GUDDIEE.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A SHORT time before the English had taken possession of these territories, there lived in the Western part of Bengal a native chief named Kisto Chunder Roy, the fame of whose wealth and munificence was known throughout the province : it even reached the ears of the King of Delhi, who occasionally made indents upon him for loans, when the exigency of the state required. The part of the province where the Rajah lived, was well known for its fertility, and it was rendered the more desirable from the care and attention bestowed upon it. There was an immense lake excavated at considerable expence, which ran in a serpentine direction through a very large tract of land, and, in a great measure, tended to improve the soil. The palace of the Rajah was a magnificent pile of building, erected according to the Hindoo style of Architecture ; commanding a prospect at once grand and picturesque. On one side lay an extensive plain, terminated by a line of verdant foliage, which seemed to skirt the horizon ; on the other side was seen a beautiful garden covered with trees of all descriptions. The lake lay in front, the clear waters of which reflected the beautiful scenery around. The Rajah spared no costs in making whatever improvements he thought would throw an air of grandeur upon the aspect of his territories. In order to this, he ordered his men to heap up the earth while excavating the lake, in the form of hillocks of considerable elevations. This added to give a romantic appearance to the scenery. This peculiar predilection of Kisto Chunder, tended to give a direction to the tastes of his neighbours, many among whom vied with one another in improving the condition of their lands, and rendering them as remarkable for their fertility, as for their beauty. In a short time a great part of Western Bengal became a very valuable portion of the country, and the Rajah was deservedly commended by all who paid him a visit. But Kisto Chunder did not base his popularity on mere objects of taste ; he had a far nobler end in view, and that was, to do good to his fellow creatures. Possessed of inexhaustible wealth, he showered his bounties upon the poor, and never permitted the destitute orphan, or the helpless widow to appeal to him in vain.

The Rajah had an only son, on whom he doated with the fondest affections. His name was Bhyrub Chunder, and never was a being known in the country, possessed of such a combination of all those qualities of mind and body, as had fallen to the lot of this favored youth. A fine figure was set off by a beautiful eastern complexion ; which, in conjunction with other excellencies of personal appearance, rendered Bhyrub Chunder a young man of no mean attraction. And these were heightened by a rare possession of intelligence, which was of a nature to make him an object of admiration amongst his own people. The Rajah spared no expence in making his son acquainted with all kinds of knowledge amongst the natives. The services of learned pundits were secured to assist the prince in the prosecution of his studies ; and such was the progress the youth made, that he filled his teachers with amazement. Long before Bhyrub Chunder had attained his majority, he had dispensed with the attendance of his pundits ; and if he had any about him, they were merely retained as his companions. Amongst these Pundits there were some who had travelled much in Upper Hindoostan, and had seen much of the wonders of Nature and of Art, so far as India was capable of exhibiting. Frequently was the Taj of Agra the subject of conversation, and many were the expressions of wonder and admiration bestowed upon it by those who had seen this extraordinary production of human skill. Bhyrub, however, was not much moved by these descriptions ; he would have rather heard of learning and of learned men, than attended to the most graphic delineations of the most stupendous monuments of Art. His mind was of a peculiar cast. It loved to delve its way in acquiring a knowledge of the technicalities of a science, or dwell with peculiar satisfaction on the origin of words and phrases ; but it received no pleasure in the contemplation of the beauty and excellence of natural scenery, and of the works of human ingenuity. If he heard his friends speak of Delhi or Agra, and of the rare sights found in it ; or if he listened to a lively description of the Himalayas, he would turn away from these topics, and lead his friends to dwell on what is to be seen or heard in Benares, the seat of Hindoo learning ; and much did he hear of this celebrated city, to inflame his mind with a desire to visit it.

"Have you seen the learned Pundits of Sanscrit in Benares?" asked the youth to one of his companions one day, as they were all seated together engaged in familiar conversation.

"O, yes," replied the other, somewhat surprised at the question ; "talked to them! I prosecuted my studies under them. You must be aware that I came from Benares."

"Perfectly well ; but I was not aware till now that you were educated there."

"Yes," returned the other, "I passed the best days of my life in that city ; and much do I remember to have seen and heard, which now fill me with melancholy pleasure. How many of my contemporaries are now numbered with the dead ! and how many pleasant companions were there who were cut off in the prime of life ! I too well recollect one young man, between whom and myself there subsisted an intimacy, which was eventually matured into pure and sincere friendship. The name of this youth was Ram Hurry Sing. He was a native of Punjaub, and had come to

Benares when very young. He and I commenced our studies almost at the same time. But although I was a year or two older than he, yet he outstripped me in the study of the Sanscrit, within a very short time. There was no relaxing in him. Day after day he studied with unabated zeal; and never was he seen to mingle with those, whose levity of disposition he thought might prove a barrier to his progress. Such was his desire of acquiring knowledge, that he walked miles to meet one from whom he had expected to derive any benefit with regard to his studies. He slept but little; and he awoke at the dawn of day, and after performing his ablutions and prayers, he devoted himself to his books with little interruption, till he closed his eyes in sleep at night. But poor youth! he did not live to enjoy the fruits of his labour; he died before he attained his twentieth year."

"Poor thing!" unconsciously exclaimed Bhyrub.

"Yes," said the other; "you may indeed pity him; for he really deserves our pity. His lamp of life was too soon extinguished. If he had lived, he might have doubtless shed a lustre on Hindoo literature!"

"Did he leave any work behind him?"

"Yes he did; but it is in an unfinished state. He was writing a poem in Sanscrit, which it is a thousand pities he could not finish. The Dehtas thought fit to remove him from us. He will perhaps come here no more; he was too good to make it necessary for the Deity to send him for another trial in this world of ours; he is gone to dwell amongst the gods for an endless eternity."

Bhyrub without paying any regard to his pious wishes, or to the doctrine of transmigration, to which the Pundit had made a collateral reference, only enquired concerning the posthumous work of the unfortunate youth. "Have you read the work?" asked he with much anxiety.

"O yes," replied the Pundit, "and I have a copy of a portion of it in my possession, which I shall show you at a convenient opportunity."

"But where is the original; if it be not with you, it must have been destroyed?"

"O no; it is in the College at Benares, and it is kept there as a relic of literary curiosity."

"Did the Pundits appreciate the worth of this youth?"

"Not only the Pundits, but all their pupils, knew his merits; and the former in particular commended his diligence in very flattering terms. I recollect too well the day he read the first specimen of his composition before a very large assembly. He wrote on the 'Omnipotence of the Deity.' It was in pure Sanscrit. There was not one who did not express himself delighted at the recital. Ram Hurry was then scarcely eighteen years old; and it was wonderful that he could have attained such a command of the most difficult language in the world. There were several other young men who read their productions, on the same day; but none came up to Ram Hurry's, either in diction or thought. That very evening Ram Hurry and I took a stroll towards the river side. We sat upon a large mound, whence we had the command of a most beautiful prospect before us. The waters of the Gunga were moving rather roughly, and the sun like a red ball of fire, was taking its leave of us. We were alone. Ram Hurry's looks were melancholy. I felt his hand

it was warm. He had toiled night and day about his piece of composition, at the sacrifice of his health and comfort. His strength was completely prostrated, and the excitement of the day, had brought a fever upon him. "Ram," said I, "how do you feel? I think you are ill; your looks betray you."

"O no," said he, with a forced smile, and then endeavoured to divert my mind from the subject, by directing my attention to a large boat which was sailing by us; "See," said he, "that boat is laden with merchandise," and before he could finish the sentence, it by some accident, foundered, and sunk to rise no more. We started simultaneously, and could scarcely give ourselves utterance. In a short time, there was not a vestige of the boat remaining. Every soul in the vessel perished and not a plank was visible to tell others of the wreck. Ram saw all this in marked silence, and then shaking his head, exclaimed—"Such is Life! We run on in our career; but we least know when we shall be called away from this land of our pilgrimage." This remark struck me; and when I think of it, the whole scene is presented to my mind, in vivid colors. Night soon closed upon us, and we returned to our lodgings, with our spirits very much depressed. Ram Hurry became seriously ill, the next day, and his life was despaired of. But the skill of the physician, and proper care and attention, restored him to health."

"And when he recovered, did he pursue his studies, with the same zeal and perseverance?" enquired Bhyrub, who seemed to be much interested with the fate of this young man.

"He redoubled his efforts after this," was the reply.

"And why did he do so?" asked Bhyrub.

"To make up for loss of time; he had lost several days by his illness; and when he found himself capable of sitting to his books, he spared not a moment to increase his store of knowledge. He encroached even upon those hours which he had before allowed himself for rest. He had by this means contracted a disease, of which he eventually died.

"Of what did he die?" enquired Bhyrub, with much solicitude.

"Of consumption," was the reply.

"Were there many others like Ram Hurry, in Benares, at the time you were there?"

"Yes, but none to equal him. He had taken the lead amongst all his contemporaries."

"When I was at Benares," observed another Pundit, "I too recollect of having seen a young man of very bright parts. I did not receive my education at Benares, as you are all aware; but I went there on business. I lodged at the house of an old brahmin, who had a son, named Chundrooomar, a youth well skilled in all the sciences. The science of Astrology he was so well acquainted with, that people of riper years often called to consult him, regarding their calculations in the framing of horoscopes. He knew the laws of Menu by heart, and could recite passages from them, with an accuracy which was really astonishing."

"There is something peculiar in the air of Benares," remarked an old man; "one who breathes in it, is sure to be infused with a supernatural spirit. If he is not learned, it excites in him a desire to learn. I, too, recollect of a young man, who had been remarkable for his dulness.

Accident took him to Benares, and when he returned after the lapse of a few years, he took his former friends by surprise. He who was formerly reckoned a dolt, had now been transformed into a Pandit of no ordinary stamp."

"How many Pandits may you think there are at Benares?" asked Bhyrub.

"Numberless," returned one of his companions. "In every house, you are sure to find a man who lays some pretensions to knowledge."

"In what language do the Pandits generally speak to one another?"

"In none but the Sanscrit: and this language is spoken in the greatest purity in Benares. There is no place on earth which affords so many opportunities for improvement. Here you hear the most learned discourses from men, who spend their lives in close study. If you want the best books under the sun, you will find them in Benares: if you want to speak to the most learned men in the world, Benares is the place where you will find them."

"Is that part of the country healthy?"

"Perfectly so."

"And how far is Benares, from this place?" enquired Bhyrub, apparently with some object in view.

"By land, one may reach it in three weeks;—but by water it will take him upwards of four."

"Is the passage by land attended with danger?"

"Yes, sometimes; but when you travel in the company of a large number of men, you need fear nothing."

The conversation here dropped, and all retired, leaving Bhyrub to his own cogitations. The subject of their conversation was one which was of much interest to him, and he could not but revert to it in moments he was by himself. At length, he resolved upon visiting Benares, and satisfy himself regarding the truth of the report he had heard of it. With this view, he solicited his father's permission, to act up to his own wishes. But Kisto Chunder would not consent to his leaving him under any consideration. He was now far advanced in years, and he thought, that should he die in the absence of his son, his affairs would be completely ruined. Besides, being doatingly fond of Bhyrub, he considered it misery to allow him to go out of his sight. But Bhyrub's persuasive powers at length prevailed. He represented to his father, the benefits he would derive from visiting a place so well known as the seat of Brahminical learning in India. He further assured him, that his stay would not be long, but that he would soon return to satisfy his eyes with his presence. Kisto Chunder at length granted his request, and Bhyrub made suitable preparations for his intended journey.

(To be continued.)

THE TOMB OF SULTAN KHOOSROO; OR THE STAMP OF ALLI'S HAND

[The following tale was originally published in one of the daily Newspapers; but so incorrectly that it has been deemed necessary by the writer to reprint it with revisions and corrections.]

At the southern extremity of the new town* of Allahabad, is situated the celebrated garden of Sultan Khoosroo, the eldest son of the Emperor Jehangeer. It stretches over a spacious extent of land, and is enclosed by a high pukka wall, plastered on both sides. There are no less than three large monuments built entirely of stone, hewn and brought from a considerable distance; and are said to contain the remains of Sultan Khoosroo, his wife, and children. They were erected by the orders of Shajehan, previous to his succession on the death of his father. The former, it is recorded in history, had rebelled against the reigning sovereign; and prince Kurreem, who afterwards assumed the above title, was employed by the incensed Emperor to subdue his rebellious brother, and he accordingly, made the necessary preparations for that purpose. To the left of the grave reported to be that of Khoosroo, is a slab of black marble embedded in the wall, bearing the stamp of Alli's hand, of more than ordinary dimensions, and it is asserted that it assumes sometimes a burning appearance. Whether this phenomenon be true or not, it is not necessary to inquire; but there is a very interesting legend connected with this fragment of mahomedan superstition: it was recited to me by the person who was entrusted with the charge of the tombs, and which, with the permission of the reader, I shall present to him in an English dress, for his amusement.

Not far from the banks of the river at Colgong, stand a couple of rocks within a short space of each other; one of which, as the legend says, was, some centuries ago, inhabited by a faqueer and his daughter Hossainee, who was his only surviving offspring out of the many children heaven had blessed him with. Hossainee had the misfortune to lose her mother shortly after her birth, and was the youngest of the family. In the features of her face, and the symmetry of her person, Hossainee not only surpassed all the maidens of the surrounding country, but also excelled the famed beauties of Hindoostan. The report of her charms had travelled far and wide, and though many were the hearts that sighed and languished for the blooming flower which unconsciously flourished on the otherwise bleak and barren rock of Colgong, and sweetened the atmosphere with its fragrance, it was in vain that they sighed and languished; for her own feelings were, as yet, entirely free from the intoxicating influence of the soft passion of love, and it could not, therefore, be considered a matter of surprise, that she betrayed no decided preference for any youth in particular.

It was about the close of a day in the sultry and boisterous month of October, that a violent storm burst forth, and desolated the country with its ravages. After furiously raging for several hours, and committing the most disastrous mischiefs in its wasteful progress, it, at length, abated; but although the howlings of the winds had ceased, and the roar of the

* Darragunge is the old town, it is situated on the east bank of the Ganges.

waves was hushed in a great measure, yet, as the breeze continued to sweep on in fitful gusts, the swelling of the waters had not altogether subsided, when a small craft containing a cargo of three passengers, and plied by as many boatmen, was observed to push away from the opposite bank of the river, and steer in the direction of the rocks. It is remarkable, that the faqueer's humble shed suffered little, or no injury from the turbulence of the storm; and its preservation from utter ruin was ascribed to the care and protection of his tutelary saint, Mudar Saheb, who was universally acknowledged to have attained to a life of great piety and sanctity.

The moon had risen for some time, and now cleared from the dark masses of the clouds which had before obscured her disk, and were, at length, either scattered, or melted away, shone forth with uncommon brilliancy, and shed her bright and cheerful radiance on the surrounding landscape, which presented a scene of the most dreadful and appalling desolation. The faqueer, who was well stricken in years, yet was sufficiently robust in make, and vigorous in health, was standing on a ledge of the rock, intently gazing at the advancing skiff, and anxiously watching its approach. In a short time, it neared the spot, and would probably in another moment have touched the rock, when a large and unexpected swell, suddenly lifted the creaking vessel, for it was an old and weather-beaten one, on its crest, and dashed it furiously against a huge projecting stone. A fearful, heart-rending shriek, simultaneously raised, was heard above the dashing of the waters, and the crash of the boat. The faqueer, who all this while, viewed the unfortunate party with feelings of the deepest and most absorbing interest, was roused from his momentary stupor, by the cry of distress, which pierced his ears, and thrilled his veins with a cold sensation. Recovering from his trance, the holy man hastened to launch a small boat that was commonly hauled up on the rock, and succeeded in rescuing but only two of the whole party; while the rest were engulfed by the waves and perished beneath them.

Of the individuals who had been saved, one was Khoosroo himself, and the other a follower of his, but who was strongly and faithfully attached to him. The unhappy prince was reduced to his present destitute situation by the defeat which he had recently sustained in an engagement with his brother, and which proved most disastrous to his hopes and fortune; and it was only by the help of a disguise hastily assumed that he was enabled to avoid his pursuers and escape with his life; for a high price was set on his head. Khoosroo had raised a formidable army, and was marching towards Agra with the determination of investing that city, and if successful, taking his father and brother prisoners, and proclaiming himself Emperor in the stead of the former. But Jehangeer was not entirely ignorant of his son's designs; and supine as he had before appeared, he now exerted himself to meet the danger in the face; and collecting a sufficient force, despatched it under the command of Prince Kurreem, to oppose the advance of his rebellious and refractory son, to whom terms of peace, and a promise of forgiveness had been offered, and by whom they had been rejected with disdain; while he himself remained behind, to fortify the city, and prepare it for as protracted a siege, as means and circumstances within his power would render practicable. Both the armies ac-

cordingly met, and a long, obstinate, and sanguinary battle was the consequence of their rencounter ; but it ended in the complete overthrow of the unfortunate and misguided Khoosroo, who, as stated above, fled in disguise, and escaped falling into the hands of his brother. Khoosroo, despairing of being able to retrieve his disaster in Hindoostan, resolved to proceed to Bengal, and solicit aid from the Soobah of that remote province ; as he was secretly in the prince's interest, and from whom the latter cherished an expectation of receiving that succour, which his friendship Khoosroo flattered himself, would readily afford him, and of which he stood in urgent need in his present extremity ; but his intentions were entirely frustrated, by the accident just described happening to him on his way to Bengal.

Having delivered Khoosroo and his attendant from the imminent danger which had threatened their lives, and dried their clothes by a fire kindled to warm them at the same time, the good man set before them such frugal fare as he was accustomed to subsist upon himself. Khoosroo was too much oppressed with gloom and despondency to feel any inclination for partaking freely in the repast, and ate but sparingly of it. He was fatigued with the exertions he had made, when struggling with the waves, and retired early to rest ; nor did he awake the next morning till late, so sound and undisturbed had been his slumbers, produced, no doubt, by langour and weariness ; for when he unclosed his eyes, he was surprised to find the day far advanced. He walked out of his chamber, and sat down on a stone : the sun shone brightly in the firmament ; the broad expanse of water, which only a few hours before, lashed by the tempest, had raged and roared, foamed and chafed, hissed and boiled with fury and madness, was now lulled into a comparative calm, and rolled on with gentleness. It undulated in murmuring eddies, that tossed and dallied with the breeze, and broke into curling ripples, that created soft music as they chased one another with playful eagerness. How different and pleasing were the emotions which filled Khoosroo's heart, and agitated his bosom at this moment, from those he had felt before, when not only all seemed to be lost, never perhaps, to be recovered, but when his very existence was menaced with destruction. But he was aroused from the contemplation in which he was indulging by the loud voice of the faqueer proclaiming the hour of prayer, in which he and his companion hastened to join. How refreshing, how consoling is the exercise of a duty so sacred ! and the performance of it tended, in no small degree, to soothe Khoosroo's mind. He blessed Alla and the Prophet for their merciful interposition in snatching him from an untimely and watery grave ; while so many, perhaps thousands of his fellow creatures had perished, probably, even without an attempt made to afford that assistance, which he thankfully remembered he had himself received. Not wishing to be known, he preserved a studied and profound silence in regard to his real character, and framed a plausible story to satisfy the curiosity of his kind and generous host.

Time fled away on the wings of lightning, the day began to fade, and the shades of evening to prevail and wrap the world with their dark mantle. Shortly afterwards, the stars, those glittering orbs that stud the face of heaven, and burn and glow with light of their own creation, peered

one after another in quick succession in the firmament, and radiated its azure bosom with their golden effulgence.

Again the voice of the aged faqueer announced the arrival of the hour of devotion, and Khoosroo, restored to his usual cheerfulness of spirit and tranquillity of mind, now felt a real and sincere pleasure in joining in so pious a duty and holy an exercise. It was concluded in a few minutes. A single lamp glimmered in a niche at the head of Muddar Saheb's tomb, and by the flickering beams which it cast around, discovered to Khoosroo the bright image of a young and lovely female, in the act of rising from prostration. He fixed his eyes ardently on her, and continued gazing on the retreating figure, as with slow and measured steps it retired from his presence. Collecting his bewildered senses, for he was wrapped in wild, but admiring, astonishment at beholding such a blaze of beauty in such a place, he looked at the faqueer for an explanation of the circumstance, and suddenly turned from him to cast a glance around in search of the object that had so strongly attracted his attention but a short while ago ; but he could discover it no where, for the lovely spectre had vanished, and the prince sighed, when he found himself alone with the old man ; for his attendant too had withdrawn as soon as prayers were over.

The tumult which the sight of the faqueer's daughter had excited in Khoosroo's breast may be more easily imagined, than described. Hoossainee, the object of the prince's admiration, was accustomed to take a part in her father's devotions, though, owing to some cause, she had not joined him in the forenoon. Like many of her sex, she had been taught to repeat the *Namauz*, without having learned to read and write. She was very young, for she had not yet completed her sixteenth year ; still, nature had been profusely bountiful in her gifts to her, and, like an opening rosebud, she bloomed with charms, of which even *Noor Jehan* might have been jealous, and excused for envying them. Such was the enchanting creature whom Khoosroo had beheld but for a short moment only, and though she was clad in the humblest attire, yet she was adorned with her own native beauty, and Khoosroo thought, that even among the splendid beauties of Agra and Delhi, he did not remember having seen one, who could, with truth, be allowed to have the slightest pretensions to rivalry with her in the possession of that loveliness which so pre-eminently distinguished the maiden of the rock of Colgong. He had almost ceased to regret his late misfortune, and wished that he had been born a lowly rustic, that he might be permitted to woo her for his bride, and be happy in his union with her. The dream of obtaining a crown and gaining an empire was fast fading from his memory, and, in consequence, he felt no disposition to abandon his present seclusion now become so desirable, or renew his efforts to repair his recent calamity.

Days, weeks, and months glided heedlessly away, and wrought no change in his feelings and intentions. He continued a welcome inmate of the faqueer's dwelling and a partaker of his hospitality. Though anxiously desirous of seeing Hoossainee, if only for once more, she did not again make her appearance, which seemed somewhat unaccountable to the Prince. He rightly conjectured, that she was the faqueer's daughter, who henceforward remained in perfect concealment ; but whether her absence was occasioned by her wish, or the injunction of her father, Khoosroo was

unable to conjecture. He wanted to inquire into the cause of her continued absence ; but was restrained by a sense of delicacy from questioning the faqueer on the point.

Intelligence of Khoosroo's defeat was, ere long, carried to Court, which was at this period held at Agra, and Jeehangeer offered a liberal reward for his apprehension, but accompanied with a strict and positive order, that no harm should be done to the prince. His brother Kurreem, however, aware, that so long as Khoosroo lived, he could entertain no just hopes of succession to the misnad, was quite eager to see the former, who was the only obstacle to the success of his ambitious projects for seizing upon the reins of government, put out of his way, whether by fair or foul means he cared not. Accordingly, he dispatched his own emissaries, in quest of Khoosroo with a secret and peremptory mandate to assassinate him, if discovered.

While Khoosroo's friends and adherents were straining every nerve to revive and support his dying cause, he was wasting his time in unprofitable ease and effeminate indolence. He patiently and perseveringly watched for an opportunity to obtain an interview with Hoossainee, and exchange a few words with her, if it were only to inquire into the reason of her prolonged absence ; but all his contrivances to accomplish his object failed, and he was forced to put the best face on his disappointment. But what he could not effect by ingenuity was brought to pass by accident ; for one sultry night, unable to close his eyes from the oppressive state of the weather, he arose from his hard and flinty couch, and stepping out into the open air, quietly seated himself on a prominence of the hill, and gazed with wonder and delight at the scene, which as if probed by sudden enchantment, burst forth in all the grandeur and magnificence with which nature commonly adorns her work. Before him flowed the mighty Ganges, rolling its glistening waters in calm and silent majesty, broken only by the ripples that sparkled and glittered in the moon beams, and scattered their white spray, like clusters of pearls flung, as it were, from the depths by the fair and delicate hands of nymphs sporting beneath the stream. To the westward, as far as the eye could survey, were stretched in towering grandeur a long chain of mountains that gleamed with the broad descending rays, which the moon shed on them, as she sailed in quiet, but soft, beauty in the blue sea of ether, and appeared to the contemplative mind like a troop of giants, omnipotent in their own strength, and standing as watchful guardians of this earth of ours ; or like an army of angels, who arrayed in vestments shining with the splendour of their own native sphere, where all is life, and light, and love, and holiness, having their brows enwreathed with starry crowns, were commissioned from on high to stand centinels for the repose and protection of a slumbering world. Around, the landscape was spread in fresh and luxuriant verdure ; the trees which grew in abundance, put forth their boughs covered with new leaves that vied with the emerald in greenness, and loaded with blossoms that looked as if formed of bunches of pearls, or rivalled the rainbow in the variety and brilliancy of their tints ; while the grass that undulated beneath, was fresh and verdant, and presented the appearance of a slips of emeralds waving in the breeze which blew with softness over it. The sky was clear, unspeckled with a single cloud, and glittered like a plate of one entire and beaten sapphire ;

the moon also, attired in a robe of golden brightness, rose daneing in the blue firmament, which, at the same moment, burned with the concentrated radiance of those 'everlasting lights,' that glimmered in their silver urns, and seemed like so many flickering lamps, borne by a long train of beautiful fairies, those daughters of air and fire, to illumine the path-way of their mistress, the regent of the night, in her journey to the chambers of the west. How lovely, how glorious, how surpassingly beautiful is such a scene—a faint, and mimic emblem, indeed, of all that is good and excellent; of all that is pure, and holy, and blessed in eternity:—how sweet and delightful is the feeling which its contemplation generates in the heart; how inspiring and enthusiastic are the transports of pleasure which its mild and benign influence inspires in the mind:—how grand, how magnificent, how sublime is the prospect which the shades of evening disclose to our view, and the rapture which its power, that must be felt and acknowledged, is calculated to excite in the bosom. Surely it is not superstition to admire and reverence the loveliness of nature; it is not idolatry to worship her honeness; it is not sin to cherish emotions of love and gratitude, and nourish feelings of adoration for those pure and sacred charms with which she arrays the creations of her omnipotence.

Khoosroo gazed with inexpressible wonder, for some time, on the scene of witchery and enchantment that at this hour of the night presented itself to his observation, and, at length, heaving a deep sigh when he recollected that it was not made for his enjoyment, he reflected with bitter anguish of heart on the sad reverse of fortune which he had experienced in being precipitated from the eminence which he had but so lately occupied to the insignificance to which he was now reduced. On what a slender thread is the tenure of human life and happiness suspended, since the slightest shock of adversity is capable of rending it asunder. He, indeed, envied, and well might he have envied, the repose and security of even the mendicant, to whose protection he was indebted for his present safety; to whose hospitality he owed the repose and comfort which he was permitted to enjoy; and by whose benefaction his hours and days were lengthened. But the next instant an ungenerous suspicion overcame his better feelings, and he dreaded the possibility of his being betrayed to his enemies for a recompense. Little, however, while he entertained so uncharitable an opinion of his host, who, certainly did not deserve the character imputed to him, did the disguised prince think that he had nothing to apprehend from the conduct of the fauqeer; that the arm which was raised to strike him to the dust was that of his own brother, and that the uplifted dagger which was pointed at his breast was directed by *his* hand, which had been often closed within his own with the warmth of fraternal affection. What a demon is ambition when ill-directed. It is capable of converting Elysium into Tartarus. How shuddering is the thought, that the same womb should conceive and give birth to two such opposite natures, and how melancholy the reflection, that the same breast which suckled and nourished both, should supply sustenance to the one, and with that sustenance infuse venom into the veins of the other. It is said that a fountain cannot send forth two streams, one pure and the other stagnant, and that one spring cannot furnish water, sweet and bitter at the same time: but in the present case, at least, this law of nature seemed to have been reversed; for

the same fountain *did* yield both a pure and impure element, and the same fountain *did* supply water which proved sweet to the taste of one and bitter to that of the other ; to one it was found refreshing, and to the other poisonous.

Tempted by the enlivening prospect spread out before him, Khoosroo launched the faqueer's little skiff into the river, and paddled towards the western bank. He sprung from the boat, after securing it with the oar, and proceeding in the direction of the village, observed, at a short distance from it, a number of young females engaged in some rural sport. They formed a circle by grasping each other's hands, and in the centre stood a fair and beautiful creature. As Khoosroo approached near, she stooped to the ground, and putting her thumb and fingers round each ankle, which might have been envied by the proudest of her sex, called out in a loud, clear, and distinct voice, *Ita jura-pance*,* when the rest of her companions, who surrounded her, simultaneously answered *Ghaghoranec*. She next raised her hands higher, repeating the same words, and receiving the same reply. She continued to raise her hands higher and higher after every response, till she at last placed them on her head, and then suddenly sat down with a cry for help, as if she were really sinking, when her companions rendered her the required assistance, and taking her up in their arms again surrounded her. Next clasping both hands together, she struck them on the wrists of two of her neighbours, and thus breaking the inclosure ran away giggling, followed by all her play-mates, and she who was the first to catch her supplied her place, and the play commenced a new. In this way they amused themselves for some time, and when the night was far spent separated and returned to their respective homes.

Khoosroo, whose feelings had been somewhat diverted by witnessing the above sport, slowly retraced his steps to the ghât ; but instead of going back to the rock, on which the faqueer resided, unconsciously steered towards the neighbouring one. Absorbed, as he was, in deep thought, he heeded not where he was going ; but his advance was suddenly arrested by an object which lay stretched before him. It was Hoossainec. She was fast asleep ; but her face and body were turned upwards. Her head was decorated with a garland of flowers of different colors, which, glittering in the reflection of the moon-beams, looked like the diadem that adorns the brow of an angel. Surprise mingled with delight rooted Khoosroo to the spot, and he gazed at the sleeping form of Hoossainec with rapturous admiration. He was almost afraid to breathe, lest his respiration should disturb her peaceful slumbers, and his presence in such a place and at such an hour, when nature seemed taking its repose, and all creation was hushed in silence, offend her delicacy. In his eyes, she at this moment, appeared, if possible, far more lovely than when he first saw her by the flame of a lamp. The moon glistened with uncommon splendour at this instant, as she emerged from a dark cloud that rapidly glided past her, and shining full on the person of the beautiful sleeper, clothed her in a robe of light that seemed to be reflected from her own body. Her face caught the rays of the glorious planet, and her features became irradiated with a living glow, that appeared to transform

* Literally so, little water.

her into a native of its own bright and glorious sphere. How did Khoosroo's heart beat with joy as he stood beholding this vision of youth and loveliness, such as bloom in Paradise alone, and he would have clasped Hoossainee to his throbbing breast, if he could have done so with propriety, and without shocking her modesty. Every breath she respired perfumed the atmosphere with its fragrance, and every heave of her bosom, as it rose and fell, was like the swell of a wave. In short, it might with the strictest fairness and justice be said of her, that she was —

— a young and lovely girl
With cheek of rose, and neck of pearl
— the fairest star
Burning in beauteous skies afar,
Might trembling, shrink away to vie
With the pure lustre of her eye

Khoosroo sat down to gaze more intently and ardently at Hoossainee, when she instinctively spread out her arms, and unconsciously wound them around his neck. For a while he was intoxicated with rapture, and would not have exchanged that embrace with that of the fairest of her sex, or even to gain the mastery of the empire, for which he was then earnestly contending, and in pursuit of which object, he had become "a vagabond and a fugitive"; but the next instant she started from her slumber, stared at the prince with confusion and wildness, and springing upon her feet fled with terror and precipitation. Khoosroo did not venture to pursue Hoossainee, as she retreated in haste; but he felt ashamed of having intruded into her privacy, and alarmed her sensibility. He returned to his lodging; but he could not sleep; for his feelings were agitated to such a degree, that he found it impossible to close his eyes. The night was, however, far advanced; minutes and hours fled rapidly away, and ere long, the notes of chanticleer were heard in shrill accents proclaiming the approach of day. In a little while, the grey of the dawn began to streak the eastern horizon with a pearly hue, like the light of the eternity, when piercing through the darkness of the tomb, it opens on the enraptured vision of an expiring saint; which again slowly and gradually changed into and assumed a roseate tint; and burst, at length, into day-light splendour, as if a seraph was treading, with measured steps, some bright track of heaven; and each stride he took marked the spot with traces of gold, that melting and falling in brilliant drops on this globe of ours, illuminated it with a dazzling lustre. Anon, blaze after blaze shot forth and flashed in quick succession along the gleaming margin of the earth, like saffron rays emitted from a burning topaz, and gilded the tops of the hills and mountains with a magnificent brilliancy; insomuch, that even the firmament above caught a glow from it, and reflected the divine effulgence back on the world below. At length, the bright and luminous star of day, the all-glorious sun, rose triumphant in the east, rejoicing, like a giant, to run his race, or eager to engage in mortal strife, as if the fate of a world depended upon its result; having the sky for its course or battle-field; the overhanging cloud for his charger; the iris for his bow; the lightning for his sword; the western limits of the heavens for his goal, and the joy and gladness, the life, the energy, and fertility which it diffuses around for its prize. At

first its appearance was mild, like sparkles dashed from a mixture of melted rubies and diamonds skimmed or edged round with liquid pearls, so that the eye could rest gratified without aching on its infant glory; but as it ascended higher and higher, its rays became more and more intense and vivid, till glowing, and burning, and flashing as it continued advancing in the sky, its radiance became more and more dazzling, till, concentrating all its strength and brightness into one focus, it burst forth with overpowering splendour, and at once kindled the universe with its vivifying beams.

In the meanwhile, Khoosroo's emissary was successful beyond his expectations, in promoting the cause of his master. His plans were laid with such cautious secrecy, that for a long time, nothing of his schemes was known at court; and Jehangeer and Prince Kurreem, not having heard any further intelligence of Khoosroo, concluded either that he was dead, or had retired to some remote part of the country, without friends, without resources, and, of course, without the means of creating fresh disturbances, and they ceased to trouble themselves longer about him.

The emperor, however angry he may have had cause to be with Khoosroo, for his rebellious conduct, cherished no malicious feelings, no unnatural resentment against him; but, on the contrary, felt all the tender yearnings of a parent for his first-born, inasmuch, that he would have readily forgiven him, and gladly received him back into favor on the least symptom of a return to a sense of duty, and the expression of sincere contrition. But prince Kurreem was a person of a different disposition, and saw in his elder brother only an obstacle to the gratification of his ambition, which blinded him to all the ties of brotherly love and affection. Influenced, therefore, by such feelings, and aspiring to the possession of the throne himself, he seized every opportunity to misrepresent his brother's intentions, and magnify his faults, which were in themselves, sufficiently inexcusable, so as to ruin him in his father's estimation. He also privately adopted measures for cutting off Khoosroo, and rising to fame and empire on a brother's destruction. How vile and detestable does ambition become, when perverted from its right course, and to what depth of baseness and degradation does it sink the man who cherishes it in his heart, when all the charities of life are forgotten, and all its amenities trampled upon; when all the claims of humanity are sacrificed, and the best and most ennobling sympathies of our nature stifled and crushed. How few, how very few indeed, in comparison with the majority, who have made ambition the aim and end of their pursuit, have succeeded in the accomplishment of their object, without plunging deeply into crime. Ambition was the first sin that was committed, and which degraded the highest of archangels and the brightest of spirits into a fiend of darkness; precipitating him from the summit of glory and happiness in heaven into the depths of misery and anguish in hell. The path of ambition is crooked, is devious, and stained with guilt. Its temple is built of human carcases; and the steps that lead to its altar are constructed of skulls and bones; a dark and cruel demon sits on it; the sighs of the victims slain are the incense offered; the groans uttered by the dying, are the music that clangs at its worship; and human blood is the richest oblation presented to propitiate its favor, and secure success in the projected enterprise. Parents and children forget the ties which bind them together; and urged by the impulse of ambition, the offspring lifts his hand against the author of his being, and embrues

it in the purple current of that fountain, from which his own stream of life has bubbled into his veins, and the parent cuts short the very boon of existence which he had bestowed on his offspring.

While Khoosroo was wasting his time in ignoble ease, unprofitable indolence, and listless inactivity, his younger brother, prince Kurreem, was employed in taking every measure to strengthen his own interests. He used every means in his power to effect his purpose, resolved, if necessary, even to sacrifice Khoosroo, and, at the same time, adopted every precaution to prevent his design being made known to his father. After some time, he received correct and authentic information of the discovery of the place of his brother's retreat : and overjoyed at the intelligence, despatched a confidential agent, without further delay, with strict injunctions to assassinate Khoosroo with the utmost secrecy, and a promise of a handsome guerdon for his success.

Although Hoossainee subsequently joined her father in the exercise of devotion, yet, as she latterly always appeared with her face covered with a veil, her features were not distinctly visible. Khoosroo was, indeed, extremely anxious to obtain an interview with her, in order to explain to her the cause of his recent intrusion, which was entirely accidental, and apologize for his apparent rudeness. With this determination he made up his mind to visit her one night, and rising when the faqueer had retired, and Khoosroo thought he was asleep, crossed over to the adjacent rock. The night was as clear and bright as the glimmerings of the stars, glowing, and kindling, and burning in their golden urns, could make it in the absence of the moon.

On ascending the rock, Khoosroo was somewhat surprised to find Hoossainee awake, and seated on a stone with her face turned towards the village, which was discernible at some distance from the western bank of the Ganges. She was singularly attired : having on a short petticoat and a pair of trowsers of orange colour and being wraped in a *sarree* of the same hue, one end of which fell in gathering folds on her bosom, and the other was thrown over her left shoulder. On her head was a rustic crown of wild flowers, and a necklace and a pair of bracelets adorned her fair neck and slender wrists ; while round her beautiful ankles she wore a string of small silver bells, which jingled not unmusically with the least motion of her feet.

Hoossainee rose on Khoosroo's approach, perhaps surprised at his unexpected visit, for the Prince had not until then met with the opportunity he had sought of communicating his intentions to her. He made her a low obeisance ; a compliment, which she returned with a gracefulness, which could hardly be expected from an untutored village girl. ' You are, no doubt,' exclaimed Khoosroo, after a little hesitation, and some faltering in his tone, ' surprised to see me here, and that too at so unusual an hour ; but the truth is fair lady,' and his voice kindled with animation, as he proceeded with his apology, and was inspired with courage by her attention, ' I was desirous of seeking an interview with you that I might explain to you the reason of my late intrusion on your retirement, and offer some explanation of my apparent rudeness, for, I assure you, lady, the one was as unintentional as the other was unpremeditated.'

' I believe it,' replied Hoossainee, in silvery tones, and therefore the

more readily receive your excuse, and willingly overlook your incivility. 'But,' she continued, 'I own, I was frightened at your sudden and unexpected appearance. Waking out of a sound sleep and seeing a stranger seated at the headside was sufficient to alarm any one, much more a young and timid girl like me, especially when there was no help at hand.'

'You are really very good; indeed too kind, too generous,' rejoined Khoosroo, 'to overlook a fault, which I confess was unpardonable; and, I have no hesitation in acknowledging, that so much kindness and forbearance are altogether undeserved by me; but, sweet lady, tell me, if it be not impertinent to ask the question; how comes it that one so fair and beautiful can consent to live in so lonely and secluded a place, and hide her charms from the gaze and admiration of the world.'

Had it been day time, the Prince would not have failed to observe the deep crimson blush which suffused Hossainee's cheeks, on hearing so flattering a compliment paid to her, and such high panegyric passed on her beauty, of which, in her modesty, she seemed to be wholly unconscious. She was silent for a few minutes, and then replied to Khoosroo's interrogatory: 'It is my father's pleasure, that I should remain in this seclusion, and I have not thought it necessary to enquire into his reasons for his command.'

Khoosroo stood rebuked, and a transient pain shot prickingly through his heart, when he reflected on his own disobedient and rebellious conduct to a fond and affectionate parent, who was yet willing to receive him back into his bosom and forgive his crime; but other feelings presently arose, and chased the passing agony from his mind, and he flatteringly resumed: 'Yet say, is thy destiny fixed—unalterably settled, and is so blooming and lovely a floweret doomed to waste its sweetness and scatter its fragrance on this wild and desert rock;' but Khoosroo was interrupted in the midst of his praises, for Hossainee suddenly exclaimed 'Ha! the signal, the signal is given, and I must hasten to join my associates, or they will set off without me.'

This language was utterly unintelligible to Khoosroo; and he asked, 'What signal is it that you allude to, fair lady; where must you go at this late hour, and who are the companions you talk of;' without reflecting on the impropriety of his question, thrown off his guard, as he was, by the extraordinary exclamation Hossainee had, with equal thoughtlessness uttered in Khoosroo's presence; and she could not now avoid gratifying the Prince's curiosity.

'Look yonder,' she accordingly answered, not at all appearing to be vexed. Khoosroo turned to the direction pointed out, and with wonder and amazement perceived the beacon alluded to. It was a fire which blazed on the top of one of the highest hills that skirted the village of Colgong; but he could discern nothing, beyond a few dim figures, seated apparently around the light. Khoosroo asked for an explanation of the phenomenon, and learned with still greater astonishment, that it was Thursday night, and that the flame had been kindled as a signal for her and a few others of the village maidens to meet at yonder rendezvous. She further informed him, that they were summoned to the Court of Indra, the ruler of the skies, for the purpose of dancing at his levee, which was held

on every Thursday night, and that as her companions were waiting for her, she must bid him farewell, and proceed to join them without further delay, as the time fixed for assembling had already expired. Khoosroo's curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch, and he expressed an eager desire to accompany Hossainee; but she frankly told him, that she could not comply with his wishes, without first consulting her associates and obtaining their consent to his proposal, and concluded with recommending it to him to wait till the following Thursday, when she would, in all probability, be able to take him along with her, as she felt satisfied that her companions would not oppose his desire. She then left Khoosroo, and stepping into a small skiff, which floated in the water, at the foot of the rock, and was different from the one which he had himself used, steered towards the banks by the mere motion of the rudder.

Some minutes had elapsed since Hossainee's departure, when on again looking towards the mountain, on which the signal fire was still blazing, Khoosroo saw a blue light, resembling the exhalation of a star, shoot upwards and he stood gazing at the phenomenon until it was either enveloped in, or extinguished by, the surrounding ether; and then returned to his dwelling, not to sleep, but ruminate on the wonderful spectacle he had a short while ago beheld, as well as on the extraordinary nature of Hossainee's communication, which, notwithstanding the partial explanation she had furnished, was not perfectly understood by him.

The Emirzada, who had escaped being wrecked with his master, and who had left him to stir up his friends and adherents, returned to Khoosroo after some months. He gave the Prince a brief account of his mission, which had met with greater success than he had any reason to expect, and assured him that his partizans only waited for his appearance among them, to gather once more around his standard. The Emirzada next strongly urged Khoosroo to waste time no longer in effeminate ease, and soft dalliance, and strenuously advised him to take immediate advantage of the present state of feeling in his favor, as delay would tend only to ruin his cause by discouraging his followers, and damping their ardour. It might also lead to his designs becoming known at court, when no doubt the necessary measures would be taken to defeat his project. Khoosroo promised to follow the Emirzada's advice, and fixed a day for his departure.

SONG OF THE SWAN :

TRANSLATED FROM THE BENGALIE.

Come hither, hither, dearest Love !
We'll seek the pleasant lake,
Where in the shade of lotus flowers
Sweet, peaceful rest we'll take.

We'll feast upon the tender roots,
And in thy dear caress,
Make heaven itself come down to us
With all its happiness.

EVENING.

BY BABOO KASIRASAD GHOSH.

How beautiful 't is when the shadows of even,
 At a distance are lingering yet,
 And the sun, hath but just in the western heaven,
 Like a traveller wearied hath set.

• O! the hues that adorn the fair wane of the day
 Are glowing so gorgeously bright,
 As tho' from his plumage a seraph each ray
 Hath flung in his passage of light.

The waters beneath of the sun-lighted stream,
 In dimples are rippling away,
 Like visions of bliss that appear in a dream,
 So brightly and fitfully play.

And the breezes awake from their slumbers, in flowers
 Disport on the meadow's rich green;
 And sing a farewell to the day's sunny hours,
 And triumph to night's lovely Queen!

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SKETCHES OF THE HISTORICAL CHARACTERS OF BRITISH INDIA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE art which paints upon canvas the likeness of a friend, or a person whom we may have highly prized, and which, to use the language of a Poet, "robs time of half its spoils," is not without its admirers. It is a source of pleasure to trace the lineaments of a face in a picture, while perhaps the original is mouldering in the dust; or to hold, in imagination, sweet converse with a miniature, while we are far away from the friend whose copy we are carrying along with us. How very soothing is it to many, to sit in a gallery of family portraits, and fancy every eye is beaming on you from the frame, and every mouth is breaking into smiles! How reverential is the feeling which swells in the bosom, while we are gazing upon the portraits of those illustrious men, who have been celebrated in the annals of their country's history, and who look upon us, as if they were beings of another sphere, with souls cast in better moulds. The heart, that is brought in contact with such pictures, cannot remain unmoved, and we often delight ourselves by searching for some prominent development of the head or some expression of the eyes, that bespeaks the lofty or impassioned soul. These are not only the advantages, but the beauties of painting, which gives *permanency* to the evanescent features of the human countenance, and preserves *the youth*, while age has weakened every nerve, and robbed it of every grace.

Not less pleasing and advantageous are the sketches such as those which we propose to give of the celebrated characters of British India, whose names are indelibly preserved in its history. The moral *limner* can effect more than the simple artist. The latter makes a good likeness; the former paints the man, and preserves all those characteristic features, opinions, and shades which develop *the character*. The one is a mere *copyist*, whose success lies in *copying best*; the latter must not only put down the *lines* of character, but mark, judge, and examine, so that malice may be deprived of its sting, flattery prevented from doing any injury by gross exaggeration and the real character, denuded of every adventitious shade or ornament allowed to shine forth in its native lustre.

We make this line of distinction, not so much with the view of underrating the art of painting, as to set forth, in a proper light, the task which an individual undertakes, who proposes to present the general reader with sketches of the characters of those men, who have rendered themselves eminent by achievements of great worth, or labors redolent of the muses,

or sanctified by an enlarged and pious benevolence. And while we acknowledge that the work is difficult, we cannot but make the allowance, that it is interesting. Who is ever wearied in reading a delineation of the conduct of a great man? Who is not anxious to know something of a hero or a statesman, who lives in his country's glory and gratitude? Or who would not like to follow a writer, who strikes a new light, or takes a different view of the actions of ancient worthies? The present subject is, however, invested with an additional interest. The men of whom we purpose writing a few passing memorials, peculiarly belong to India. They are associated with her history, they participate in her glory, they share in her successes, they live in her and by her; they are to be seen in her greatness. As she advances in civilization and refinement, as she becomes eminent in the sciences and the arts of life, as her fields are more extensively cultivated, her mines better worked, her rivers more gay with the flags of inland commerce, and her surface variegated with public buildings and roads—as she, in fine, continues to progress, the pioneers of her greatness, the men who laid the foundation stone of her strength and her grandeur, will not only be remembered, but will be regarded with greater veneration as time rolls along and covers them with his wings.

A sketch of the character of these men, will not only be of interest to us but it will be productive of great advantage. Although British India has scarcely numbered one hundred years of its existence, the present generation very little knows of those who contributed to lay its foundation. More is known of an Alfred and of a Charlemagne, than of a Clive or a Hastings. We do not, however, mean to state, that there are not sources of information whence much might be gleaned of the illustrious characters of British India. There are histories which treat, and treat critically and extensively, of British India; but these volumes are, on account of their ponderous contents and exorbitant prices, sealed to the many. They are *caviare* to the millions of people that are now living in India; and in consequence, there are only a few who are well acquainted with its history. To supply this deficiency and afford popular information on the subject of British India, these sketches are designed. In order to *throw out* the principal characters, and dispose properly the light and shade, that every feature may be clearly and accurately defined, the *back ground* must be painted. This *back ground* in the sketches which will follow, is a just description of the circumstances in which the governors were placed, and a succinct narration of the affairs of the country. A relation of this nature, will contain the most useful information respecting British India, and, at the same time, give a popular view of its history.—The knowledge thus imparted, will be communicated to many, through the pages of this Magazine, and will subserve many useful purposes. It may be, that the information which will be given, will, in the opinion of some, appear to be scanty; but even though small, it will be still worth something. If it but awaken a desire in the minds of its readers to prosecute the study of the history of India, the writer will have been amply rewarded for the time and trouble which may have been consumed in its execution.

Before proceeding to delineate the characters which have identified themselves with the history of British India, it will be necessary to offer

a few remarks on the rise and progress of British power in the East. There is something pleasing to trace the origin of any establishment or institution, and mark its successive steps to perfection; and, moreover, such a procedure will be of great advantage to the reader, to enable him to understand the peculiar position of affairs, when the British sailed to the shores of India, and first settled in the country. India was, at one period of its history, widely celebrated for its learning and its wealth. The sacred fount of learning—the famous city of Benares, now shining with the reflection of its past glory, then radiated its fame to the remotest end of the known world. Its monuments of learning are ~~now~~ almost destroyed, or scarcely understood by the present race; and even at the time, in which the British first put foot on the soil of the land of Brahma, the city of Benares had lost much of its literary and scientific renown. But India was still celebrated for its wealth. The wealth of its intellect was gone; and men still supposed, that the wealth which consisted in gold and silver, was to be found in great abundance. This opinion was most widely prevalent at the time that England first turned her attention to commercial pursuits. The gold of Ophir and of Tarshish, and the precious weight which the great behemoth always bore, were objects of intense interest to the inhabitants of Europe. They even excited the avidity of foreign nations. From the era of the Crusades, when a taste for Asiatic luxuries was first awakened in Europe, almost even to the present hour, India is supposed to be the land which Mammon has chosen for his peculiar habitation.

The communication between England and India may be traced to a very remote period. In the year 883, Alfred despatched some individuals to render assistance to a few missionaries in the East, who, returning with oriental luxuries, induced him to encourage the trade with India. However, after the death of this great and good monarch, the trade, for want of encouragement, languished for a while, until it died away. From this period to the time of the discovery of a passage to the East Indies, by the Cape of Good Hope, we find no mention made of any communication between England and India.

Portugal first attracted the attention of all Europe, by the wealth she had acquired from her intercourse with India. Lisbon glittered with the produce of Asia. Of a sudden, the eyes of men were opened to the great attractions which India possessed, and many attempts were made by the people of England, to participate in the trade with India. In the reign of Henry the VIII, one Robert Thorne submitted a proposal to sail to India, south-west, as the Portuguese had already monopolized the North-east passage. No encouragement was however, held forth to this project, by that selfwilled monarch who busied himself too much in polemical disputes to attend to the commercial interests of his growing empire. Sir Francis Drake some years after, in 1518, directed public attention to the subject; but this attempt, like all others, was not crowned with success, in consequence of the large masses of ice that are to be met with in Northern latitudes.

In the year 1519, one Stevens, who had for some years resided in the factory of Lisbon, was induced to visit Goa and the other settlements which the Portuguese had succeeded in making in the western shores of

India. His account of the places he had seen, and the advantages of the commercial relation, was well received, and Cavendish, in the year 1586, visited India, in his circumnavigation of the globe. Both these men suggested the idea of sailing to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and in the year 1591, we read of the sailing of Messrs. Raymond and Lancaster for the East Indies. They hovered for a while about India, with the view of capturing a Portuguese ship homeward bound, with a large booty for plunder; but their own ships were so disabled by a storm, that one vessel alone reached Calicut, while Lancaster was driven so far westward, that he would certainly have perished, had he not been saved by the French, who brought him over to England.

These attempts were only indications of the restless spirit of the English, endeavouring to secure the advantages of the Trade with India. In the year 1594, certain merchants presented a memorial to Queen Elizabeth, praying that she should enter into a treaty with the Turkish Government, to permit her subjects to trade with the merchants of Syria and Egypt. It was the good fortune of this princess to reign at a period when a new order of events was gradually taking place, and when it was exercising a direct influence, not only on the moral condition of England, but also over its commercial relations. She lent a gracious ear to this petition, and secured what her subjects most ardently desired. We are not, however, informed of any advantage that the people of England acquired by the prosecution of this new trade.

The Earl of Cumberland and some other gentlemen of fortune and station, countenanced the trade to India, and on the 31st of Dec. 1600,—a memorable era,—a Charter was granted to the East India Company for that purpose, under the title of “Governor and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies.” Their affairs were to be managed by a Chairman and Committee of twenty-four Members, who were in the first instance, selected by the Crown, and were afterwards to be elected by the Company. They were permitted to export bullion to the amount of 50,000£, of which the sum of 6,000£ was to be coined in England. This Charter was granted to the Company for the space of fifteen years, and it was renewable for a still longer period, provided that the Company enjoyed profit from the trade.

This favor shown to the East India Company, excited the jealousy of other merchants, who immediately proceeded to assault it, and, if possible, to annihilate it. They foreboded the destruction of the home manufactures by the imports of India; the loss of the lives of mariners from exposure to Indian climate and a difficult navigation; the exorbitant prices of Indian manufactures when purchased from the monopolists alone; the exportation of bullion from the native country, and its consequent impoverishment; and the resigning of the lives and liberties of free-born men to a handful of merchants. The East India Company declared on the other hand, that the history of all nations which had accumulated immense wealth from their trade with India, would prove the benefits that England was likely to derive from it; that it would give employment to industry at home and abroad; and that experiments would be made in navigation and the sciences and arts, by a knowledge of strange seas and lands.

To facilitate the object which the Company had in view, shares of 60£ each were opened, and in a short time, the amount of 72,000£ was paid

into the Company's Exchequer. Four ships were immediately despatched under the command of Capt. Lancaster, of whom mention has been made, and who was entrusted with a letter from Queen Elizabeth, to the King of Acheen, in the Island of Sumatra. After a sickly voyage of fifteen months and eighteen days, Captain Lancaster arrived at his destination, and was well received by the king himself. Capt. L. returned home with a vast quantity of spices, after a voyage of two years and seven months, and he had the good fortune to capture a Portuguese ship, near Batavia, in the Island of Java. Another fleet, and a third and a fourth, were despatched, and the English were immediately regarded with feelings of jealousy by the Dutch and the Portuguese. This circumstance induced the Company to call for a renewal of its charter, which was granted by James II., in 1610.

The affairs of the Company were in a prosperous condition, although James rendered no material assistance to the commercial relations of his country. Sir Thomas Roe, who was deputed to the court of Jehangier by the East India Company, was well received by that monarch; and the English merchants in India, had by their honest dealings completely won the good-will of the natives. The Dutch and the Portuguese looked with jealousy upon the English, and endeavoured to obstruct their trade by every means that craft could suggest. The latter entered into the field of contest with the English, and were worsted in almost every engagement. The former people only waited for an opportunity to drive the English from the Indian Archipelago. With the ostensible motive of chastising the natives of the Island of Lantore, the Dutch sent a fleet against that unoffending people, whom the English generously advanced to assist. The assailants soon overpowered by their number the small number of their enemy, and treated the captives with great cruelty. Soon after this, the famous massacre of the English at Amboyna, took place—a massacre that has its parallel only in the notorious Black Hole occurrence in Calcutta. The English were stretched on the wheel, and subjected to unheard-of cruelties. They suffered, and their countrymen only listened to the horrible narrative of their trials, and were silent. The minds of the people in England were intensely occupied with their own affairs. A spirit was at this time animating them to throw off the bondage of kings, and to reform the abuses of Government, under which they had for a long while, ingloriously suffered.

How distressing soever was the situation of the Company in the Indian Archipelago, it wore a favorable aspect on the Continent, through the instrumentality of Sir Thos. Roe, who assisted the subjects of the Viceroy of Persia, Shah Abbas, in expelling the Portuguese from the island of Hormuz. As a grateful return for such services, the Company were permitted to trade free of all expense, and to enjoy a moiety of customs received at the Persian Gulph.

The reign of Charles the First was auspicious to the trade of the Company, but the civil dissensions which broke out in 1652 between the King and his Parliament, prevented the completion of those benefits which the Company had fondly anticipated. The usurpation of Cromwell, however, gave new life to commerce, and in some measure, repaired the losses which the Company had suffered in former reigns. During the Protectorate Cromwell, one Langhorne commenced his travels in India. He visited San Thomé, on the Malabar Coast, where Christian Converts re-

sided, and asked for the purchase of a piece of ground to erect a factory for the Company ; but his offer was peremptorily rejected. He was however, successful in purchasing from the Raja, a small village in the Carnatic, called Madras Potana in 1638, and erected on it a small fort, which he named Fort St. George. This village was situated near the sea, where goods could not be landed with safety, and which had no port for ships to ride in. The principal reason, which induced Langhorne, to fix even upon so unpromising a spot, was the opportunity he would possess of carrying on an intercourse with the merchants of the Carnatic.

The settlement at Madras was soon followed by the establishment of a factory at Hooghly, in Bengal, in 1638, through the medical skill of Dr. Broughton, who cured the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan of a dangerous malady from which she had been suffering. Gratitude prompted the Emperor to offer Dr. Broughton the promise of a large reward. With a noble generosity, Dr. Broughton asked a boon for the East India Company, which was immediately granted. The firman containing the gracious permission of the Emperor to the Company, to erect a factory at Hooghly, would have been opposed by the Subadar, if one of his favorite women had not been also healed by the skill of Doctor Broughton.

The Agents of the Company were well received at Dacca, in 1640 and 1642 ; and permission was granted them to build a factory, but they were expressly prohibited to erect any fortress, and an ensign with fifty men was the only force allowed the Company. However, the building of a large ware-house in the factory, excited the jealousy of the Nabob, who made them comply with his exorbitant demands. The English prudently submitted to this act of extortion, on the consideration of the immense profits they derived from their trade.

The Restoration (1661) gave the Company a new Charter with extensive privileges ; the principal of which were, the exportation of gold and silver, permission to carry on wars with the native princes, and power to punish all those found within their territories without license.

The marriage of Charles II. with the infanta of Portugal, brought him as a dowry, the Island of Bombay, which he sold to the Company on the 27th March, 1668. In the year 1664, the factory at Surat was attacked by Sevajee, the founder of the Mahratta Empire, but without success. The assistance which the ship's crew rendered to the besieged, made the assailants depart from the walls, and the Mogul Emperor was so pleased with the gallantry and success of the English, that he bestowed fresh privileges on the Company.

About this period, the first instance of disobedience and refractoriness on the part of the Company's servants manifested itself at Madras. For some supposed act of delinquency, Sir Edward Winter was removed from the Government of Fort St. George, and Mr. Foxcroft was appointed to succeed him. The former peremptorily refused to listen to the Court of Directors ; but after a while his courage forsaking him, he retired to a Dutch settlement, and was never heard of more.

The determination of the Court of Directors to suppress all interference with the trade, produced a serious altercation in 1666 between the two houses of Parliament, which the King by the exercise of his own authority, was obliged to suppress. One Thomas Skinner had purchased from the King

of Jambea, the little Island of Barella, of which he was dispossessed by the Company. His complaint was referred to the House of Lords, whose authority the Company refused to obey, as it was only a Court of Appeal. The Company in return appealed to the House of Commons, and this brought about a rupture between the two powers.

With whatever severity the East India Company endeavored to interdict other individuals from sharing with them in the profits of trade, it was obliged passively to witness the rise of a Company in France, under the auspices of the Great Colbert, in 1664. The French East India Company soon acquired great power, and notwithstanding all the obstacles which the English East India Company threw in its way, it grew into power, and after a little while became formidable. We will not at present proceed further with this part of our subject, but we will return to it, when we are delineating the character of Clive.

In the year 1685, a new East India Company was established, and the old association was disposed to put into execution every means in its power to prevent any interference with its trade. It attempted to throw a veil over its pecuniary affairs, and made preparations on an extensive scale, to equip a large fleet to India. Desirous of keeping themselves above the Dutch, Bombay was elevated to the rank of a regency, with unrestricted power over the rest of the Company's settlements; and Madras was formed into a corporation, governed by a Mayor and Aldermen. Notwithstanding these impediments, the New Company was established, but feeble were its efforts to supplant its ancient rival. After languishing for the prescribed term of three years, these two companies were, under the award of Godolphin, in 1711, united into one body and designated, the UNITED COMPANY OF EAST INDIA MERCHANTS TRADING TO THE EAST INDIES.

A SONG,

(Translated from the Bengallee,)

BY BABOO KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

How can I e'er forget thee, love !
While there is life in me ?
These longing eyes can scarcely bear
To be away from thee.

The beauteous moon, cleansed of her spots
In splendor pure doth glow
Upon thy face, while through thy lips
Words sweet as nectar flow.

ANOTHER.

WHY, dearest ! on thy lovely mien
The shades of thoughtful gloom are seen ?
Ah ! why the face that puts to flight
The cares of others at the sight,
Should darkened be, as if the Queen
Of sable night, eclipsed hath been ?

THE TOMB OF SULTAN KHOOSROO: OR, THE STAMP OF
ALF'S HAND.*(Continued from page 37.)*

THURSDAY came at length, and Khoosroo impatiently awaited the arrival of the moment appointed for meeting with Hoossaince. To his imagination the minutes seemed to glide on leaden wings, and the day appeared to him peculiarly dull and heavy, though it was, in reality, as bright and beautiful as a clear sky and a shining sun could combine to make it. Nature never arrays herself but in her usual charms, though man, influenced by a morbid disposition, is not always capable of appreciating her loveliness in its naked simplicity. True, the serenity and clearness of the firmament may be sometimes overcast, and the splendour of the orb of day, or the mild, but soft, radiance of the moon and the lustre of the stars obscured by dark clouds; the winds may howl, the tempest roar, and the whirlwind rage; the thunder peal, the lightning flash, and the surges roll, swell, boil, chafe, and dash with fury against the shore; but even under these circumstances, nature is not altogether divested of attraction and interest; she appears only in a novel form, and wears only a new garb, perhaps less alluring and inviting, but more awful and sublime, than in her ordinary attire: she presents herself merely in a character not common to her; thus laying a firmer hold on the human mind, and exercising a stronger power over human feelings: she clothes herself at times in her highest and most glorious attributes, and displays the omnipotence of her might only to excite the awe and reverence of man, and challenge his love and admiration at the same moment.

The day had begun to decline, and the thick-coming shades of evening to fling their shadows over the world. Khoosroo had long waited, and anxiously watched for the appearance of the signal fixed upon; and when shortly afterwards a lighted lamp was seen floating down the stream, Khoosroo instantly launched the boat and rowed to the adjoining rock, where he found Hoossaince prepared for his reception. She was dressed as on a former occasion, and observing the beacon on the top of the hill, on which it had been before remarked, both Khoosroo and Hoossaince got into the skiff and paddled towards the bank. Springing forward, they proceeded in the direction of the signal and reached the spot where it was made. Here they found the party had already assembled, and were ready for taking their departure to the Court of Indra.*

Having accordingly seated themselves in the *Oorun Khuttoolnah*, or flying seat, and the magical words been pronounced, it rose from the ground and

* The belief in the existence of this deity was, in the early period of the history of Hindoostan, very prevalent among all classes of natives, particularly of the lower orders, and may, probably, be still current to a great extent. Indra is said to be the monarch of the skies, and to hold nocturnal levies of the celestials on every Thursday night. On these occasions he entertains his illustrious and sublime visitors with the *nautch*, or dance of the fairies, who are reputed to be subject to his rule, and among these performers a few of the fairest and most fascinating daughters of Eve are not unfrequently enlisted, as a special mark of his favor and condescension towards them. I have availed myself of a popular superstition, and incorporated it with my tale.

ascended upwards with a rapid motion. To prevent Khoosroo's feeling giddy, Hoossainee had previously annointed his eyebrows and lids with a liquid extracted from a variety of medicinal herbs, and inconceivable was his astonishment at his flight through the air. He looked downwards and beheld the beacon dwindle into the flame of a lamp and gradually disappear; while the earth, as it receded from his view, seemed to be more and more indistinct, and at last it also vanished from his sight, whilst the firmament drew nearer and nearer. They passed through the first and second heavens, when sounds of ravishing music saluted Khoosroo's ears and entranced his faculties with ecstasy; whilst the objects that now presented themselves to him, were so stupendous, magnificent, and sublime, as to wrap his senses in wonder. The pavement of the sky was composed of one large entire sapphire, richly inlaid with innumerable gems, that sparkled and glimmered with the lustre of the stars and planets, and lighted up the place with their reflection. The palace, which was extensive in dimensions, was built of pearls of immense size, seamed with silver and gold, and fastened together with nails of rubies, emeralds, amethysts, topazes, and other precious stones. The pillars in the interior were constructed, alternately, of the same metals, adorned in the cornices at the top, and mouldings at the base with all sorts of jewels. The lamps, suspended from the ceilings, were made of silver, studded with carbuncles, turquoises, and jaspers, and arranged in various fantastic devices, and the oil with which they were fed, was extracted from the most fragrant flowers, and scented the building with its perfume. The throne on which Indra sat, consisted of one perfect diamond, standing on feet of rubies, and overshadowed by a canopy of emerald; while the pillars which supported it were formed of sapphires. Indra was dressed in a robe of rainbow; the folds of his turban were woven of the rays of the sun, and the sandals on his feet were fabricated of the beams of the moon interlaced with stellar particles. In his features and in his stature he resembled no less than an arch-angel; he had four arms; in one hand he held an iris for a sceptre; in the second he balanced a thunderbolt, ready and burning, to be hurled; in the third, he grasped the lightning for a sword; and in the fourth clenched a lance of ethereal temper. Indra was surrounded by a numerous retinue of male and female jhins and fairies; the former were made of fire, and the latter created from pure ether. Khoosroo, Hoossainee, and his party were therefore, the only human beings permitted to be present at the court of the Sovereign of the sky; and their admission was owing to the peculiar kindness with which Hoossainee and her companions were regarded; a privilege, which they considered as conferring a great honor and a high distinction on them.

The hum, which had before disturbed the stillness of the place, was suddenly hushed, and perfect silence succeeded for a while. The enlivening sounds of musical instruments at length arose, in the hall, accompanied by the jinglings of *Ghoongroos*,* worn by the performers, whose small and beautiful feet kept measure with the melody. The performance was executed with such exquisite skill, that Indra was highly delighted with it, and bestowed magnificent gifts both on the dancers and the musicians, who were not slow or backward in

* Small metal bells tied round the ankles.

extolling his princely munificence. The party broke up at a late hour, and Khoosroo, Hoossainee, and her associates having descended to the earth, separated and retired to their respective homes. When Khoosroo awoke the next morning, the vision of the past night seemed to be so fresh in his memory, that he wondered whether the scenes he had witnessed were a reality, or only a dream.

Shortly afterwards, Khoosroo, agreeably to his promise to the Emirzada, left the hospitable roof of the faquir, but not without first thanking him from his heart for his unceasing kindness and continued hospitality. On their way, the prince and his faithful attendant made themselves known to their adherents; they congratulated Khoosroo on his re-appearance among them, and in a few days a vast number of men crowded around his standard. He accordingly advanced in a menacing attitude towards Allahabad, and soon reached that city, which was yielded up to him without resistance. Khoosroo stopped there for a week to complete his arrangements and procure supplies, and then proceeded on to Agra, which was, at this period, the seat of empire, and where Jehangeer generally resided, with the resolution of laying siege to it, and forcing it to capitulate on such terms as he might be disposed to dictate. But his hopes were disappointed; for he was anticipated in his design, as intelligence of his movements had been received by the Emperor, who had despatched Prince Kurreem with a formidable body to intercept his brother's progress. Both armies met on a spacious plain and engaged one another with fury. The battle, as on a former occasion, was long doubtful; for each party was urged on by feelings of determined animosity, and neither was inclined to give or take quarter. Unfortunately, Khoosroo again committed the same fatal error which had caused his previous defeat, and which proved equally disastrous to him in the present instance. Victory at the commencement seemed to declare on his side; but at this critical moment, when a little perseverance would have turned the scales completely in his favor, tempted by a blind and perverse fate, he most unadvisedly descended from his elephant, whence he could be distinctly seen by all his troops, and mounted a richly caparisoned charger. Being no longer observed, and, in consequence, thought to be slain, his men began to waver, and finally being closely pressed by a fresh squadron of cavalry, and body of foot, gave ground, and ere long sustained an entire overthrow. All hope of retrieving his fortune was thus lost, and though Khoosroo attempted to effect his escape in a disguise hastily assumed, he was recognized, and made a prisoner, and carried before his victorious brother.

The grief of Hoossainee on Khoosroo's departure was excessive; for in spite of herself, she had secretly cherished a growing attachment for him. She was inconsolable for his loss for some days; but reflection told her, that sighs were useless and tears unavailing; and she, therefore, resolved to act at once, and decisively, and not waste time by indulging in silly lamentations. But before putting her scheme into execution, she determined on paying a nocturnal visit to a certain witch, who lived in a remote and retired spot under a tope of tamarind tree, and consulting her on the subject.

With this view, Hoossainee awoke at midnight, and proceeded to the residence of the witch. She found the old woman seated on a broken mat,

and covered with filthy rags ; before her burned four earthen lamps ; three of them placed triangularly, and one in the centre. Without any preface, Hossaince communicated to the beldame the object of her call, and flinging a few copper pieces into her lap, entreated her to satisfy her curiosity. The decrepit old witch muttered something between her teeth, as if repeating some incantation ; for unlike most of her fraternity, she was neither inquisitive, nor loquacious, but was always ready to begin with the business without ceremony. She handed a small phial to Hossaince, and desired her to go round the lamps three several times, and pour its contents on the flame of each, repeating the following lines, to invoke the spirits that presided over them :—

Come from the East,
Come from the West,
Come from the South,
Come from the North,

Come from the four corners of the Earth.

Hossaince did as directed, and scarcely was the charm concluded, before the flames simultaneously united, rose, and met at one point, in the form of a pyramid.

"What dost thou behold, maiden?" asked the witch in a feeble and tremulous voice.

"I see," replied Hossaince, "certain characters glittering in the light, but I cannot read them, as I am an unlettered village girl : mother, tell me what they mean."

"The characters thou seest," returned the old woman, "compose the name of him in whose fate thou art interested. Look again," resumed she, after a short pause, "and tell me what thou now beholdest."

Hossaince's bosom heaved in quick succession, and she breathed with difficulty. Her head became dizzy, and it was some minutes before she could recover from her agitation, and answer the question.

"Alas!" Hossaince, at length found sufficient energy to mutter in a mournful and scarcely audible tone ; "I see, I see,—a tomb under the characters. Oh ! mother, mother, in pity tell me, what does that melancholy sign betoken."

"What that omen means," replied the enchantress, almost herself overcome by the distress which Hossaince exhibited, "I fear to inform thee, and yet I must ; for what will it boot to conceal the truth from thee, since thou *must*, thou *will* sooner or later learn it. That omen, daughter," she repeated, "presages the fate of thy lover. Ere many months are passed, his head will be brought low, and his blood mingle with the dust ; and this dark and diabolical deed will be perpetrated by the hand of a brother a younger one too ; but it will be registered in the annals of hell, and devils and the spirit of the damned will laugh, and shout with joy and exultation at it."

It was enough,—the heart-rending intelligence sent a chilling coldness through Hossaince's bosom, and unable longer to support herself, she sunk to the ground, and uttered a piercing shriek that startled the birds in their roosts, and roused the screams of the owl, and the howls of the jackall and the wolf, and fainted away.

The old woman instantly sprinkled some water on Hossaince's face, which served, in some measure, to recover her senses, and giving her

another phial containing a liquor of the color of blood, told her to take courage, and empty its contents in the flames, which had, in the interval, partially subsided. Hossainee obeyed the injunction, and fearfully watched the result. The flames now kindled into a brisk blaze, and presented to Hossainee's sight a most harrowing spectacle; she saw the form of a man, with one hand wrenching a diadem from the brow of a prostrate figure, and with the other planting a naked dagger in his breast. The blood spouted forth in a thick stream from the wound, and stained the face and hands of the murderer.

"Oh! holy and merciful prophet," screamed Hossainee in a voice of agony and horror; but the lamps were now extinguished, and the chamber was enveloped in darkness. The old woman, however, struck fire from a flint, and rekindled the lamps. Hossainee leaned against a wooden post, and breathed hard and convulsively.

"Thy lover," spoke the witch, "is no less a personage than Sultan Khoosroo himself, the heir apparent of the reigning Emperor. His younger brother, ambitious of possessing the kingdom, and wearing the crown of the moguls, seeks to destroy Khoosroo, and usurp his rights, and such will be the tragical end which that unfortunate Prince will, in all probability, meet with, if Heaven does not, in time, interpose its arm to cut off the fratricide, and shield him from the threatened danger."

Hossainee was quite overcome by the above explanation of the vision; she could stay no longer, and returned to her lodging, determined upon communicating her intentions to her father, and whether he approved or condemned them, she made up her mind to carry them into execution at every cost. She would not suffer herself to be deterred by any considerations of difficulty or danger from seeking her lover, and if she could not interfere to save, she resolved, at least to perish with him. But her father was too strongly and devotedly attached to his daughter to think of opposing her wishes, and abandon her in her present extremity. He therefore required but little persuasion to give in to Hossainee's views, and consent to assist her in the prosecution of her plan.

Accordingly Hossainee and her father disguised themselves in the garbs of a *jooheen* and *jogee*; the former assuming the name of Inderbassée, and the latter that of Ramsing Gosain. They then left Colgong, and travelled in the direction of Delhi, in quest of their late guest, or, at all events, to learn some intelligence of his fate. They earned a scanty subsistence on the way as itinerant musicians; for Hossainee played on the *Sittar* with exquisite skill, and her father on the *Darra*, or native tambour, with an almost equal degree of excellence; her voice was remarkably clear, sweet, and melodious, and her father's a fine tenor. Wherever they came, they attracted crowds of listeners, and amused them with their performances.

In the meanwhile, Khoosroo having been taken a prisoner, was carried bound in fetters to the imperial city. On his arrival he was brought before the Emperor, who, with darkened brows, and in a stern voice, demanded of his son, how he had dared to rebel against his authority, both as that of a Father, and of a Sovereign. Khoosroo made no attempt to reply either in excuse or justification of his conduct; but preserved a strict and respectful silence, with his head cast down, and his eyes fixed on

the ground, overcome with shame and confusion. He heard the sentence of perpetual banishment to some distant province pronounced without feeling any emotion or exhibiting any symptom of regret ; yet when he found, that some of the most faithful and devoted of his friends were condemned to death, he could no longer maintain his indifference and stoicism for himself, but immediately burst into tears, and pleaded for them with earnestness, observing, "that they, at any rate, were innocent, and had been misled from their duty by his advice, his authority, or his influence ; the punishment of their crimes should, therefore, fall on his own head, and his own head alone. The Emperor, incensed as he was, and nevertheless, struck with the generosity and noble-mindedness of his son, and with his accustomed liberality forgave his misguided followers ; but could not be persuaded to change his determination regarding the permanent imprisonment of Khoosroo, which was considered necessary to prevent his engaging in fresh, and, perhaps, more successful attempts to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the empire.

The morning had dawned and the shades of night were dispersed, when Hoossainee and her father reached a large and populous village situated on the banks of the Jumna. Here a strange and novel, but distressing, scene presented itself to their eyes. It was new to them, because never having ventured beyond their native hamlet, they had never beheld such a spectacle before. It was that of a Sutte. A pile of wood interlaid alternately with straw and bamboos, was erected on the banks of the river, and a young woman of rather a dark complexion, but regular features, had just emerged from the water. She was dressed in saffron-coloured garments, and adorned with a garland of flowers. She walked with steady and measured steps to the funeral pile, went round it seven times repeating some muntira, next ascended it, and taking the head of the corpse in her lap, made the signal for the wood to be applied to be fired, and with surprising firmness and unconcern resigned herself to the awful destiny that awaited her. No sooner was the torch applied to the pile by the nearest of kin, and no sooner did the fire burst forth into a blaze, than a horrid din of most barbarous music was set up, accompanied by the shouts and acclamations of the multitude, so as to drown the hissing of the flames, the crackling of faggots, and the cries of the sufferer. In the course of a short time, the materials were consumed, and the living and the dead reduced to ashes. At the close of this horrid and dreadful scene, the people dispersed, loudly praising the constancy and fortitude of the miserable victim of superstition, and rejoicing at the *tummasha*, or fun, they had seen. Hoossainee and her father also returned to their lodgings, overwhelmed with grief and melancholy at the catastrophe they had witnessed, and pitying the folly and madness of the professors of a religion so cruel, so vile and degrading.

On the following day the travellers reached the celebrated city of Allahabad, which was reputed to be holy, in consequence of the junction of three of the most sacred streams in the world ; the Ganges, deemed the first in sanctity, the Jumna, and the Banee Maddo.* The extent and

* The surprise of the reader will probably be excited by the mention of a third river where only two are known to exist. The hindoos of the Upper Provinces, however, believe, that in former ages the junction was formed by the streams of three distinct bodies of water,

magnificence of the town, its populous and flourishing state, joined to the grandeur and stupendousness of its structures struck them with wonder and admiration.

To a rustic, like Hoossainee, the sight of a large and splendid town was new and interesting, since every object on which her eye fell, seemed to be invested with peculiar charms, and served to kindle the liveliest emotions of pleasure and delight in her young heart and naturally enthusiastic bosom. But the impression made on her feelings by the prospect presented to her on every side, created only a temporary, and not a permanent concern, and passed away with the transient interest which had excited it, for her sympathies were deeply occupied by the recollection of one particular being, who, perhaps, with the single exception of her father, had engrossed her tenderest affections, and bound her faculties, as if were in a spell which could not be broken except by the magician himself who had worked it, and who continued to bind her senses in willing thralldom.

Some time was necessarily spent in making inquiries and collecting information relative to their recent guest; but all they could learn was, that after his defeat he was carried a prisoner to the imperial city; yet as to how he was to be treated or disposed of for the future, was a circumstance of which they could gain no intelligence, since nothing certain on that point was known in so remote a part of the empire. Hoossainee and her father, consequently, resolved to proceed on to Agra; but as the *Méla*, or fair, which is annually held on the banks of the Ganges and Jumna, had just commenced, they proposed to stop a few days at Allahabad, partake of its amusements, and witness the ceremony of bathing at the junction, especially as a report had been industriously spread abroad by the *Praagvals*,* who were, no doubt, interested in its circulation in the hope of deriving gain from it to themselves, that human sacrifices would be offered at the particular point at which the three rivers met, and that the tutelary female deities of those streams, would make their appearance on the surface in approbation and acceptance of the rite.

The concourse of people was immense, for hundreds and thousands had travelled from remote and distant parts for the purpose of bathing in the united streams of the Ganges, Junna, and the invisible Bance Maddo, in the hope of washing off their sins in their waters, and obtaining the favors of the deities who presided over those sacred rivers. All was anxiety and expect-

taking the name in question, but that in process of time, the Baner Maddo suddenly and unaccountably disappeared, or sunk under the earth, where, they are persuaded, and persist in saying, it continues to flow unseen by mortal eye; and they impute its subsiding to the anger of the gods excited by the sins of the reprobate inhabitants of the city. They are assured, however, that the Bance Maddo will one day, as suddenly burst forth from its present subterraneous channel and resume its former course.

* The *Praagvals* are a class of Brahmins distinct from all other orders in the Upper Provinces, and occupy a large tract of land directly at the back of Kyddgunge. This spot derives its name from an image of Mahadeo, which is here set up, and its services are performed by them. As a body, the *Praagvals* are as ignorant and illiterate, being incapable of reading and writing, as they are proud, haughty and insolent. Not only are they employed to assist in the ceremony of bathing at the annual fair, which is held in January, but ablution at the junction during any period of the year cannot be performed without their aid, since no other casts of Brahmins are allowed to interfere with their right, which would seem to be secured to them by common consent. They are reputed to be rich; for wealthy natives, who go to bathe at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna, are accustomed to bestow costly gifts on them, often consisting of elephants, horses, and other cattle, as well as shawls, gold mohurs and rupees to a large amount.

ation, raised to the highest degree, and the night that preceded the morning on which the miracle was to be wrought, was as splendid and beautiful as a clear sky, bespangled with myriads of golden stars—those gems and jewels that sparkle in the crowns and diadems of angels, and cast a bright and beauteous halo around them—and which twinkled with self-lighted glory on its bosom and flung their radiance ‘far and wide’ like the twilight of eternity, joined to the faded splendour of a waning moon,—could make it. Temporary huts had been constructed of fragile materials intended to last only during the festival, and stretched from the banks to the foot of the Fort, that frowned in solemn grandeur at a distance on the scene below. Fires were seen blazing in every direction to keep off the cold, and warm the limbs and bodies. The rivers gurgled at a few paces yonder, and made soft music with the murmurs of their currents to the dance of fairies and aquatic nymphs that glided on the beams of the moon, or the rays of the planets, or skipped and sported on the ripples, as they broke in succession, resembling clusters of orient pearls scattered by the fair hands of those lovely daughters of nature, who are born in its smiles,—and are gathered by airy sylphs to braid their locks with them, while the billows leaping and glistening in the mingled radiance of Cynthea and her planetary train, seemed to convert the rolling volume into liquid gold.

In the midst of the buz and the hum created by the throng that continually moved backwards and forwards, a *Joyee* was seen pushing his way through the crowd. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but kept walking on, asking for charity in a loud gruff tone of voice, and appeared to be equally regardless whether he received it or not. His *sawal* was of an extraordinary kind, for he abused both those who bestowed alms on him, and those who did not. It was literally, “he who gives is a vagabond, and he who does not give is a vagabond too.” Some stared at him with gaping mouths; some laughed, and others expressed their surprise at his singular appearance, and his still more singular address.

A long and narrow passage led to the ghaut, each side of which was lined with shops stocked with sweetmeats of various sorts, as well as with articles of the best manufacture. At the point of junction, a vast number of devotees, blinded by superstition, and worked up by enthusiasm, and at the same time desirous of gaining notoriety, or securing immortality to their names, were voluntarily inflicting various kinds of torture on themselves;—some allowed themselves to be sawn asunder, without exhibiting any symptoms of pain, not suffering even a half-stifled groan to escape their lips; some were suspended over a slow fire, and roasted to cinders; others were immersed up to their necks in water for the whole night, and others again tied large stones to their waists, and deliberately drowned themselves followed by the shouts and acclamations of the maddened spectators of these horrid cruelties.*

* When I first went to Allabad, I was informed that such tortures were annually inflicted by devotees on their persons during the Mahomedan reign; but that they were discontinued on the acquisition of the country by the English. Yet similar cruelties are allowed to be practised every year in *Juggernaut* at the *Ruth-juttra*, and throughout Bengal during the celebration of the *Churruk Poojah* festival in the month of April on the plea of religious toleration. If the British Government had the power of putting a stop to one description of barbarities, it is but reasonable to suppose that it possesses the same right to put an end to another class of cruelties, though certainly less revolting in its nature, and less fatal in its result.

At length the day, the great and glorious day, arrived, and preparations were made for offering human sacrifices to the river goddesses. Three lovely infants, fair and smiling, and utterly unconscious of their fate, had been selected for the performance of a barbarous rite, at which humanity revolts with loathing, and instinctively shudders to think, that it can be sanctioned by any system bearing the name of religion; but if it be religion, it surely can never have been revealed by a God of mercy and benevolence, but invented by the ingenuity of a fiend to mock the fair form of truth. The sacrifices were to be celebrated precisely at midnight, and as soon, therefore, as the sun had set, and dusk began to spread abroad, innumerable lighted lamps and flaming torches were placed along the banks, or stuck on poles, and cast their flickering rays on the water to a considerable distance. A great crowd had collected on the river's side, and every eye was painfully strained towards the particular spot, where the three deities were, as reported, expected to make their advent. Drums, gongs, cymbals, and trumpets sent forth hoarse sounds, and wrung the welkin with their deafening clangour. The victims adorned with flowers and stained with turmeric powder and vermilion, were brought forward, and after the propitiatory prayers had been pronounced, three gigantic men seized each infant by the leg, and whirling them three times over their heads flung them with all their strength a considerable way into the current. Three female heads, crowned with wreaths of green moss and coral branches instantly appeared above the surface: they were surpassingly fair and beautiful to behold, and their eyes beamed with an unearthly splendour, while their rosy lips were parted with an enchanting smile that seemed to impearl the atmosphere with a celestial glow, and create a sunshine in the midst of the darkness that reigned throughout. The spectators gazed at the heavenly vision with unspeakable delight, and inexpressible wonder; and when the heads slowly sunk under the water, a stream of blood bubbled upwards, and at that instant a tremendous shout was raised by the assembled multitude. The heads again rose above the current, and the eyes of the goddesses were now observed to be enflamed, and to glitter with an unnatural glare, and their lips to be reeking with the gore of the victims, whose carcases were seen floating on the stream. The infatuated worshippers sent forth another, a louder, and a more prolonged note of exultation, mingled with the hideous and barbarous din of musical instruments, when the crowned heads again disappeared to rise no more.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES :

Written on the 4th of July, 1843,

THE SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

“Hail Columbia! Happy Land!

“Home of the brave and FREE!

American National Air.

AND dar'st thou, America, say thou art free,
 With the scourge in thy hand, and the slave on his knee?
 And can'st thou in words of self-flattery deal,
 While in flesh thou dost traffic, and plunder and steal?

Thou *art* free, yet in fetters the vilest and worst:
 Thou art *free*, yet, a slave to thy passions accurst:
 Thou art free to *do well*, but, hast sold unto sin,
 The power, which used nobly, a world's praise might win.
 Thou art free, but thy freedom has steep'd thee in crime,
 And has given thee a stain that shall linger through time;
 Thou hast freedom abused, thou hast turned it to guilt,
 That freedom, for which thy sires' heart's-blood was spilt.

That power which thy freedom so bravely achieved,
 Should the fetter have broken, the captive relieved;
 But thou basely did'st use it to rivet the chain
 On the Sons of thy soil—on the field of the slain.

What has Liberty gain'd, then, by what thou hast won?
 What gain'd, but reproach, and a name she must shun?
 Thy freedom is selfish, and cruel, and base,
 A libel, a scorn, and a curse to thy race!

On this day thou wilt talk of the chains *thou* hast worn,
 While around thee *three millions* in slavery mourn;
 Thou wilt rail at the people who held thee in thrall,
 Then, banquet in many a slave-crowded hall!

The nation whose fetters thou long since hast spurned,
 Has to penitence, justice, and righteousness turned;
 Whilst thou in thy vauntings, hast lived till this day,
 To make *men* in *God's image* thy spoil and thy prey.

But let not my censures descend upon those,
 Who cease not from labour, and take no repose,
 While their brethren in bondage continue to groan,
 And for liberty silently, helplessly moan.

- This day is with *them*, one of fasting and prayer;
 They are stricken with anguish, and burthened with care;
 They pity the slave—and the man in his pride—
 Who, of liberty boasts, *with that SLAVE by his side.*

Ye martyr-like spirits! who firm to your vow,
 Have not fainted through years, and are true even now;
 Take courage, for soon shall the liberty Bell,
 Sound the advent of Freedom and Slavery's knell!

A WANDERER.

4th July, 1843.

PEARY :

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT,

And written after the perusal of the story of LUKHEE, Page 417, Volume I, ORIENTAL MAGAZINE.

IF "there be no picture, so humiliating to human nature, as that which represents the gradual declension of the soul, from every ennobling and purifying passion to the most heartless and degrading feelings of vice;" if it be true, "that virtue is placed on an eminence, which it is difficult and toilsome to gain, which demands, not only exertion, but even self-sacrifice to reach its summit, that in order to be virtuous, man must not only remove the crust which covers his noble and disinterested feelings, but he must so change and purify the tabernacle of his heart, that the altar he builds upon it to virtue will be visited by HIM who is goodness itself, and whose protection will overshadow it;" and if it must be admitted, that "those who do not strive to rise to the highest of virtue attainable by all men, must as a law of our nature, gravitate imperceptibly into the charnel house of vice;" it is equally undeniable, that HE "who is goodness itself," has in his unspeakable mercy, provided for fallen man, the most mysterious and miraculous means of rising from the abyss of sin and reaching the footstool of HIM who is purity itself. Yes, if infidelity drives man to despair, Christianity forbids us to admit, that—

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late, that men betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away.
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her Lover,
And wring his bosom, is to DIE."

No, dear Reader, Christianity forbids such a conclusion, and teaches us, that the return of the Prodigal child will be hailed with joy, that "there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just, who need no repentance." It is our duty therefore, to bring the sinner, however deep the shades of his guilt, to the foot of the cross, to that fountain of living water, where, if our sins be as scarlet as blood, they can be made whiter than snow.

According to the custom of India, Peary, the eldest daughter of an humble, but respectable, Hindoo, was married at an early age, and, as it frequently happens in this country, became a widow before arriving at the years of maturity. Her parents, who had several other children, and maintained them by their labour, scarcely paid any attention to the progress of their widowed daughter, towards that period of life, in which the blossom of youth spreads its fragrance, in the humble cottage of the peasant, no less than in the stately palace of the rich. Peary had now arrived at the age of fifteen; but her past career, although monotonous and unchequered by any vicissitudes of fortune, had not been so gloomy as that of some Hindoo widows. Being born of humble parents, she had not been immured in the prison of the Zenana; but breathed the fresh

air of the meadow, whenever her inclination or duty led her to join her playfellows in the field, or at the village tank, to fetch water for her family. A docility of disposition, and the most careful attention to her domestic and filial duties, added to an intelligent mind and affectionate heart, obtained from her parents that consideration and regard, which the absurd and injurious injunctions of Hindooism withhold from the unfortunate widow.

Her parents were the tenants of a gentleman, who lived on his property, and had his family residence not far from their cottage. Some years back, Peary had been in the habit of playing with the children of her landlord, and had always been received with indulgent kindness by the lady of the house, who took so much interest in young Peary, that her naturally intelligent mind, received considerable polish from this intercourse with beings who breathed an atmosphere of far higher moral standard than that which encircled the fireside of an humble Hindoo. By these means, Peary had become known to Henry, the son of her landlord. As she grew up to the age of puberty, her visits to the family of that gentleman became less frequent; a sense of propriety imposed upon her the necessity of that reserve towards Christians, which is considered a *sine qua non* in the catalogue of Hindoo female virtues, and she ceased to approach Henry without downcast eyes and her covering drawn close over the face. Henry, being of a fickle and amorous disposition, had already tasted freely of the cup of pleasure; in the mansions of the wealthy, he had seen beauty and fashion almost to satiety, and was, perhaps, the last person upon whose heart the homely charms and dark hue of Peary could make an impression. Yet it was so: there was something in his tenant's daughter, which made him uneasy when he ceased to meet her dazzling eye—the only feature which claimed a passing look. But Henry was too well acquainted with the guiles of Cupid to be taken by surprize. He at once attributed the uneasiness he felt to its right cause; and summoning up his pride, which was likely to experience nothing but humiliation in attempting an intrigue with a girl whose whole conduct and circumstances pointed out the extreme folly of such a step, he endeavoured to reason himself out of the infatuation. Strange are the workings of the human heart! These very obstacles added fuel to his flame; and in a few days Henry resolved to sacrifice the reputation and happiness of an innocent girl for the gratification of his desires. He watched an opportunity, and one night whilst passing the cottage of his tenant, he put out the light in his lanthorn, only to have the occasion of relighting it, and, perhaps, a chance of seeing the object, whose image was now entwined round his affections. The scheme succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. The unsuspecting mother ordered her still more unsuspecting daughter to run out with a light, and attend to the call of their young master. It was a windy and dark night, and no sooner did Peary approach Henry than he drew close, and under the pretence of lighting his lanthorn, blew out the light she had brought. Henry was too bold and practised a gallant to let such an opportunity of making an *éclaircissement* pass by unprofitably. Holding the trembling girl gently by the hand, he declared his passion, and so successfully did he impose upon her, as to obtain a promise of secrecy. The first direktion of duty is often sufficient to

bring about a change in the entire career of one's life. By means of an old woman, of whom there is no paucity in any part of the globe, Henry contrived to obtain the reluctant acquiescence of the parents of the girl, and frequently met her. Things might have continued so until satiety worked another change in the gay and fickle heart of Henry, if an untoward accident had not occurred to throw him into embarrassment.

Another young woman who had for some time past enjoyed a large share in the favors of Henry, found out his new amour through a female servant, and to revenge herself, she laid a plot to imbitter his cup of pleasure. Henry had purchased a *Chundunhar* for Peary at a jeweller's, and had given him a voucher for a part of the money. This trinket was constantly worn by the girl, and had been noticed even by Henry's parents. The revengeful woman divulged the whole affair to the father of Henry, and when he disbelieved her, she directed him to the jeweller's shop for proof. Thither the enraged parent went, and there, on desiring to pay for the voucher, it was produced by the unsuspecting jeweller. Henry's father paid a part of the amount, writing on the Bill, "Paid in part for a chundenhar for Madam Peary;" and on returning home asked his son if he had formed sounworthly a connexion. Henry was thunder struck, and in his confusion, had the meanness to deny the truth. His father then bid him go to the jeweller's and examine his voucher. Ashamed and confounded, he proceeded thither and discovered, to his shame, the depth of disgrace into which he had been plunged. Unable any longer to meet his parents and relations face to face, or to bear the malicious triumph of the woman who had caused his disgrace, he sought an interview with Peary who was the involuntary cause of his misery; and as he could not tear himself from her, he determined to plunge deeper into iniquity. He proposed to her to leave the country with him, and seek in foreign lands that peace which was now denied to him at home. Rash as this scheme was, not only for his reputation and the peace of his family, but far more so for those of his partner in guilt, it was no sooner determined on than put in execution, and the next morning hailed the fugitives on the great road leading to Benares.

Determined not to remain in any place where British courts could interfere with his arrangements, Henry directed his steps towards the independent state of Gwalior, where he knew that many a Christian adventurer had found shelter and acquired wealth. He was not disappointed. His bold, manly aspect, tall and athletic frame, added to a well cultivated understanding, easily procured him a commission in one of the corps, under the command of the celebrated General John Baptista Fillose, and he soon found means to make himself, not only comfortable, but even rich. After this, some years glided away in that inactivity which the soldier experiences while the trumpet of war continues unsounded. But during this period, when he was regarded by those whom he had left in his native land, as a man lost both as to time and eternity, Henry employed himself, not only in improving his worldly comforts, but in detaching himself from those irregular habits which had been the primary cause of placing him in that peculiar atmosphere of circumstances, by which he was now surrounded.

In his boyhood, Henry had had the principles of religion deeply instilled in his mind, and had been taught to place his hope of salvation

in a sincere reconciliation with his offended God. The seeds of early piety, although choked up by the weeds of vice, continually strove to spring up, and embittered his existence with an internal struggle, which continually disquieted his mind. To desert the helpless woman whom he had alienated from her parents, separated from her caste, and brought into a foreign land, he looked upon as most dishonourable and unchristian conduct. He therefore lulled the pangs of his conscience with the distant hope of one day leading a virtuous life, without involving himself in the greater guilt of driving a frail, but sensitive, woman to that desperation which would have inevitably followed the withdrawal of his affections, in the absence of those religious motives in her, which had now begun to exert an influence over his mind. In short, he plainly perceived, that the net in which he had entangled himself, could not be rent asunder by force, but must be disentangled with care and circumspection. To the accomplishment of this difficult task he therefore bent all his energy : he resolved to inform the partner of his guilt, that she was really guilty, and to show her the only way in which she could emancipate herself and him from the fetters of sin. He pointed out to her, that his constancy in the midst of the scenes of pleasure and dissipation by which he was constantly surrounded in the camp, and his rejection of the pressing invitations of his companions, and the allurements of vice, arose not from any disinclination which he felt to join in these revels, but from a deep sense of moral obligation, which caused him to shun the least advancement in a career that might ultimately lead him, as it had led many, to the abandonment of females in helpless situations. That moral feeling, he told her, arose from the principles of religion which had been instilled into his mind in early life, and he was now anxious she should become well acquainted with the cause to which alone she owed her comfort and happiness.

Having thus introduced the subject of religion, Henry found no difficulty in creating in the mind of his pupil an interest for the enquiry. He taught her the leading precepts of religion, and pointed out the salutary influence of each on the practical life of a sincere Christian. His labours were not unrewarded. The domestic virtues which had endeared Peary to her parents and had weaned Henry himself from many vicious habits, now began to develop themselves more fully. She readily entered into his views, and made rapid progress in all that he endeavoured to teach her. Peary's mind now seemed to acquire that tranquillity which is felt by the crew of a vessel safely anchored in a secure haven after having been tossed about in the raging ocean. But this composure of mind, this tranquillity of heart was but of short duration. A rather sudden change came over the cheerful disposition of Peary : she became silent and thoughtful, and met the advances of Henry with a degree of coldness and reluctance which not a little puzzled him, and led him (such are the machinations of our spiritual enemy) to suspect, that she had transferred her affections to some other person, and that he was no longer the object which engrossed her heart. He watched her conduct narrowly, and even set spies to inform himself of her proceedings in his absence. One day Peary seemed more melancholy than usual, and her eyes now and then filled with tears. Henry, who had not been able to verify his suspicions, became anxious to know the cause of all this thoughtfulness and melan-

choly from Peary herself, and pressed her to open her mind. After having made him promise not to be displeased at what she would say, she began thus : " In my father's house I was ignorant, but happy. My wishes had not then learned to stray beyond the family hearth, the village tanks and the play ground on the borders of the forest. On one unhappy or happy night, I do not yet know which to call it, you contrived to meet me, and I was led to the commission of the first breach of filial duty in hiding from my parents and your's what passed on that occasion. I cannot say, that ever since that hour I have not been comfortable. To say so would be an act of gross injustice to you, who have done all, that one in your circumstances could do, to make me happy; but this I must say; that the pleasure which I have hitherto enjoyed has always been mixed up with the bitter reflection, that it was the price of my honor, & my caste, and of the peace and reputation of my poor, but honest, parents." Here she burst into tears; but soon checking the emotion, she continued : " The principles of Religion which you have taught me, however point out that by losing my parents and caste, I have found the only way of saving my soul, and of being able at least to pray for the salvation of the authors of my being, whom I have deserted. This duty of prayer I have daily performed, and in this I have found much consolation. But I cannot hide from myself the truth, that the same Religion which assures me, that under its influence you will never desert a poor helpless female, who has on your account exiled herself from her fond parents and her native land, which imparts to me all this consolation, and which affords me the hope of salvation and of eternal happiness, condemns that intercourse with you, by means of which I have been brought to this conviction. I have thought much on this subject. I have laboured much to reconcile the pure principles of the Religion you have taught me, with the kind of life we are leading; but I have failed in the attempt; they appear to me quite incompatible with one another, and I feel that I must sacrifice either the hope of my, as well as your, salvation, or we must cease to live as we are living. These reflections, which of late have constantly occupied my mind, are the cause of the change you perceive in me. My mind is at present in so distracted a state, that I cannot pursue the studies to which you have directed my attention, nor indeed can I pray:—my heart is racked with perplexity. All I ask for the present is, to be left alone for a month; not that I forbid your coming to see me; but I earnestly beg, that you will confine your conversation to subjects of Religion and study, and allow me time for further reflection on the serious question I have alluded to."

Henry was struck dumb at this *éclaircissement*; although it was the natural consequence of the course of instructions he had given, and in fact the consummation of the plan he had pursued for extricating himself as well as Peary from the fetters of an irregular attachment, which, as a Christian, he could not but condemn, he did not wish to drive the victim of his guilt to the commission of greater crimes than those which she had unwittingly committed. Although such had been his intention, frail human nature revolted at the immediate prospect of the proposed change, and a severe struggle took place in his bosom. The desire of bringing the plan he had so long worked upon, to a happy termination, the reputation he would regain on his return to his father's house, his sense of Religion,

and above all, the eternal happiness of the very object from whom he was now called upon to withdraw every irregular affection, all urged him to conquer his passion ; whilst the weakness of human nature, aided by that tenderness of feeling which he had not yet learnt to conquer, shackled all his efforts :—he burst into tears. “ Why do you distress yourself ? ” said Peary, “ I am not going to leave you ; you can see me as often as you have hitherto done ; I know you feel for me, and I am confident you will never desert me ; because I am convinced your good principles will never permit you to desert a helpless woman, who has left all she had in this world to follow you in a foreign land. Your Religion is the guarantee of your honor and good faith towards me. But you know equally as well, that the very principle which secures pure affection, not only during life, but even through endless eternity, imperatively demands the sacrifice you are now called upon to make. How can I trust to you or you to me, if the principles of religion are set aside, as they must be if we resolve to continue a career of irreligion to the end of life ? Therefore, forgive me when I ask you to regard me only as your pupil, and to continue your instructions, which are so necessary to my advancement in that course which you have marked out for me. But at present I ask only the time of one short month, during which I intend, without distraction, to reflect upon the circumstances which surround us, and to pray to God for assistance, without whose help I know nothing good can be accomplished.”

“ Mysterious heaven ! Merciful Father ! ” said Henry to himself ; “ is it possible that thy love for the prodigal son should extend so far as to call him back from the midst of sin, by the agency of her for whom he had left the paternal roof, to wander in distant lands ; and drag him out even by force from the chains of Satan ! ” The good sense of Henry gained the ascendancy over his passion. He conquered himself, and calming the perturbation of his mind, acknowledged the justice of what Peary said to him, fully acquiescing in her desire of being allowed for a month to devote herself to uninterrupted reflection.

During this retirement, Henry did all in his power to correct those propensities in which he had indulged, and to eradicate which he had laid the most effectual plan, the success of which he now perceived at hand in the change which his instructions had wrought on the mind of Peary. But the weakness of human nature is such that notwithstanding the good resolutions which he daily made, he felt, that to reduce them to practice required far greater moral courage than he was possessed of ; and he therefore did not fail to resort to the remedy of earnest and humble prayer before him who has declared, “ ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.” But God, who “ chasteneth him whom he loveth,” about this time, caused Henry to fall dangerously ill. Believing, that the termination of his mortal career was nigh, he sent for the clergyman, and performed his religious duties. Wonderful are the ways of God ! From this moment he began to recover, not only from the illness which had brought him to the brink of the grave, but from that more dangerous malady of the mind which none but the Divine physician can cure. Resuming his strength, Henry was quite a different person : without any irregular desire, he was now more attentive than ever to Peary ; his instructions to her were more frequent and

earnest ; and after some time she was happily brought to the regenerating Font of Baptism, and became, not only a professed, but a practical, well-instructed CHRISTIAN.

As vice, in the absence of aid from above, leads on its victim, step by step, to the lowest depths of degradation and misery, so even a spark of virtue supported by that aid, every day, rises higher, and conducts the pilgrim, through the greatest difficulties, to the mansions of bliss. Henry was now in very easy circumstances, and had earned sufficient to make himself, and those who depended upon him, comfortable. He therefore thought of his native land, to which he could now return, without any of that embarrassment which would have attended such a measure, if a change in his way of living had not taken place. Therefore, collecting his effects, and resigning the Gwalior service, he returned to Bengal, and built a small house for Peary in a retired part of the country, not far from the chapel, to which she now devoted her attention for the remainder of her life in the true spirit of penance and mortification. Ever since her conversion, Peary had always been in advance of Henry in every thing that related to piety and devotion, and she now zealously laboured to effect the enlightenment and conversion of her family, in which she at length succeeded, and lived in peace and comfort to an advanced age, vindicating by her conduct and tenor of life, the excellence of the Religion she had adopted, and demonstrating the maxim, that if religion and the fear of God be not obliterated from the mind, the greatest sinners can, with proper exertions and the grace of God, become Saints.

Let the story of the fortunate Peary "convey a lesson of instruction", not only "to the refined and educated Hindoos," but also to Christians who may have the misfortune to fall into the snares of vice ; let them know, that the only means of extricating one's self and others from the evil of sin, is by keeping alive in the breast the fear of God, and adopting the means which have been pointed out by him.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Yes! she is gone to her last, long home,
 Her earthly hopes are fled;
 And now she lies in the silent tomb,
 Companion of the dead.
 And there she'll lie in the damp, cold ground,
 Till the last and solemn day,
 When the Heavens shall fall with a dreadful sound,
 And the earth shall melt away.
 And then her soul on the wings of light
 Shall speed to the house of death;
 And the graves shall burst, and the dead shall rise,
 And she regain her breath,
 And mount on the air, and fly away
 To her land of bliss above,
 Where night never is, but one long day
 Of light and joy and love.

THE MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.

IN one of our early numbers, we offered a few remarks on the Mechanic's Institute of Calcutta, and we are now induced to return to the subject, as the prospects of that useful institution are not only not cheering, but they are of a nature, which is apt to fill the mind with dark forebodings and misgivings of ultimate success. We sit to our task, with feelings far different from those which animated us on a former occasion. *Then*, we extended to it "the shadows of long years;" *now* we are constrained to consider it, as if it had reached the extreme limit of its existence. *Then*, we wrote on funds, and ample means of which the Institution would be possessed of as its benefits were felt and appreciated by the people ;—*now*, we must write on the subject of an exhausted treasury, dilapidated finances, and no money in the pocket. It is delightful to contemplate the continued progress of an Institution ;—it is sad to dwell on its decadence. We always entertained the most sanguine expectations of the great good the Mechanic's Institute would confer on India, *if properly conducted* ; and although it is melancholy to learn, that it has nearly reached its extinction, it is nothing more than what we foretold would be the inevitable result under the ancient *regime*. The eloquence of Mr. Geo. Thompson could not resist its fall ; and nothing but a change in its constitution, can even now restore it to health. The liberal donation of a thousand rupees from the Trade Association, will only protract its languishing existence, and all the learned lectures on every subject of human study and speculation, will not give life to the institute—such life as will cause it to communicate its advantages throughout the length and breadth of this country, awaken the sleepless energies of the uneducated natives, and winnow the fragrance of science and of art, over this unhappy, misguided, and benighted land, which is now emphatically "a weary waste, expanding to the skies."

The apathy of the Calcutta Public to every Institution, which has for its object, the melioration of the moral and intellectual condition of man, is reckoned to be the principal cause of the weak and sickly condition of the Mechanic's Institute. It is said, that they *literally grudge* to give five rupees towards the promotion of a good object, while they throw away ten times five rupees on unworthy pursuits. It is said, that nothing but *fashion* will attract the notice of the public ; and nothing that does not possess the gloss of novelty, will be encouraged by them. Any Institution that proposes to disseminate sound knowledge, that will please the mind, and nourish and feed it, is disregarded by them, as if it were unworthy their notice ; while anything that will tingle their ears, or dazzle their eyes, is taken under their fostering care and protection. Those things that come home to men's business and bosoms, are depreciated by them, as if they possessed no value ; while the things which please the palate and come home to the stomach, are held in great esteem. Astronomy raises the mind too high, and requires great exertion to understand its principles,—on the other hand, Gastronomy is widely studied and appreciated, and the multitude hold it in greater veneration, than the science which treats of the wonderful mechanism of the heavens.

All this may be true, but what inference is to be drawn from it ? Let

men follow their own taste, and pursue their own several interests ; while it is left to those, who would upbraid them for their ignorance, not only to enlighten them, but to correct every error, and curtail every abuse, which may happen to fall under their observation. It is not enough to detect an error ; every effort should be made to remove it. He that notes a deficiency, should also supply it. * The majority of the Committee of the Mechanic's Institute, have been all this while passively singing doleful notes. They have complained of the want of encouragement, while they have not adopted any means for satisfying this want. They have dissected the causes which have silently destroyed the vitality of the Institution, while they have not devised any remedies to counteract the baneful influence of these causes. Their conduct recalls the story of the clown, related by Horace, who stood at the bank of an ever-flowing river, and was waiting to cross it when the waters would have rolled away :

“ Vivendi recté qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defuât amnis ; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.”

From the store-house of our experience, we would adduce other reasons than those stated by the Committee, which we consider to have operated against the well-being of the Institute. The first is, the *apathy* which the Committee displayed to the lectures that were delivered at the Institute. There are a few honorable exceptions of members of the Committee, who made it a point to be present in the lecture-room, but the majority kept away. What if the lectures were uninteresting ? They were spoken with this good object in view, the success of the Institution. If the Committee and the Members thus manifested a cold indifference to their Institute, were the Public expected to pay any regard to their *bandling* ?

The second reason was, the desultory manner in which lectures were delivered. In three instances alone, was a course on any subject concluded. At best, the generality of lectures were only introductory ; and thus the Committee proceeded to introduce subjects, and the audience never went beyond the vestibule of the science. Lectures were given, “ like angel's visits few and far between, and the attention of the public was permitted to flag, their zeal to run down to *zero* ; and was it a wonder, that the Institute fell a subject to a slow, but sure, consumption ?

The third reason was, the promises which many gentlemen made of delivering lectures, and which promises were “ more honored in their breach, than in their observance.” Immersed in the ordinary duties of life, and engaged with pleasurable pursuits, they forgot their promises ; and after expectation had been raised, the Mechanic's Institute was unfortunately destined to disappoint it. There are, no doubt, in the records of the Institute, a tolerably large catalogue of names of individuals, who readily promised to deliver a course of lectures on some subject of utility and importance, and who have never thought, even to this day, of discharging the obligations which they had taken upon themselves.

These reasons are sufficient to account for the *retrograde* motion of the Institute. There are other minor or secondary causes, with which we have not much to do. The principal one, however, is, that every Institute in this country, is in advance of the age. In England and other civilised European nations, we cannot but fail to remark, that every institution is

established by the people, after they have felt its want, and been convinced of its importance. In these lauds, every institution is a kind of mile stone, which marks a nation's progress, and tells of the extent of ground travelled over. It grows out of the wants and necessities of men, and is, therefore, protected and encouraged by them. *Here*, (sad reverse!) every institution is in advance of the understandings of the people. It is a point, which they must strive to gain. It is a boon bestowed upon them, the necessity of which they do not feel, and of the value of which, they are ignorant:—hence the apathy of the Indian people.

As, doubtless, the Mechanic's Institute will yet rise from its bed of sickness, and feel the invigoration of health—a change for which the Public are indebted to Mr. Samuel Smith, of the *Hurkaru* Press, who would not permit so excellent an Institution to die for want of aid and nourishment—we proffer the following remarks, which, we trust, will receive the approbation of those who are interested in the success of the Mechanic's Institute.

One or two paid lecturers should be appointed, whose attention should be directed to the clear and lucid elucidation of the principles of Mathematics and Mechanics, and the facts of general history.

A school of arts should be opened, for the purpose of affording practical instruction to the youth of this city

To secure this object, two men should be employed from the Mint and the Government Steam Yard, to give instructions for an hour in the morning, from 6 to 7.

The pupils of the first and second classes of every school should be induced to attend, either the school of arts, or the lecture room, in accordance with the wishes of their parents.

The apprentices in the Government Steam Guard and the Mint, and in the services of tradesmen in general, should be required to attend.

A capitation tax of one rupee should be levied on the pupils attending the school of arts, for the benefit of the Institute.

The natives should be encouraged to attend, and learn those handicrafts which will be found to be of great utility to them in after life. The building of houses, of boats, and the construction of implements of husbandry, as practised in England and the European Continent, should be the first arts which should be taught the pupils.

Should these suggestions be only *carried out* into practice, should they be submitted to a fair test, the greatest amount of benefits would flow from them. We speak not vain things. We are aware that if our hints were judiciously adopted, they would subserve the interests of the Mechanics' Institute, as they are in accordance with the opinions and wishes of the middle class of our society. The Mechanic's Institute of Calcutta should not be conducted on the same principle as the Mechanic's Institute in England and America, because the circumstances and situations of these countries are widely different from each other. We have not a body of Mechanic's in this country and we must first raise one, before we can call our Institute a "Mechanics' Institute." The proper name at present should be, "SCHOOL OF ART." We know that the Governors of the Free School would be most happy to give up a range of their godowns, to be employed by the Mechanic's Institute, as workshops, in which the children brought up in that excellent Institution, could learn the several useful

trades of life, such those of shoe-makers, book-binders, carpenters and the like. A proposition of this nature would at once, we are persuaded, meet with the hearty concurrence of the Governors, and the offer would be cheerfully accepted. Let the Committee of the Mechanic's Institute but attend to this hint, and we feel assured, that they will not neglect to take every advantage of it. In conclusion, we cannot but wish the Mechanic's Institute, prosperity and success under the new *regimen* which is in the course of preparation by some of the members of the Committee, and we sincerely trust, that the Institution will thrive and grow up, and be fair to look upon.

THE USURPED GUDDHEE,

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

(Continued from page 25.)

It was a morning in Spring. The sun had just risen above the horizon, when Bhyrub, with a few congenial companions, left his home and entered upon his long wished-for journey. He took but a small retinue of servants with him, not so much with the view of attending upon his person, as of protecting him against the attacks of desperate marauders, who at that time scoured the plains of India, and carried death and devastation wherever they went. Travelling at that period was, therefore, exceedingly dangerous, and it was not without much reluctance that Kisto Chunder parted with his son. Besides the attacks from robbers, there was much difficulty and inconvenience attending every stage of the journey. There were no regular roads constructed, and many a traveller lost his way amidst the dense forests and wild uncultivated lands, which lay scattered throughout his path.

It is needless to recount all the dangers and calamities which Bhyrub was destined to experience before he reached Benares. Suffice it to say, that after suffering much privation, with a mind harassed and dejected, he came in sight of the celebrated city, at the end of two months. He had with him but two individuals; one a young Brahmun, his intimate friend, and the other a servant: the remainder had been slain, or seized by a gang of robbers who infested the hills in the South of Bahar. Bhyrub and his two companions were saved by mere accident, and numberless were the vows they made for this providential escape; and when he, at length, saw Benares from a distance, his soul was filled with raptures. The sun was now on its decline, and his parting rays were reflected upon the metallic domes of the temples, which elevated themselves in majestic grandeur amidst the buildings that thronged that populous city. The noise of the gongs and the blowing of shells, with the sound of other instruments used by the Hindoos at their devotions, now came floating to his ears softened by distance, and Bhyrub too in his mind offered up his prayers to his debtas, who, he thought, had brought him in safety from the perils which had beset his path. The shades of evening were now falling fast over the scenes around him, and before he had reached

the outskirts of the city, night had spread its dark mantle over the whole creation. Fatigued by the exertions of the day's journey, Bhyrub sought for rest at the first convenient house, where he and his attendants took their lodgings for the night; the hospitality and kindness of the owner relieving them of all anxiety which might have otherwise arisen in their minds.

The Brahmun under whose hospitable roof the young aspirant after literary fame had remained, was a man distinguished no less for his liberality than his learning. Never was a pilgrim refused admission into his house, where he was provided with every thing to render him comfortable. And when the Brahmun happened to meet with one who laid any claims to literary worth, he manifested extreme delight to cultivate his acquaintance. His library consisted of Sanscrit works, which he had collected at great costs, and which he took great pleasure to read, whenever time and opportunity permitted him. It is not surprising, therefore, that Bhyrub should have met with attention by such a man. The Brahmun perceiving from the appearance of our hero, that he had sprung from a respectable family, made every enquiry regarding him; and when he was made acquainted with the object of his visit, he could not conceal the joy he felt at the zeal and perseverance of the young man in the cause of knowledge. Holding Bhyrub by the hand, the Brahmun spoke to him in very encouraging terms, and offered him every assistance in his power, to enable him to prosecute his design.

"You have however made a hazardous journey," remarked the Brahmun, "when you could have pursued your studies within your father's territories with equal success; for, from what I see of you, I am convinced in my mind, that you would have improved under any circumstances."

"I am flattered," observed Bhyrub, "by the opinion which you have been pleased to form of me; but, if I may be permitted to speak, I must say, that whatever may be the natural abilities of a man, much depends upon the good example which he might meet with in others. Benares is reported to be the seat of learning, and no doubt there are thousands of pundits who resort to this city for no other object than to spend their time in the society of the learned. From these much may be acquired. If nothing else, their mode of living, their thoughts and opinions will have a powerful influence in directing me what course I am to adopt, in the prosecution of my studies."

"You are right," said the Brahmun. "Yes, men of learning do really possess a charm in their talk and demeanour, which is peculiar to them. You acquire from a learned man more within an hour, than you could possibly do by poring over your books incessantly for days."

Saying this, the Brahmun with many assurances of friendship, led him to that apartment where his books had been kept, and most generously offered the youth the use of all the works that then lay before him. Nothing could have pleased Bhyrub more than this; this was a treat to him which he would not have foregone for a kingdom. From this time Bhyrub became an inmate of the house, and was treated by the Brahmun with the tenderness of a father.

A short time after his arrival at Benares, our hero was introduced to the most learned of the pundits, by his new friend, and he soon found

himself numbered among the Pupils of a man, the fame of whose transcendent abilities had been widely spread throughout the country. Bhyrub realized in his teacher all that he had anticipated: a profound knowledge of the Shastras, and of the sciences then cultivated among the Hindoos, formed but a part of his vast and varied attainments. He was a perfect philologist and a shrewd logician, and had such a command of words, that he filled all with admiration whenever he spoke. In this last qualification he had frequent opportunities of distinguishing himself. He had devoted much of his time to the study of Metaphysics, and eventually became so great an adept in it, that he delivered public lectures on questions connected with that science. Though, at the time to which the tale refers, he was considerably advanced in years, yet his ardour for knowledge was not abated. Under such a preceptor, and with such ample opportunities at his command, it was but natural for Bhyrub to make rapid advances in his study. He lost not a moment of time which he could apply to advantage, and within a brief period he made himself conversant with many of those sciences of which before he was kept in perfect ignorance. Many a night did Bhyrub spend in his lonely chamber, with his books for his companions, and many a privation did he undergo only to taste the pleasure of victory of mind over mind. In a city like Benares, there could not but be many who, like Bhyrub, had a devoted attachment to learning, and hence there were several among his fellow students who did not scruple to run with our hero in the race of improvement. With these formidable antagonists had Bhyrub to contend; but animated with the desire of fame, he spared no pains to hold a distinguished rank among them; and it was often that his instructor had to commend him for his unwearied exertions. Agreeably to the practise adopted by the Pundits of Benares, a subject was proposed to Bhyrub and his fellow students by their teacher, and was to be written in three different languages, Sanscrit, Hindoo and Bengalli. The subject chosen was the "Immateriality of the Soul," and the incentive offered was the title of *Biddyalonka*, with which the most successful candidate was to be invested. As the compositions were to be submitted within a limited time, all set themselves to work, urged by the desire of gaining popularity by a display of their abilities. Bhyrub was not idle among these. He redoubled his efforts, and sat up for nights and days, wholly employed in the execution of the task imposed upon him. One night while he was busily engaged in writing, the Brahmun, his friend and protector unexpectedly made his appearance in his apartment, and interrupted him for a while by directing his attention to a book he had in his hand. "I am come to you," said he, "to shew you the literary remains of a son of genius, who, if he had lived, would have held the first rank among the learned of our land; but a malignant disease cast its baneful influence over him, and hastened him to a premature death."

"And who may that be?" asked Bhyrub, with the utmost concern.

"He was a native of Lahore," was the reply. "His name was Ram Hurry Sing."

"Ram Hurry!" exclaimed Bhyrub in utter astonishment. "Ram Hurry! I heard of him long before I visited this part of the country, and

from the account I received I totally agree with you in saying, that certainly he was a man of genius."

"Yes, I repeat it; he was a prodigy of learning; he filled all with amazement at the rapid strides he made in the pursuit of knowledge."

"And I heard too," observed Bhyrub, "that he was very young."

"A child when compared to his fellow students, but he was in advance of them in learning by years." Here followed a silence which continued for a few minutes, when Bhyrub asked the Brahmun for the book, which he glanced over with apparent satisfaction. "This is the very work," said he, "of which one of my Pundits spoke to me, and I am glad that I have now an opportunity of perusing it. Perhaps," continued he, addressing the Brahmun, "you will permit me to take a copy of it?"

"Certainly," said the other; "and I shall save you all trouble by having it copied by a person who has less to attend to than yourself. I hope asked the Brahmun, "you have made some progress in the essay which you have undertaken to write?"

"I have just written it in Sanscrit, and I have now to translate that into two other languages, which I trust to be able to accomplish within a week."

"I wish you every success," said the other. "You must strain all your nerves to distinguish yourself on the day of trial. I need say no further. I am fully aware of your powers, and the spirit which has urged you to this undertaking." Saying this he departed, and Bhyrub resumed his pen to continue his labours in the work in which he had been engaged. That night sleep forsook him; he could not close his eyes. The prospect of a victory or a shameful defeat alternately arose in his mind, and he thought of making the most of the time he had at command. For some days he confined himself in his room, and made but hasty meals. He wrote and rewrote his essays, bestowing upon them all the care and attention required to ensure elegance of style and diction. The portentous day at length arrived, and a large concourse of very respectable Hindoos, amongst whom were men of distinguished talents, assembled in a great Hall, for the purpose of witnessing the grand exhibition. The names of nearly a hundred candidates were upon the list; of these seven were selected as the most eligible who were to make their appearance before the Public, and Bhyrub was one of them. The compositions were read out by each in his turn, and were applauded by the whole assembly. The arguments of all were original, and the writers seemed to be masters of the subject. But there was one amongst these, who was particularly successful in refuting the arguments against the Immateriality of the soul, and this he did so cleverly, that one and all of the audience pronounced his production to be the best, and to him, therefore, was adjudged the reward that had been proposed. The whole assembly rose to congratulate the young man who left the hall with a heart full of joy, and with a countenance beaming with pleasurable emotions. But who could describe the disappointment of Bhyrub? He could not raise his head; he imagined the eyes of all were on him, and he was filled with shame and confusion. At that moment if the sword of the assassin had cleft him in two, he would have gladly submitted to the doom, than to withstand the gaze of the multitude. The people soon dispersed, and Bhyrub

left the hall, but not to return home. He was too much abashed to show himself to his friend, who had been so sanguine of his victory. That very day he quitted Benares, and without the companions he had brought from home, bent his course wherever his inclination led him. He travelled on foot towards the west, though he had not a piece of coin to purchase food, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. After a lapse of a month, during which time he subsisted on the precarious bounty of those who were charitably disposed, he arrived at Mothoora, or Muttra, as it is now called, a city situated on the Jumna, and celebrated as the birth-place of Kristna. Here his thoughts and feelings underwent a change; he was disposed to become a devotee, and with that view assumed the habit of a Joghee. Under this new character our hero underwent all the austerities which the discipline of that class of enthusiasts enjoined. He covered himself with powder, spoke little, and eat but once a day. Occasionally he stood on the banks of the Jumna on one leg, with his left hand raised perpendicularly to the heavens, and closing his eyes, remained in deep meditation. At night he retired to the suburbs of town, and near the blaze of a fire, fed with the dry leaves and branches of the trees, he sat for hours together in a little hut, erected with his own hands. His well-cultivated mind presented to him many a subject upon which he dwelt with pleasure and delight. In the contemplations of the past, the Joghee at times forgot his vocation, and instead of fixing his mind entirely on subjects of Religion, he indulged himself with the review of what he had read, and the retrospect of his past life in connection with his scholastic career. Often did he bring to his mind the home of his childhood, and a tear unconsciously trickled down his cheek, when he thought of his aged parent, and the pain and anxiety his absence must have caused in him. He had often thought of returning home, but the danger attending the journey, and his vow of poverty and seclusion from society, operated to induce him to change his design.

Bhyrub was in the habit, as we have said before, to resort to the bank of the river towards the morning. According to this custom, he one day proceeded to the ghaut, and after covering himself with powder, he sat upon a little mound which he had raised for himself. It was a Hindoo festival, and crowds of natives had come to bathe in the Jumna. Men and women of all ranks were mingled together, performing their ablutions for the pardon of their sins. Some had walked, others had come in their conveyances, but at the bank there was no distinction of rank or station amongst them. The rich and the poor stood upon a footing on the occasion. Amidst this immense crowd, there were women of great personal attractions. Some were the wives and daughters of very rich merchants, or men of independant fortunes. Amongst these, there was a young woman of exquisite beauty. She was scarcely fifteen. Her complexion was bright brunette, and her hair, which was glossy black, hung down her neck in rich profusion. She was accompanied by half a dozen maid servants, who screened her from the gaze of the public, by holding a piece of cloth around her person, while she dipped herself in the water. Our Joghee's eyes, by some chance were cast upon this creature, and they seemed to rest there. "A change came over the spirit of his dream." The charms of beauty had done the deed. The resolution of years perhaps

was now to be broken, and for the first time he felt, that he could love. His whole soul was in a turmoil, and he could not remain satisfied, but on gazing at the object that had inspired this passion. The multitude soon began to disperse, many of whom approached our Joghee with offerings, and he, in return, pronounced his blessings on them. The beautiful maiden likewise walked up to the mound to lay before the devotee some token of her veneration for his office. She cast a pleasing look at him, which he returned with a smile, after which the maiden entered her conveyance, and was soon out of sight. Bhyrub was no more master of his mind. His philosophy could not repress his feelings, and he was now once more disposed to begin the world a-new. For the present, however, he continued to remain in the habit he had assumed, and every morning he was seen posted on the mound, receiving the voluntary contributions of those who resorted to the river. The young maiden who had smitten his heart also continued to make her appearance, and never returned home without offering some mark of respect to him. Bhyrub could not conjecture the reason of this attention on her part. Never did he see an individual approach him so regularly as did the maiden, and never did a female look at him so pleasingly as she did. "Can it be," thought he to himself, "that our passion is reciprocal? If so, we are destined to make one another happy. But why talk thus? Perhaps the girl has no such regard for me. It is better to crush the passion in its rise, and I shall think of her no more."

But in spite of his resolutions, Bhyrub no sooner saw her than his passion arose with ten-fold vehemence, and he found, at length, it was impossible for him to contend against it. One day as the Joghee was seated in his favourite spot on the bank, an elderly woman called and asked his permission to speak to him a few words.

"Say what you have in your mind, my daughter," replied the Joghee.

"I am come to you from my young mistress, who wishes to know the place where you may be found during the night," said the woman.

"Yes, I will tell you, my daughter," said he; "but first let me know who is this mistress of yours, that makes the enquiry?"

"The very same young person who comes to you every morning," returned the woman.

The Joghee was apparently pleased with the reply, and he therefore gave her the direction of his locality. "Tell your mistress, I shall be happy to see her whenever she may call."

"She will call to consult you on some important matter this very night," said the woman.

"Very well, my daughter," returned the Joghee; and the woman, after having prostrated herself before him, departed.

Night came on, and darkness overshadowed the land. The stars twinkled on the firmament, and the night breeze swept over the plain. There was a stillness all around, which was broken occasionally by the howling of jackals, that now issued from their dens, and went in search of prey. The Joghee was within his humble shed, with a bright fire blazing before him. His mind was occupied with one thought, and fixed upon one object; all other considerations had lost their hold upon him, and he felt that his happiness or misery was concerned in it. The fair maiden had awakened in him a passion, which spurned the dictates of philosophy.

She now became to him "the polar star of his existence," and he formed to himself an ideal world of his own, where he had conjured up many a scene of conjugal felicity. Such was the intensity of his feelings, that he often remained in total abstraction for hours together, without being conscious of what passed around him. This was the state of his mind, when suddenly the rustling of leaves, and the sound of footsteps arrested his attention; and before he had time to look in the direction from which the noise proceeded, a woman came in, and cast herself at his feet. This was the young beauty, the idol of the Joghee's heart. Overcome by the fatigue of a long walk, she had not strength enough to support herself on her arrival at the Joghee's abode, and she fainted away. Alarmed at this sight, the Joghee rose from his seat in an instant, and lifting her gently from the ground, laid her upon a coarse mat, and bid her attendant sprinkle some water upon her face. This being done, the poor creature revived, and sat up, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. Our Joghee asked no questions, but allowed her to remain in that position for sometime. Finding, however, that she spoke not, he was induced to demand of her the object of her errand. This was done in so kind a manner, that the maiden, uncovering her head looked at the Joghee, and greeted him with a smile. The latter somewhat encouraged, gently held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate style.

"Tell me, my adorable creature," said he, "the reason of this visit? If I can be of any service to you, I am at your command, and I shall be ready to obey you, though at the sacrifice of my life."

"Gossain Jee," at length cried the maiden, "Gossain Jee," the request that I am to make is a simple one; its compliance will not involve you in any difficulty, much less endanger your life."

"Whatever it may be, my sweet creature, let me only hear it, and you will know, in an instant, whether I have the will and power to assist you."

"Yes, Gossain Jee, I am perfectly convinced of your power; and I am only come to beg of you to exercise it on my behalf. If I can obtain your favor, I shall think myself happy."

"Tell me, again I say, what you desire," returned the Joghee, "and it shall be complied with."

"Gossain Jee!" exclaimed the maiden with a deep sigh, "I shall confide in you as a friend, and shall disburden to you the load which now lies heavily upon my bosom."

"Do so, my charmer, and you shall not repent for it," said the Joghee, holding the maiden still by the hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze. The latter remained silent for some time, and then addressed the Joghee as follows:—"Yes, I have every reason to believe, that you can administer to me the comfort which I now need. Gossain Jee," continued she, "I have suffered from the cruel persecution of a father, who insists upon my having one for my husband, whom I cannot but detest—my heart is another's."

"And who may that fortunate one be, my fair one?" enquired the Joghee, with a beating heart.

"He is not here, Gossain Jee, and it is on his account my mind is filled with anxiety. He is gone to a foreign land on some particular errand, and had promised to be here long ere this, but he has not made

his appearance. This racks my mind with fearful thoughts, I apprehend, some evil has befallen him; and to relieve my mind of those forebodings I come to you in order that you may tell me, if I will see him again, whose image is imprest upon this heart of mine."

This was enough for Bhyrub. He relaxed his hold, and fell back against the trunk of a tree that lay near him, and became utterly speechless. All appeared to him like a dream, a vision. • His eyes were fixed on vacancy, and his mind was in a chaos. He remained some time in a state of complete abstraction, till at length recovering himself, he resumed his former posture and cast a sorrowful look at the young woman beside him. "Tell me, Gossain Jee, if my request will meet with your compliance?" asked she.

"I cannot speak to night," said the Joghee, "come to-morrow, and you may hear from me."

The maiden upon this arose, and taking leave of the Joghee, retraced her steps homewards, accompanied by her servant. It is needless to describe the state of our hero's mind. His fondest hopes had fled, and the world became to him a dreary waste. Sleep forsook him for the night, and he thought himself to be the most wretched being in the world. He was like a man who, after basking in the sunshine of prosperity, and revelling in the gratification of all his wishes, is suddenly enveloped in the gloom of adversity, with no prospect to cheer him in his onward course.

The morning dawned, and beheld the Joghee still in deep abstraction. His eyes were tinged with red, the veins of his temples throbbed and his body was feverish; and yet he was totally unconscious of what happened to him. How long he may have remained in this state is not known; but the noise of some huntsmen who passed by his dwelling, aroused his attention, and he awoke, as if from a trance. "Is it possible" said he to himself, as he became conscious of his own position "is it possible, that she shall not be mine; be it so—may the gods preserve her and render her happy; but these eyes shall see her no more. This very day I leave the city, and shall go and dwell in the wilderness, and resign my breath in peace and tranquillity."

Before the sun had attained its meridian, the Joghee left Muttra, and commenced another journey, with a heavy heart.

(To be continued.)

ODE TO THE MORNING BREEZE,

(From the Persian of Saddi.)

* ای نفس خرم باد صبا *
 * از بر یار آ مدۀ مرحبا *

WELCOME {d thee, calm breath of morn!—
 'Thou traveller of the lonely night!
 Say—dost thou, for this heart forlorn,
 From her—the beautiful and the bright—
 Bear, on thy balmy, viewless wing,
 The rosier dawn of Hope's glad ray,
 To chase dark grief and sorrowing,
 The Ministers of Despair—away!
 Oh! softly breathe to me, sweet gale,
 Bird of Solema!* doth the Rose,—
 The pride of Schiraz' blushing vale,
 Think of the heart for her that glows,
 The heart of her sad bulbul? Go—
 Return to her the cruel queen
 Of beauty and tell of my woe—
 Oh! tell, soft breeze! what thou hast seen!

Ah! cruel maid! how could'st thou break
 The vows so sweetly—fondly spoken,
 That glow, like moon-beams on a lake,
 In this adoring heart—tho' broken!
 Yet—yet until that tyrant—Death
 Should close these eyes in endless sleep,
 Thy name shall dwell upon this breath—
 Thy image in this heart seal'd deep!
 Each morn doth hear the woeful sigh
 I breathe by disappointment taught,
 And see the tear flow from my eye—
 Such is the hapless lover's lot!
 Oh! if the unregarded cries
 Of Saddi, yonder mountain hears,
 It loudly wakes its sympathies,
 And sheds in torrents Pity's tears!

(از دست من نرجه کرده شد)

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

——— Vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

For.
When e'er thy countenance divine,
Th' attendant people cheers,
The genial suns more radiant shine
The day more glad appears.

Elphinstone.

THIS subject needs no apologetic introduction. It is felt by every heart to be transcendently useful and important. As woman exercises a decided influence over the happiness of men, it is necessary for the welfare of both parties, that her mind be well-cultivated ; for, as it has been well-observed, the " mind is its own place, and can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." What but wisdom's powerful charm can exercise evil from the breast, soothe the passions, and place all the affections under the sovereignty of reason? That woman should shine a bright luminary in the domestic circle, and be the dispenser of good, she must be educated. That she should indeed be a " crown to her husband," the partner of his joys, the alleviator of his griefs, a ministering angel by the bed-side of his sickness, her affections and her feelings should be refined by a liberal and religious education. Were she better educated than she is at present, she would truly be a comforter, and a friend " that sticketh closer than a brother." She would cheer the domestic hearth, and while prosecuting the infant education of her children, she would inculcate THE TRUTH, and thus assist the philosopher in meliorating the condition, and regenerating the soul of man. The earliest lessons of infancy fall from the lips of the anxious and loving mother ; and if she be uneducated, what evils will she not entail on her innocent offspring, what errors will she not cause to sink and settle in the mind, and of what harm may not her ignorance be productive ? It is an incontrovertible fact, that what opinion soever we acquire in our infancy, makes an indelible impression on the mind, and as we advance in years, becomes part and parcel of our natures, almost " bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh ;" how requisite is it not, then, for woman to know the truth, and the way to it, and feel the life-giving benefits that flow from it. It is not meet to dwell on the rights and privileges of woman to enjoy the advantages of science and of art, and to participate in all that we can call ours, and all which we prize. None will deny the right, none will refuse her claim. She seeks our protection, and as she was taken from our rib, near to the heart, she has a title to our affections, our consideration, and our regard. It may be, that all that will be written on this subject, is already known and acknowledged ; there can assuredly be no harm to repeat what has been repeated but not attended to, and to present in a new light, that which has been already exhibited from one point of view, but which has never attracted attention.

Woman, like her lord, is impelled by curiosity ; but her thirst is slaked in other fountains, than those from which mankind profit and instruction ; the waters, are not so pure, of which woman partakes, and hence the great,

the remarkable difference that is observable between the sexes, in the *calibre* of their understandings and moral affections. Were she allowed to indulge in draughts of the stream which flows from the rock of truth and knowledge, so copiously as has been graciously vouchsafed to man, she would be seen in more than her ordinary attitude, and the hue and complexion of her mind, would nearly assimilate to that of man. The curiosity of woman has become proverbial and generally cast to her teeth, by way of reproach, and yet there are honorable exceptions of woman, whose curiosity has compelled them to enter into the mysteries of science and art, and some of whom, have adorned the ages in which they have lived. We read also in sacred Writ of the Queen of Sheba, who came from a distant land, to hear the sage discourses of Solomon, on every subject of human knowledge; and yet in all countries, woman has been found to submit cheerfully to her lot, and to perform all those offices which have been prescribed for her observance, with un murmuring obedience. In ancient Greece we learn, how the females were required to "guide the spindle and direct the loom," while in other lands, they have been made to discharge the most degrading offices of life. Their station in the scale of society, is an infallible standard of a nation's progress. Woman is found in the politic arrangement of the Hindoos to be placed under his feet—while she is exalted to equality among us. An individual should be always qualified for the position he may occupy among his countrymen; and as woman is adored and prized by us so highly, her mind should in that proportion be cultivated to befit her for the right and faithful discharge of the duties of her station. Eminence without the means and appliances to adorn it, only exposes the individual to the contempt and derision of his compeers—and such is the lamentable state and condition of woman in this country! Born to be loved and respected, she is now the sport of the opposite sex! What may be the nature of the cure, that can arrest the malady, and what the precautions that will not permit it to become an *epidemic*, we now propose to consider?

The most effectual remedy against the virulent and pernicious effects of ignorance, is to fortify the mind by knowledge. It will doubtless be said, that the education of the softer sex is not neglected; but the real question is, what is the nature of the education imparted. There is no argument as to what is the *best* education, but whether the education at present given to women, is just the thing required,—is of a kind to answer the purposes of her being, and her station in society. We unhesitatingly answer, No. The system of instruction at present pursued, is not only defective, for this is its least evil, but it leaves the natural passions and tendencies of the soul uncorrected,—which deficiency is as deplorable as it is mischievous to society. For, what is the amount of knowledge that is now communicated to woman? The principles of the English language are sealed to her; history is taught as if it were a mere chronicle of events, uninteresting to man; and Geography and Astronomy and Mineralogy are learnt from Catechisms, as if their studies were intended to fill up the vacancies of leisure. The rules of Arithmetic are not explained, and in truth, four or five years at best is thought to be sufficient for the education of females. Instead of learned lore, their attention is occupied with other matters. The *evolutions* of dancing, and the *mysterious figures*

of quadrilles are taught, instead of the science of figures ; and the voice is attuned to harmony, while the harmonious development of the mind and the intellectual power of the soul, are neglected. They are instructed in that art, which teaches us to emit the sweetest sounds from the " Muses' shell," while the mind is suffered to be compressed in a space, less than what is contained in a nut-shell. Instead of their being introduced into the Muses' bower, and made to survey the beauties of the temple of learning, they are taught to look for amusement and unmixed gratification, in the bower of festivity and the hall of dancing. The following plea is sometimes urged, in vindication of the opinion, that dancing and music are more useful to fair woman, than all the advantages that are to be culled from the gardens of philosophy : that since, in this country, the only opportunity a woman enjoys of promoting her happiness, is by entering into the married state, so these accomplishments should be considered as of primary importance, which sooner brings her to the goal of her wishes—the consummation of all her fond anticipations. It is needless to enter into a minute exposure of the fallacy of this opinion ; but we may stop to say so much, that if *marriage* be the end and aim of woman's hopes and fears, her sole delight, an unlettered wife is the least likely to secure domestic happiness. Considered in every relation of life, an uneducated woman will be found to be extremely unfit for discharging her duties. So much has been said respecting the advantages of education, that we have only to consider its opposite evils, and learn to estimate the amount of mischief that can flow from ignorance. We do not desire to see a woman educated highly. We are not anxious of bestowing upon her a University education. We would only wish her to be educated to such an extent, as would enable her to secure the respect of her own friends, the good-will of her acquaintance, and that, in her own narrow circle, she would build up her children in the faith of God, and direct their steps to the road of virtue and happiness. To ensure this desirable object, we would direct attention to the following studies as being highly useful, in our opinion, to attain the object we keep in view. In the first place, we would teach them the principles of the English language, thoroughly, so as that they might be able to speak it with facility and elegance. We would lead them through the whole range of English literature,—history, poetry, and the elegant essayists, of whom Great Britain may justly be proud. Geography and Arithmetic should be carefully studied ; and the elements of Natural Philosophy should be lucidly explained to them. Lastly, they should be made to read and understand the Bible, and the Evidences of Christianity should be carefully weighed and examined by them. Were these studies only inculcated, were they well taught, we would most assuredly taste the benefits flowing from this course, and awaken a desire in the minds of our daughters and sisters, to prosecute these subjects further, and thus ensure all the advantages that follow in the train of increased and increasing knowledge. We must not be supposed to set our face against the accomplishments which it is necessary for women to know ; but we most assuredly would make them of secondary importance, to intellectual and moral training. We would teach Music as a relief against lassitude or as an *emollient* against any unpleasant or difficult exertion. We would teach dancing, or a graceful exercise for pro-

moting health, and we would give instructions in the art of needle-work, as being most useful for woman, in her domestic concerns.

The work of Female Education, however, does not terminate here. We would on no account introduce a female into society, at the early age of ten years—a time of life, in which she is now thought fit to mix with the “gay and sportive threng,” and hear all the little *morceaux* of scandal that fall from the lips of adult and sometimes aged children. The greatest obstacle to all improvement, is this early introduction of women into all the mysteries of society. Ideas of Marriage and Love are instilled into their minds, and they have no other thought than that of making an excellent match and securing a good establishment. No sooner do these happy thoughts fully occupy the mind, then away all books and all study, away all scholastic learning. The unfledged birds fancy they can fly, and in their attempt to rise to the upper regions, they grow dizzy and fall to inevitable destruction. The little insects forget the *candle light* for the glorious Sun of Truth, and buzzing for awhile around it, they precipitate themselves into the flame, and too late discover, that they are *blackened* to death, and not purified like silver from the furnace, seven times.

The attention of parents should also be directed to the dress of their children, and amusements should be furnished them, adapted to their situation in life. Above all things, *tight* dresses should be avoided, and they should not be permitted to *sit* for a long while, as this practice is sure to induce diseases of the spine, which ever after affect the comfort and happiness of females. These lines give but a faint and general sketch of the ends of Female Education, and the means that should be adopted to secure the desirable end. We have not time to expatiate on the topic, but it will not be long before a pamphlet will be published on this subject, where Female Education will be carefully discussed, and proper remedies recommended.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MY NEPHEW, WHO DIED AT BREAK OF DAY.

(For the “*Oriental Magazine*.”)

WEEP not for me fondest mother,
Whilst with death I struggle so;
Stay thy bitter tears, my father,
“Morn advances, let me go.”

Strive not thus to keep me longer
In a world of sin and woe;
Now the pangs of death grow stronger,
“Morn advances, let me go.”

See my little bosom heaving,
View my shatter’d body too:
Can you grieve, then, at my leaving?—
“Morn advances, let me go.”

Farewell, then, my dearest mother,
Father, friends, and sisters, too;
Strive your sighs and tears to smother—
“Morn advances let me go.”

H. B.

THE ORIENTAL MAGAZINE.

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[No. III.

THE TOMB OF SULTAN KHOOSROO; or, THE STAMP OF ALI'S HAND.

(Concluded from page 54.)

THE *Mela* being on the eve of termination, and the weather promising to continue fair and pleasant, Inderbassee and her father, habited as before, prepared to leave *Praag* immediately, and resume their journey to the imperial city, where they hoped to learn some intelligence of the object of their most anxious inquiry, and, to Inderbassee in particular, of her most earnest solicitude. Beyond one occurrence of an extraordinary kind, nothing worthy of attention took place on their progress to their destination.

It was early in the morning, before the sun had risen, when they arrived at a large and populous village, and there saw a number of men, women, and children assembled under the shade of a large, aged tamarind tree. On their approach they observed a venerable old man, with grey hairs on his head, and a long, white beard hanging down to his chest, standing in the midst, and holding a beautiful young woman by the wrist. He was engaged in a warm altercation with a youth of a most prepossessing exterior, who, on his part, exhibited signs of no little uneasiness and amazement. All three were persons of the mahomedan caste, and the old man angrily accused the last of the desertion of his wife without any apparent cause or reason that he could fathom, and vehemently insisted upon his receiving her back, and providing for her, as he was bound to do as well by the laws of god and man, as by the ties of natural affection and attachment. He complained to the people, that his daughter had been married to the young man not many months since; but that his son-in-law, the young man before him, had, shortly after his nuptials, most unaccountably left her, and disappeared he knew not, and could not say, where; that for several weeks he and his daughter had travelled from place to place in search of the truant; and now that, after encountering innumerable difficulties, escaping unheard of dangers, and experiencing various troubles and disappointments on his account, they had at last found him, he had the singular assurance to deny all knowledge of him, and disavow all connexion with his daughter. 'Did any person ever hear the like before?' exclaimed the old man, and leaning on Noorun's shoulder, for that was the young woman's name, burst into tears, in which the latter instantly joined in a copious shower. Ibrahim, for so was Noorun's father called,

then appealed to the people for justice, and pushing his daughter towards her supposed husband, again vociferously insisted on his taking her back. The young man, on the other hand, strongly protested against this act of violence; declaring his entire innocence of the offence laid to his charge, and positively denying his being married to Noorun, whose very name, he said, he did not know, and whom he had never seen until that moment. He concluded with stating, that he thought it hard that a strange female should be thrust upon him, when he had a wife of his own in his native town, which he had quitted only a few days ago in quest of employment. This avowal, unfortunately for the young man, served only to confirm the truth of Ibrahim's story, and Noorun taking advantage of the feeling exhibited in her favor, quitted her father's hold, and clinging to the former, implored him in the softest tone, by all the love and regard which, she said, he bore her and had always manifested for her, not to be so faithless as to disown her, and so cruel as obstinately to persist in his determination to abandon her. Again bursting into tears, which seemed to be always at her command, 'Cassim' she sobbingly said 'Cassim, my own sweet husband, will you not answer; will you be deaf to my entreaties to take me back into your arms, or are you resolved unrelentingly to forsake me for ever?' At the enunciation of his name, which Noorun had either guessed, or learned by accident, the young man started, but remained silent and thoughtful for a while.

It was in vain that the unhappy youth reiterated his utter ignorance of the parties who assailed him, and in whose behalf an increased sympathy was betrayed by the by-standers, who, convinced of the correctness of Ibrahim's statement, and of the falsehood of that of the young man, peremptorily and threateningly insisted on his receiving back his wife, who to personal attractions of no ordinary kind, and the most insinuating blandishments added a most melodious voice and captivating manners, sufficient to melt the hardest heart. Finding it useless to offer further resistance, and dreading the consequences of continued stubbornness, Cassim, making a virtue of necessity, consented after a little more persuasion to yield, and taking Noorun by the hand, retired to one of the secluded apartments of the Serai.

It may be easy to imagine the state of Cassim's mind, which was certainly in no enviable mood. The gay, the thoughtless, and the profligate would, no doubt, congratulate him on his good fortune in possessing with such facility a youthful female of such charms as those of which Noorun could boast. The remainder of the day was passed in perfect quietness. Twilight too was soon over, when night came on; but the stars,—those eternal self-kindled lamps of heaven, that illumine the pathway of a seraph on its errand of mercy,—that transmitting their radiance in drops of gold on the earth, seemed, as it were, to transform all objects on which they fell into images of their own glory,—served, in some measure, to chase away its thickening gloom.

When the hour for retirement arrived, Noorun appeared quite reluctant and disinclined to join Cassim, inasmuch that the latter felt surprised, and reproached her for her caprice in at first forcing herself on him, and next refusing to share his bed with him. Noorun was sad, and her repugnance seemed obviously to spring from a cause very

different from that to which he appeared to impute her coyness. Cassim renewed his importunities, and Noorun, unable longer to repress her feelings, commenced weeping and sobbing aloud, till Cassim pierced to the heart by her grief, and perplexed by such strange contrariety of conduct, the reason of which he could neither guess nor understand, begged of her most earnestly to inform him what ailed and distressed her. She replied only with a fresh gush of tears; and it was, after repeated entreaties, that she recovered her composure sufficiently to be able to satisfy Cassim's inquiries. Yet she evidently shrunk from making a disclosure, which if it did not risk her father's life, at least menaced her with utter and irretrievable ruin. She, however, felt no anxiety on her own account; but was concerned chiefly for her aged parent. Still she reflected, that if she repented of her intention, and retracted from her purpose, she must choose the alternative of perilling the safety of the youth, for whom, from the very moment she had cast her eyes on him, she had begun to cherish feelings of sincere and devoted attachment; but she persuaded herself, that by earnestly pleading in behalf of her father, she might possibly succeed in moving pity in Cassim's bosom, and averting the threatened danger from the former. In this hope she resolved to make a full and candid disclosure, regardless of all consequences to herself. She wished to speak, but utterance was denied her, and broken accents quivered on her lips; again and again she attempted to articulate; again and again half-stifled words faltered on her tongue, till Cassim, perceiving Noorun's embarrassment, clasped his arms round her neck, and imprinting a tender kiss on her fair cheek, begged of her in a kind and conciliating tone not to be alarmed, but freely to speak to him.

Encouraged by Cassim's tender and endearing caresses, and making a violent effort to overcome her hesitation, Noorun exclaimed in a hoarse and tremulous voice, 'I AM A THUGGIN.' Cassim involuntarily recoiled, as from the sting of a scorpion, and then, starting up, stared at Noorun with mingled wildness and terror, quaking in all his limbs. Noorun again burst into tears, wrung her hands in agony, cast herself at Cassim's feet, and clung to them with a convulsive grasp. She assured him, by all that was sacred, that he had nothing to fear from her, and requested him to sit down, and quietly listen to her story, when she would satisfy him, that his apprehensions were groundless. Cassim obeyed, and Noorun assured him that so far from harboring any wicked design against his life, she had by her confession, placed not only her own safety, for which she felt no concern, but also that of an aged parent at his entire disposal. She concluded with observing, that her frankness was a sufficient proof of the truth of her statement, and she hoped that it would tend to remove from his mind every suspicion of her treachery, and secure his confidence in her honesty and fidelity to him; if not, he was at liberty to avenge himself, by striking her dead at once, since she was alone, helpless and unprotected. Cassim was satisfied, and believed that whatever her real intentions may have been originally, and whatever attempts she might have meditated at first, her heart had since relented towards him, and that she was now as anxious of sparing his life, as she was before desirous of destroying it in order to rob and plunder him.

Noorun further informed Cassim that her father was born and had been

bred up a *Thug*, and that having followed this profession for years past, he was driven by the infirmities of age and consequent debility of constitution to initiate her by degrees into the mysteries of his calling for their support. Though her nature at the commencement instinctively revolted at the murders she saw committed, and the atrocities which she would be shortly called upon to perpetrate, yet in course of time, which is nature's most skilful tutor, both for good and for evil, her feelings were gradually blunted, and practice, that makes every thing perfect had, ere long, quite familiarized her with scenes of horror, and reconciled her to deeds of blood. Having heard of his arrival at the village that morning, a plan was concocted by her father and herself to decoy him into her power, and strangle him in his sleep; but that, having from the moment she had cast her eyes upon him, become pre-possessed in his favor, she had secretly resolved to save him, though at the risk of incurring her father's eternal displeasure, and at some hazard to her own safety, for which, she repeated, she cared nothing. She moreover told Cassim, that she and her father were in the habit of travelling from country to country in quest of victims, and that whenever they met with one, she was forced on him under the same pretext as had been used towards him; that having so far succeeded in their nefarious object, she would, in the dead of the night, and under cover of the darkness, accomplish their diabolical object, and after rifling the murdered man, decamp to some other place, and there repeat the same act with like success.

So candid, so honest, and unreserved a disclosure, challenged credit, and was certainly entitled to receive it. It tended in no small degree to quiet Cassim's apprehensions, and he trusting to the fidelity of the beautiful *Thuggin*, retired with her to rest. Early on the morrow, while he was yet asleep, old Ibrahim, with an exulting heart, sparkling eyes, and features lighted up with a smile, made his appearance at the door of the apartment occupied by Cassim and his daughter, and asked her if the deed was done. On her replying in the negative, he forgot his usual prudence, and upbraided her dilatoriness in an angry tone, exasperated as he was by her disobedience, and vexed with disappointment. The noise made by Ibrahim roused Cassim from his slumbers, when the former demanded the restoration of his daughter; telling him, with a contemptuous laugh, that she was *not* his wife. Cassim, of course, peremptorily refused to deliver up Noorun, and declared his determination to oppose her father, if he attempted violence. The clamour and scuffle which ensued hereupon soon collected a mob around the belligerent parties, when Cassim, in his turn, appealed to the people against the inconsistent and unaccountable conduct of old Ibrahim in, at first, forcing his daughter on him under the plea of her being his wife, and next denying that she was married to him. The villagers were highly incensed at Ibrahim's strange and contradictory behaviour, and drove him away with hisses.

Inderbassce and her father also renewed their journey, reflecting on the singular incidents which had occurred during the past four and twenty hours. While they could not but severely condemn the dreadful career which Noorun had led, they could not, at the same time, withhold their commendation of her generosity towards the young man, who had been so easily inveigled into her power, and who might have been made away with with equal facility. A few days march brought them within sight of their

destination, situated on the banks of the Jumna, whose clear and bright stream washed the base of the imperial city of Agra, and glistened in the rays of the morning sun, and whose dancing waves rolled in gentle murmurs created by the ruffings of the breeze that, in cold and fitful gusts, swept over its placid bosom.

If the view of a town, however large, yet insignificant in many respects, struck Inderbassee with surprise, her wonder and admiration in beholding one so grand, so stupendous, and magnificent as Agra was at this period must have been proportionately great. Her eye was first caught by the towering battlements of the fortress, and for some minutes they were fixed on them in silent contemplation of their extent and vastness. When, however, she passed the lofty portals of the city, and perambulated the spacious streets and splendid avenues, her amazement increased at every step, and she gazed with speechless awe on the superb and stately structures which peered one after another in rapid succession, like the sublime creations of magic. Unaccustomed, as she had been, to spectacles of such splendour and magnificence, as now presented themselves to her view, in the bewilderment of an excited imagination, worked up to its highest pitch by a variety of circumstances, she thought she beheld before her the residences of beings that did not belong to this earth of ours, and fancied that she trod on fairy ground. Numerous glittering equipages of all descriptions,—elephants with turrets on their backs; horses richly caparisoned, and carriages drawn by bullocks with their heads and horns fantastically painted, covered with gorgeous trappings, and carrying riders in gay and sumptuous attire, met her attention every moment and in every direction.

They were not located more than two or three days, before Inderbassee's father learned, on inquiry, and informed his anxious daughter, that their late guest *was* in the city, but kept in close confinement, and that it was intended shortly to remove him to *Praag*, to be incarcerated there for life, as it was not deemed prudent or safe to keep him at Agra, lest the populace should pity his case, become interested in his favor, and attempt to rescue him from imprisonment. In addition, he told her that strict and positive orders had been recently issued to the governor of Allahabad for the erection of suitable edifices beyond the walls of the town for the custody of the prince and his family, and that there were no means of access to him, as he was guarded with the utmost care and vigilance; nor was there any chance of his being seen, except on occasions of festivals, when he was permitted to make his appearance at *Durbar*, but only as a prisoner, in order to humble his pride, and degrade him in the eyes of the people. This was sad news to both, and especially to Inderbassee, who was exceedingly desirous of seeing Khoosroo, and she taxed her ingenuity to the utmost to contrive a plan for gaining admittance, in some disguise, into the presence of the prince, or at any rate for obtaining a sight of him, though only for a while. Several schemes occurred to her imagination, and she, at length, fixed upon one as the most feasible.

It was soon rumoured, that on the seventh day of the next new moon, a grand *nauteh* would be given at the palace, and a splendid display of fire works take place in the courtyard at night in honor of the

birth-day anniversary of prince Kurreem. This event seemed to furnish Inderbassee with the opportunity sought for with a view to carry her plan into execution. Having, therefore, ascertained the name and residence of the best of the several *Taaeffas* engaged for the occasion, she called upon it, and having exhibited her style of performance, found no difficulty in enlisting herself as one of the dancers.

On the appointed evening, Inderbassee proceeded to the house of the *Taaeffa*, to which she had engaged herself, and joining the party who were ready to set off, accompanied them to the palace. She had changed her dress; but instead of choosing the garb of a female preferred and wore the apparel of a boy; which, however inconsistent with her sex, seemed to suit her youth and to set off her beauty admirably well. She had on a pair of scarlet silk trowsers, and a crimson muslin *paishwauz*, both adorned at the edge with silver fringes. A turban of the same colour concealed her long black hair, except a few curls which escaped from beneath its folds and hung down to her shoulders, and over the nape of her fair and highly polished neck, which was also decorated with a string of diamonds and pearls, while her slender wrists and finely-formed ankles were incircled with rings of gold. Inderbassee looked enchanting in this metamorphosis, and probably many young creatures mistaking her sex, sighed for her in secret, and would have thought her affections cheaply purchased at any price.

The report of the *tummashah* had spread 'far and wide,' and, as usual, collected a vast concourse of spectators in front of the royal mansion; and not being permitted to enter within, they stood outside, quietly listening to the strains of music which sounded within, and patiently waiting to witness the pyrotechnic exhibition, when it should take place, and which was prepared on the grandest scale known before. The illumination too was exceedingly splendid. Lighted lamps, arranged in different and fantastic figures, cast such a broad glare around for a considerable distance, as almost to convert night into day. The combined effect of the music and illumination was so wonderful, that acclamations of *Wah, wah, shabbas, shabbas*, simultaneously burst from the lips of the assembled multitude at short intervals, and disturbed the birds from their roosts on the trees in the palace garden.

It was at an advanced stage of the night that the *taaeffa*, to which Inderbassee belonged, was called up; and, naturally timid, as well as unused to such a crowd, she came forward with 'fainting steps and slow':—her countenance was pale from fear, and her eyes cast down from modesty. Every one gazed at her with an admiration which was expressed in low whispers, at her beauty and generally engaging appearance. Jhanggeer, the lord of the world, as his name implied, dressed in a suit of silver cloth and glittering with jewels, was seated on the peacock throne, attentively scanning the features and figure of the new performer; on his right leaned his second son, prince Kurreem, afterwards Shah Jehan, attired in an equally gorgeous suit; but the place on his left, which, on account of his degradation, had been assigned to Khoosroo, was vacant, as overcome by his feelings he had retired for awhile. When Inderbassee had sufficiently recovered from her perturbation, she ventured to raise her head, and throw a furtive glance around in search of the object of her anxiety, but who was himself utterly unconscious of her presence, without discover-

ing him among the number of Oomras, Emirs, and Courtiers who thronged the court to excess.

After all the other dancers had done, Inderbassee rose in her turn, and such was the skill and grace with which she performed her part that she was greeted with reiterated shouts of applause. The acclamations served but to inspire her with fresh animation and confidence, and she exerted herself to such a degree, as happily to succeed in affording the highest gratification to every one. Even Jehangeer, who had according to eastern etiquette, hitherto preserved an austere and a dignified deportment, could not refrain from freely expressing his satisfaction at Inderbassee's performance, which he loudly declared had never been seen equalled. Exclamations of *Wah, wah, shabbas, shabbas, keeah khoob, keeah khoob*, involuntarily burst from time to time from the lips of the audience, and gifts of considerable value were heaped upon Inderbassee by way of reward and encouragement.

Khoosroo returned and resumed his seat. He saw Inderbassee, but was unable to recognize her in the disguise she had assumed. The exertion she had made had flushed her countenance with a roseate bloom, and communicated a more than common lustre to her eyes, which added much to the natural fascination of her charms; and she went through all the mazes of the dance with matchless skill and unrivalled excellence. Her cheeks were tinged with a crimson hue; her body undulated like the wavings of the cypress, and her bosom heaved and fell like the swell of the sea; her eyes sparkled with the brilliancy of the diamond, and her feet moved to the cadence of music like the graceful motions of the antelope, or what would be more appropriate to say, like the soft, but quick, tread of a fairy: and when she raised her arms aloft,

so round, so fair
So delicate, it look'd as it were
Made of soft moon beams; on her cheek
The blushes burn, and breathe and speak;
The smile comes from her ruby lips,
Like the sun rushing from Eclipse;
And floats the perfume in her hair,
For careless hearts, a fatal snare.
Protect him Alla! who may chance
To be a youthful stander by,
As in the slow, the graceful dance
She shoots the lightning of her eye;
And when her voice of music flows,
Like the richest odour from the rose,
Let not her notes of magic dart
Too deep into her hearer's heart.*

Khoosroo sighed, probably from a sense of his degradation, which he could not, from the sensitive feelings he possessed, but feel most keenly, as he was made a public spectacle of shame by the secret advice of his brother. The sigh was deep and heavy; it came from the core of his heart, which was oppressed with sorrow and melancholy, and reached

* Some verses were repeated to me in this place by my informant, but I have unfortunately forgotten them; and as I do not pretend to possess the gift of poesy and cannot, therefore, substitute any thing original in their room, I have, with a view to supply the omission, borrowed the above lines from a late East Indian bard, too well known to his countrymen to require to be named; the more so as they, in some respects express the sentiments embodied in the poetry that was recited to me. The same explanation will, it is hoped, account and apologize for the quotation of the passage introduced in a previous part of this tale.

Inderbassee's ear just as she had finished the last stanza of a song, purposely addressed to the unhappy prince, and completed a beautiful, but difficult evolution of the dance, which was followed with reiterated clappings of the hand. She raised her eyes, and they lighted on the wan and saddened features of the unfortunate *Shazada*, who gazed with a fixed, but unmeaning, stare at the performer. She perceived his hands were manacled with a massy chain of gold, and his legs secured with fetters of silver, clearly indicating that he was in disgrace.

The circumstance that Khoosroo was present, and a witness of her exhibition, cheered her spirits and increased her animation, so as to make her exert her best skill to please *him* above all, for whose sake she had abandoned the home of her childhood, and where, till now, she had enjoyed that peace and happiness, which are to be found, even in the humble dwelling of the poor and the indigent, and equally in the still humbler shed of the mendicant. Depressed as Khoosroo was in his mind by a sense of his degradation, he was, notwithstanding, somewhat delighted with the performance, which he thought was not only unsurpassed but unequalled, except by that of one alone, when he recollected, and he could not but remember it, the scene he had witnessed on the night on which he had accompanied Hoossainee, whether in sober reality, or in a delusive dream, to the Court of Indra : but that being he knew was far, far away ; and he again sighed, and a few burning tears coursed down his pallid cheeks. Hoossainee's disguise effectually prevented her being recognized by the prince, while he was himself, of course, perfectly known to her ; and it seemed neither prudent, nor did it comport with her design or inclination to disclose herself to him at that time.

Jehangeer was in raptures ; he pulled off a large emerald ring from his finger and flung it to Inderbassee, who immediately stooped, picked up the jewel, and retreated. Next followed a rich Cashmere shawl, embroidered at the edges and borders with gold thread intermixed with pearls and precious stones of a small size, and tastefully worked into different kinds of flowers. After some minutes the emperor pulled off a diamond necklace and threw it over Inderbassee's head, as she advanced towards him in one of the mazes of the *nautch*, till Jehangeer overcome with transports of delight demanded of Inderbassee to ask any thing she pleased, and promised that her wish, however extravagant, should be gratified, at whatever cost. This was the moment for which Inderbassee had long patiently watched and waited : she bent half her body and made a low *tuslemaut*, or obeisance, and in that posture declared, in a soft and modest tone, that she would be contented with the gold chain and silver fetters worn by Khoosroo. Jehangeer was unprepared for such a request, which was wholly unexpected, and remained silent for a while ; but he had passed his royal word, and could not retract it without disgrace. Prince Kurreem was both surprised and angry, and would have indignantly ordered the audacious boy to be turned out, but policy obliged him to smother his resentment for the present, and Jehangeer, after a little reflection, and apparently ashamed of his hesitation, gave orders for the chain and fetters to be knocked off, and given to Inderbassee. They were the only gifts she prized, and she cheerfully resigned all the other costly ones to her companions, who praised her generosity,

and by no means regretted her choice. The emperor retired towards morning, and the assembly immediately broke up and dispersed. Inderbasseee also returned to her lodgings in the Serai, overjoyed with having seen Khoosroo.

For some days the subject of general conversation was about Inderbasseee's performance, and the most unbounded panegyrics were lavished on its style. Inquiry was made after the new dancer, who, strange to say, was quite unknown in the city; indeed, he had not even been heard of before; nor could any one say whence he had come, for she was believed to be a boy, and whither he had suddenly disappeared. Though she was diligently sought after, yet she could be found no where, so effectually had her disguise concealed her sex. It is true that she daily mingled with people in ordinary intercourse, but her present change precluded recognition, and Inderbasseee was not inclined to gratify public curiosity by discovering herself. Having had but one object of paramount interest in view, and that object having been accomplished in some measure, she was contented to sink into her former obscurity and retirement.

A strict watch was kept over Khoosroo since his fetters were knocked away, and his confinement, before sufficiently irksome, was now rendered more galling, by all communication even with his family being positively cut off. The unnatural jealousy of his brother had suggested the adoption of the above precaution as necessary to the security of the prisoner, and it made the situation of the unfortunate prince almost unendurable. The few indulgences, which had hitherto been shewn to him, were withdrawn, and Khoosroo was subjected to stricter scrutinies, severer privations, and greater hardships.

On the receipt of intelligence from *Praag*, that the structures intended for Khoosroo's confinement, as a state criminal, were completed, a royal *farman* was issued for his removal to that place. In a few days, he commenced his journey escorted by a large body of horsemen, who had received private orders from Prince Kurreem to cut him down, if he attempted to make his escape. It may well be imagined, that Inderbasseee and her father, as a matter of course, followed in the prince's train, and occasionally, when Khoosroo felt so disposed, the former was called upon to sing and play before him for his diversion; but even music with all the charms and influence ascribed to it could not chase away the grief and melancholy, which, since his last discomfiture, and more particularly on account of the indignities which had been heaped upon him from that period, had preyed upon his mind. Nothing of any note occurred on the progress to Allahabad, where Khoosroo arrived in a little more than a month. The buildings were erected beyond the precincts of the town, and enclosed by high walls on all sides. They were four in number, constructed of large slabs of stones hewn and brought from hills at a distance of twenty four miles, and looked more like mosques or mausoleums than edifices intended for imprisonment. Although a very close surveillance was maintained over Khoosroo, yet he was so far left at liberty as to be permitted to walk all over the garden, which was named after him, Sultan Khoosroo's garden, and stocked with all sorts of flowerplants, and fruit trees; but he was, under no pretence, to be allowed to extend his excursion beyond its limits, since the ground was sufficiently spacious for exercise.

At this juncture Khoosroo's own personal retinue consisted of only a few old servants, and fewer adherents who were zealously and faithfully attached to him, but who had perseveringly followed him through all the phases of his fortune, and who clung to him most tenaciously under every reverse of the same. His wife and children were permitted to accompany him, and they by their constant and unremitting attention and endearments, contributed much to soothe his feelings; but they were lodged, in accordance to oriental custom, in separate apartments built within a few paces of those occupied by him. Once lodged safely within the walls of his prison, no restrictions were deemed necessary to be put upon their intercourse with each other; and this was an indulgence, which judging from prince Kurree'm's temper and policy, was scarcely to be expected, but which tended somewhat to make their situation tolerable, and to reconcile them to their destiny. Domestic joys and comforts supply the surest alleviation to human misery, and enable the sufferer to support himself with comparative unconcern the sharpest affliction, which would, under other circumstances, overwhelm his spirit and crush him under its weight.

Khoosroo had been some months in durance, when a report, one day, accidentally reached him, that the emperor was so seriously ill that faint hopes were entertained of his recovery. This, indeed, was sad news to him, and it filled his heart with the deepest grief; for he had every reason to dread, that if his father died while he continued in confinement, his wily brother would, undoubtedly, take advantage of his absence, create a feeling in favor of his own pretensions, and usurp the throne. He likewise feared, that in such a case, not only would his own hopes of succession be utterly cut off, but, in all probability, his very safety would be hazarded by the ambitious designs of his crafty brother. His apprehensions on these scores were but too justly founded; for immediately after the emperor's indisposition, and consequent incapability to manage the affairs of the state, as well as on learning the opinion of the physicians that he would not survive many days, Prince Kurree'm had despatched an express to his Agents at Allahabad to murder Khoosroo and his whole family; and it need scarcely be told how strictly those injunctions were obeyed, as the sequel will shew.

Khoosroo, as may be supposed, formed many schemes for his escape, but failed in all his attempts to effect it, so narrowly was he watched. Since the receipt of the above instructions the guards had been doubled, and every species of annoyance was practised to vex and harass him. He, however, bore these cruelties with patience, in the expectation that an opportunity would yet offer for his liberation, and then he would take care to avenge on his enemies the wrongs they now heaped on him. But no such opportunity ever presented itself, and Khoosroo was compelled to submit to all the barbarities which they chose to inflict upon him and his innocent family without murmuring.

Since receiving information of the sickness of the emperor, Khoosroo had once or twice observed sparks of fire emitted from the stamp of the Prophet's hand as prognostications of coming misfortune; but had paid no particular heed to the warning.* One bright and clear evening, he was seated on a *tuckpost*, listen-

* The Prophet Ali was one of the most zealous converts of Mahomet, and the latter was so fond of him, that he gave him his daughter Fatima in marriage. Ali had two

ing, in a pensive mood, to one of Inderbassee's enchanting songs, accompanied by the sweet strains of her guitar. It was a lovely night; the beautiful stars twinkled in the sky, which glittered so brilliantly that it seemed to have caught, as it were, a glow from the smile of an angel, and transmitted it in pure charity to this dark world of ours. The moon flung a broad stream of silver light on its sister planet below, also transforming it into its own glorious image; a gentle breeze rustled among the foliage of the trees, which flourished in rich luxuriance in the garden, and were laden, some with blossoms tinted with a variety of hues, and others with fruit of the most luscious taste: in a word, it appeared as if nature kept a holiday in celebration of the anniversary of her nativity. Oh! who could think that such a night, and amidst such a scene, as this, the bewitching influence of which, one would suppose, possessed sufficient power to touch and soften the heart of a fiend, but which should yet fall coldly and apathetically on that of man, more cruel and deadly in his revenge than demons, could be selected to perpetrate deeds of horror and darkness, from which the spirits of the damned would perhaps recoil with disgust, and at sight of which hell itself would shudder and shriek with agony; but man, man could commit them, not only with indifference, but also with exultation.

For a while, the most profound stillness reigned in the garden. Encouraged by the silence, Inderbassee mechanically raised her eyes towards the heavens, and observed a large star standing directly over Khoosroo's head. It seemed more than commonly lustrous that night, for it was Inderbassee's favorite planet, and she had often gazed at it with pleasure and delight. It alternately diminished and increased in size, and was at last suddenly eclipsed, when a low hissing sound was heard, and sparks of fire were again seen to issue from the stamp of Ali's hand. Though the Prince continued unmoved, Inderbassee was evidently alarmed; yet even she, after a few seconds, recovered her composure, and recommenced singing and playing. Khoosroo's feelings were touched, and seizing Inderbassee by her wrist, stared wildly at her, and demanded to know who and what she was. Inderbassee made no reply, but gently disengaging her hand from Khoosroo's grasp, put it in her bosom, and drawing thence the gold chain and silver fetters, held them up to his view.

'Ha!' exclaimed the Prince, 'where did'st thou get those vile things; speak; say, where hadst thou them?'

Inderbassee again returned no answer; but turning her head aside and wiping off the ashes and vermillion which stained her face, stood revealed before the astonished Prince in all her native and unrivalled charms the maid of the rock of Colgong.

Khoosroo was amazed beyond measure, and with feelings of joy and delight exclaimed, 'Hoossainee.' Scarcely, however, had that endeared,

sons by her, named Hussun and Hoossain, both of whom suffered martyrdom for the sake, as it is said, of their religion; but who, in reality, fell victims to the just revenge of the rebel Yezed, as he is stigmatized by some, on account of the elder brother presuming to contract a marriage with a woman, to whom he was himself previously engaged, but who, from the natural fickleness of her sex, preferred Hussun to him. Perhaps it is not generally known that there is a class of women, who are followers of Fatima, and who have vowed to lead a life of single blessedness. The order in question consists chiefly of widows, and their mode of living, after they have taken the vows, is extremely rigid; for they seldom mix in society, and only frequent houses when particular occasion calls them; are very abstemious in their meals; perform all the domestic offices, wear no fine clothes or ornaments, reject all luxuries, and cheerfully submit to every kind of privation.

that most loved name passed his lips, when the stamp of the Prophet's hand appeared enveloped in a flame, as betokening some serious and near calamity. Khoosroo looked aghast: the sitar dropped from Hoossainee's grasp, and uttering a scream, she sunk on the floor. In the next instant a loud and piercing shriek was heard, and in an other moment Khoosroo's eldest daughter Bunnoo, a fairy-like girl, and about thirteen years of age, rushed into his presence with a wide gash inflicted on her bosom, and blood bubbling in torrents from the wound. In silent and unspeakable agony, the wretched father clasped his favorite and dying child to his breast, and Bunnoo, convulsively clinging to him, faintly articulated,—‘My mother! oh! my mother, my mother; my little brothers and sisters,—all, all are butchered,’ and expired without further struggle. Where is the pen that can describe with the truth and fidelity of nature the anguish which tore and racked Khoosroo's mind—that was so harrowed up, at the same time, as to deprive him of the power of utterance, and even to deny him the relief which tears often bring. He laid the cold and stiffening form of Bunnoo on the *tuckpost*, and stooped to imprint a father's last kiss on her livid lips, wash her pale cheeks with a fathers' last tears, and breathe a parent's parting prayer over his dead child. Hardly had these last, sad, and mournful duties been paid; hardly had the accent of the last word died away; hardly had the last sigh been breathed, when Khoosroo, as he was in the act of rising himself received a wound in his back; and before he could turn round to seize the treacherous and cowardly assassin, and grapple with him, the blow was repeated by another hand, and Khoosroo fell on the body of his daughter, gasped, and ceased to live. Hoossainee beheld the dreadful tragedy without being able to stir, or utter a syllable for some moments; she then wrung her hands, pulled off her hair, beat her breast, and flung herself on the corpse of her lover, clinging to it with such a convulsiveness that it was with the utmost difficulty she could be forced, and dragged away from it.

From that fatal night, Hoossainee was bereft of her senses, became a maniac, and fled no one knew or could tell where. The bodies of Khoosroo and Bunnoo who was most lovely even in death, and mocked living beauty, were interred on the spot where they expired, and those of his wife and other children in the building lately tenanted by them.

After many months, Hoossainee was found one morning dead on Khoosroo's tomb, and buried along side of it. Her father having returned to Colgong, was, after the lapse of years, swallowed up alive by a Boa Constrictor.

Sultan Khoosroo's garden, at one time reported to be in a flourishing state, indeed the best in the city, is now in a ruinous condition. Since Allahabad passed into the possession of the British, this once beautiful place has been gradually decaying, so that, at present, it retains merely the name and appearance of a garden. It is farmed out by the Government, which does not blush to allow itself to be called liberal, at an annual rent of seven hundred rupees, and the farmer complains that his contract has proved any thing but a profitable speculation to him. A great part of the ground is sown with *Bayrah* and other kinds of grain according to the different seasons of the year, which with the fruits and vegetables produced, though in scanty supplies from want of proper cultivation owing to the natural aridity of the soil, and the scarcity of water, which is drawn from a depth of fifty to sixty feet, yield but small gain. Garden produce is cheap in the Upper Provinces, from the absence of demand to any great extent for the same. Almost every house has a garden attached to it, stocked with a variety of fruit trees and producing vegetables of all kinds, so that the tenant is supplied with all that he requires for his table from his own ground, and has seldom occasion to send to the market for any thing.

THE RAJPOOTNEE :
A TALE BY "EX SPES."

There are they met—the young and fond—
That such should ever meet to part !
One hour is their's, and all beyond,
A chaos of the heart :—
She hears him yet his softest sigh—
The breathing of his lowest word—
Sounds that, by her, beneath the sky,
Shall never more be heard.

T. K. Hervey.

It was a dark, tempestuous night : black, murky, dingy clouds swept across the wide expanse of heaven, the breeze howled and whistled through the branches of the banian and almond, not a star was to be seen ; the lightning in its bright career gleamed across the sky, and the deep thunder growled from pole to pole. It was a fearful night. The waves of the swift flowing and noble Nerbudda danced and bounded hither and thither, as they flew on their headlong way, washing with fierce roar the walls of the town of Hossungabad. But the shrill whistling of the wind, and the rattling thunder could not awe love with subjection, for a light fairy figure stepped from out the thick foliage that skirts the river, and stood on the margin of the stream. Her foot rested at the water's edge, one small hand lay on her breast, and the other pressed her throbbing brow. Her jetty and sleek hair, gathered in interminable folds, lay in a large knot on her back. Dark as was the night, those bright, glistening, oriental eyes were enabled to dispel the thick gloom that immediately surrounded her. She gazed on the waves as they rushed over her foot, then looking up at the angry face of heaven, she gave vent to her feelings in the following strains. Melancholy as the dole of the vesper bells from some old Gothic tower arose the sound of that sweet voice, at which the storm even hushed its uproar.

Faded are our sister flowers,
Witherd all and gone,
In the meadows, in the bowers
We are left alone ;
Wishing while within its cover
Each wan flower withdrew ;
That like those whose life was over
We had wither'd too.
But the air a soothing ditty
Whispered silently,
How that love and gentlest pity
Still abode with thee.

She ceased—she started. With lips apart and finger upraised, she stood in the attitude of the deepest attention. It was not long before a deep manly voice concluded the strain,

How thy very presence ever
Shed a sunny glow,
And where thou wast smiling, never
Tears were seen to flow.

The foliage was pushed aside, and a young Mahommedan stood on the green sward before her. She bounded towards him as he met her half way, and flinging his arms around her lovely neck, he held her in his

ardent embrace. Imprinting a long and burning kiss on her clear and haoble forehead, "your song was sad, my Seetah. What untoward event has caused chill melancholy to hold that otherwise light and gladsome resart in his cursed thrall?" and drawing her tenderly towards him, she

ted her throbbing temples on his broad and manly breast. mi "Dark forebodings of the future, my loved Vuzeer, swept across my lisnd. You know, alas, too well, that my stern, haughty father will never voten to our union. If he even should suspect that I have listened to the nows of a Mahommedan, my days are numbered. He is a Rajpoot and of th mean class. My Vuzeer, my heart misgives me sore. Even the elements aircaten destruction to us. Hark they rage and shriek, as if 'conscious of sur sin! Not, Vuzeer, that I deem it such to hear thy loved voice; for it o as sweet as angels' whisper; but—yet—yet—there is a sinking of my soul within me—Oh if I have done what should not be, Krishna pardon me."

"Banish these empty shadows from your brain, my Seetah; for my sword shall extort from thy father what my love may fail to procure."

"You would not—would not?—said Seetah—"draw your sword on my father! Oh retract—retract those fearful words, for they chill me! Fate is against us, Vuzeer; but without thee what should I be? Oh I tremble, Vuzeer, at my Father's rage on the discovery of our loves."

"Fly, then, with me" cried Vuzeer. "Fly, then, with me my beloved Seetah. My horse stands hard by—Hark! how he paws the ground. A few short moments and you are beyond your Father's reach and then oh joy! Seetah will be mine for ever."

"No—no," cried Seetah. "I cannot, dare not leave him without one word of kindness, of farewell to so kind a father. We could not be happy under his curse; for he a Rajpoot will never be able to bear the stain my marrying a Mahommedan will bring on his house, and in the moment of anger he will curse his only daughter. No, I must not, I ought not. Ask him—implore him to consent to our union, picture my misery to him without you, draw upon his feelings as a father and he will surely relent."

"Do not I also, my Seetah? set at naught all the prejudices of my race to be happy with thee; Oh, who could tend me so faithfully as Seetah. Again think you that a Rajpoot is so easily won from his resolution—he would rather see you dead, Seetah, than my bride. The name of a Mussulman is odious and painful to his ear; is it likely then, he will see you the wife of such a one? You might as well attempt to turn the planets from their course, as a man of his sect from his purpose."

"Then let us part and forget—what do I say? No, not forget; for that is impossible; but let us resign each other up and bow to the strokes of Fate."

"Never! never! Seetah. You shall be mine in spite of all the powers of heaven and hell." He strained her with vehemence to his breast. "Your loved image," said he, "is too fondly, too deeply cut in every nerve of this beating heart, to be ever eradicated." Then stamping fiercely on the ground, "You shall be mine—you shall be mine, Seetah, if heaven and earth come together."

Seetah shuddered at his vehemence, and at what she deemed his impiety, but said nothing. At length disengaging herself from his warm embrace,

"It waxes late," said she, "and we must part, my Vuzeer. May angels guard and bless you." With one kiss on her exquisitely chiselled lips, the lovers departed; the young Mahommedan vaulted on his horse and the lovely Rajpootnee wended her solitary way homewards, musing on her unhappy situation. She saw herself in a dark, horrible gulf of uncertainty, and no outlet appeared that she may fly through it, and no

"Star,
Arose on her darkness and guided her home."

On one side stood her love for the young, the handsome Vuzeer Khan, his nobleness, his rank, his generosity, and, above all, his undoubted love for her. On the other stood the grim Rajpoot father, with all his prejudices, all his pride, his love for his only daughter, his consequent anxiety for her welfare, his entire subjection to the priests of his caste, his utter abhorrence of a Moslem, and all that savoured of Mahommetanism, and, above all, his resolution to wed her to a distant relation, one, who to personal deformity added a mean, cringing, avaricious spirit, one who could not appreciate the loveliness of Seetah,

"This light of love the purity of grace
The mind, the music, breathing from her face,"

but as pertaining to the object—not of his love—but of his lust. Seetah shuddered at the horrid picture her "heat oppressed brain" had conjured up, for she

"Had thought,
Too long and darkly, till her brain became,
In its own eddy, boiling and over wrought."

She had now reached her dwelling, and with a heavy heart she tried to "woo her pillow."

Seetah arose early next morning feverish and harrassed, for her mind was ill at ease. The storm had passed away, and all again looked cheerful and happy where late was contention and strife among the elements. In short, nature laughed till her sides ached. Seetah, as I said before, rose early and taking a little frankincense from an ebony box, that stood in the corner of the apartment, she stole gently from the house, fearful of rousing her father, who yet slept in "calm repose." No sooner out of the house; than Seetah hurried on, nor stopped till she reached the little door of a temple that stood not far from her Father's residence. She waited at the threshold to recover herself; then entering with faltering steps and beating heart, she placed her little offering at the base of the immense idol, which with its colossal dimensions, stood glaring at her in the grey light of the early dawn. She bowed her head before the grim statue, and with throbbing heart, repeated her morning orison. She was about to rise, when footsteps were heard approaching, and the venerable form of the Priest stood beside her. He looked at her kindly for a short time; then said, "Seetah you are out betimes this morning; sure something very unusual must have occurred to have brought you so early to this holy shrine. Besides, I now remember, that for some time past you have looked ill, as if you were labouring under the sickness of the soul, and I am also sorry to observe, you have not been so punctual in your visits to this temple. Something grievous must sit heavily on your soul. Tell me, then, all, and you shall have an old man's prayers, and an old man's blessing if it will avail you.

any thing." Seetah was won by the old man's kindness, who seating himself beside her, repeated his request. She cast her eyes to the ground ; they seemed to fill to overflowing, till bowing her head on her knees she gave way to the emotions that filled her aching heart by a flood of tears. The venerable priest was touched by her seemingly unhappy situation ; he gently took her hand in his, and stroking back the silky locks from her gentle forehead, " Poor Seetah," said he ; " to what am I to attribute these burning tears ? Do not sob so heavily, my child : tell me all that has befallen thee, and I shall endeavour to pour into thy heart the balm of consolation." Seetah raised her head " alas father, I cannot say whether I have sinned or not, I am wretched ! Oh very wretched, surrounded on all sides by gloomy uncertainty !"

" What are they, my sweet child ?" said the man. " Perhaps I may be able to clear the path of those briars that enter those gentle feet." Seetah again bowed her head through terror and anxiety, and could only say, " He loves me, father he loves me."

" Oh, it is as I guessed," said the old man, smiling ; " set your heart at rest, child, set your heart at rest. It is true, your father intends you should wed a distant relation, but he will not make you miserable by uniting thee to one whom thou dost not love. Let me know, then, the object of thy affections. I trust he is no scapegrace, for such beauty as your's, my child, was not given you by the gods to be cast away recklessly. Who then, my child, is this individual ?

" Oh ask me not—ask me not."

" Nay, my child, I have not asked you from mere curiosity, but through anxiety for thy welfare. Thou art the loveliest and best behaved maiden in all this populous town of Hossingabad, and thou must not throw thyself away. Let me, then, direct thee."

But my father, spurn me not, oh have pity," shrieked Seeta, in the extremity of terror " he is of another creed, but he is—

" What !" shouted the old man, rising suddenly, and retreating from her side, as if pollution was in her touch. Seetah hid her face in her hands, then wringing them, she knelt before the aged man and attempted to clasp him round the knees, but he, eluding her grasp, she fell on the floor on her face. The Priest relented, and walking swiftly to her side, he raised her from the ground.

" Oh, my father," cried Seetah, flinging herself before him, while the tears coursed each other down her lovely cheeks, " Oh, my father, though a Mussulman, he is indeed all that's good. There is naught evil in his nature ? he does not laugh at or deride the Hindoo's god and—and—he loves me : you will not separate us surely, my father, and oh, strengthen and advise. I am wretched, very wretched."

" My daughter," said the old man, " if thy father should hear this accursed tale, he will destroy thee, and then that manly heart would be crushed by remorse, till it groaned and burst—and it will be thy handy work. Thou wilt break the heart of him who gave thee birth, played with thee, fondled thee, nourished thee. Think, Seeta, think how his heart must have swelled with tender hopes, as he perceived thy infant beauty budding forth, and bursting into womanly loveliness under his fostering hand. Think to thyself, imagine, if thou canst, the exquisite feeling of

pleasure he must have experienced as he saw in thy tender form the future prop and solace of his years of dotage and second childishness. Now Seetah, wilt thou now turn and sting him?"

"Mercy—mercy,"—was all the wretched girl could utter.

"Pray for strength and mercy to thy god, thou, deluded girl, and then depart homeward and endeavour to eradicate this fatal attachment; for, by Kali, I trust, it has not been of so long a standing as to be irremediable." Having said this he retired, and the unhappy Seetah prostrated herself before the shrine; but for some time to pray was impossible, for an acute sense of desolation and agony rendered utterance hopeless, and naught could be heard but

———"Choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated."———

At length her emotion faintly subsided, and she poured forth her supplications to the senseless image before her; but yet, by some fatality, her thoughts were wafted to other scenes, and other individuals. Arising dissatisfied with her attempt, she bent her steps homewards, and with a breaking heart she sat down at the window. She had been there but for a short time, when the venerable form of the priest was seen walking towards her father's dwelling. There was no doubt as to his purpose, and Seetah resting her head on the window, still pressed her burning temples. At length, the priest was seen to enter the dwelling, and Seetah listened with painful intensity to the slightest sound. A death-like stillness reigned around: naught was to be heard, but the palpitation of her own heart, which beat heavily against its prison. The light chirp of the cricket grated on her ear. The suspense was dreadful—she rose—she paced the room with hurried and agitated steps—then went towards the door and with her ear to the chink, listened attentively. Still naught but a deep whispering was to be heard. She returned to her chair, and resting her chin on her arm, she sat the image of despair. Every nerve was strung to an acuteness almost insupportable, and the rattle of her bangles (at other times unnoticed) pierced her ear. At length, the heavy tramp of man fell on her ear, and writhing under fear and anguish, Seetah buried her face on her lap. The door of her apartment was dashed open, and an individual of about thirty years of age, short, robust and sturdy, entered the room. It was Gopal Rao, the father of Seetah. The unfortunate girl raised her head, and met the gaze of an infuriated parent. Every feature was distorted with rage, his hands crossed over his heaving breast, his heavy, dismal scowl, the fire-darting eyes that flashed beneath his shaggy brows, the teeth clenched, the lips compressed till the blood almost started, all tended to horrify the poor girl. At length, striding towards her he took her by the arm, and raising her, "Look at me," came deep and husky between his ground teeth. Seetah dropped her hands and raised her burning, swimming eyes to the face of her parent. "Seetah thou hast dared to hear the vows of the contemner of the gods of the Hindoo: thou hast dared to avow a reciprocal attachment; thou hast brought a stain on my name, Seetah, which all the perfumes of Arabia cannot remove; and now mark my words, deluded girl, "cried he, grasping her fiercely by her arm," mark my words. "You must—you shall awake to a sense of the awful depth of the chasm on which you stand, you cannot, mark me, you cannot, you dare not wed the miscreant who has deceived thee. Dost understand?"

To-morrow, aye to-morrow night sees thee the bride of Krishna Rao. Let my words sink into thy soul, for, by the gods above, I'll adhere to my purpose, tho' I were to see thee a ghastly corpse at my feet." Saying this, he strode towards the door, which he closed with a violence which resounded through the building. Seetah

—stood a moment as a Pythoness
 Stands on her tripod, agonized, and full
 Of inspiration gathered from distress,
 When all the heartstrings, like wild horses, pull
 The heart asunder ;—then as more or less
 Their speed abated, or their strength grew dull,
 She sunk down on her knees by slow degrees,
 And bow'd her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.
 Her face declined, and was unseen ;—her hair
 Fell in long tresses, like the weeping willow,
 Sweeping the marble beneath her chair,
 Or rather sofa,—and black despair
 Stood up and down her bosom like a billow,
 Which rushes to some shore where struggles check
 Its farther course, but must receive its wreck."

As may well be expected, Seetah passed a most wretched day. At length, the "shades of evening closed o'er her," and with them came the detested Krishna Rao. He solicited an interview, it was denied ; and her father resolved *not* to compel her to it, assuring Krishna that the next eve should see her his. Hours were passed by the father and Krishna concerning the coming event, till the lateness of the time advised them to retire, one to his troublesome, painful thoughts, amongst which his daughter's misery rose before him in all its hideous colors, and the other to clutch in imagination, the perfect form and rich dower of Seetah. When all were hushed in sleep, Seetah, after muttering a prayer for safety, stole gently out to the spot where she was accustomed to meet Vuzeer. The night was as lovely as herself. On her reaching the place, she perceived Vuzeer reclining against an aged almond tree, gazing wistfully on the clear, broad Nerbudda, now flowing gently on its way. The light step of his adored, awoke him from his revery, and bounding forwards, he held her in his fond embrace. Seetah sighed heavily as she thought that all this happiness, this bright vision was to fade before her, and "leave not a rack behind." Vuzeer observed that sigh. "What ! sighing again Seetah," said he, "then I am, indeed, unfortunate, surely most unhappy in not meriting (as it would seem) thy entire confidence. Why this reluctance to instruct me, to inform me of thy misfortune; for who but I should share it?"

"Alas ! Vuzeer," said Seetah, "I never thought thou wert so dear to me as I now feel thou art, when I am about to lose thee and that, for ever. Vuzeer, to-night we part, never more to meet."

The young Mussulman started back, and gazed on Seetah, as with trembling knees and tearful eyes she stood before him.

"What do I hear, Seetah—sure you jest ; answer, love?"

"No, Vuzeer ; it were sad to jest on such a topic, but the gods have declared against us. To-morrow night, Vuzeer, sees me the bride of another !" He staggered towards the almond tree. He clasped his hands over his face, and then pressed his bosom with frightful vehemence, as if he felt his heart would burst through the intensity of the blow. Poor Seetah was not the less affected ; she rushed towards him, and flinging her

exquisitely tapered arms around his neck, she wept aloud. Vuzeer quickly recovered himself, and drawing his keen-edged sword and resting the point on the ground, he took her by the waist and gazed intently on her face, as if he would pry into her most secret thoughts. To lose such heavenly beauty—the thought was intolerable; and for whom? a dastardly Hindoo! His breast heaved with fierce emotions, and imprinting a long and burning kiss, he disengaged himself from her embrace and whispering in her ear in the deep tones of despair, “We shall meet again never to part,” he rushed forward to his steed and mounted, the clattering of whose hoofs rung heavily on her ear, till they died away in the distance. Seetah sat herself at the foot of the old almond tree, and looked at the broad river flowing before her. She tried, in vain, to account for Vuzeer’s sudden departure; she knew that something dreadful was intended, for that drawn sword, that fierce look, that withering scowl, and that burning kiss could not be mistaken. At length the silence of the night, the lovely splendor of the moon, the twinkling stars that form the “poetry of heaven,” the whispering winds that kissed her as they passed, the gentle ripple of the river, as it washed the shingles on its margin, all, all, conspired to soothe her agitated spirits. Rising, she walked slowly and musing as she went to her quiet home. Another miserable night, another miserable day were passed, and as the dreadful hour approached her feelings may better be imagined than described. In the evening her father entered her apartment, followed by the hated Krishna, who laid at her feet, trinkets studded with gems of value. Her father on their departure from the apartment, requested her to be ready by the following hour. Night had now covered this “nether world” with her “dusky mantle,” and the temple was richly lit up for the sacrifice. With a bursting heart, Seetah proceeded to array herself for the trying occasion, and when dressed, sat herself down and thought of her wretched lot. She trembled as she brought to mind the last words of Vuzeer. At length, the heavy stroke of the gong came swelling on her ear, and at that instant her father entered the apartment and briefly said, “Follow.” But a short time only elapsed before they entered the temple, and Seetah in vain looked around for Vuzeer, for she had a presentiment, that he would be there. More dead than alive, Seetah was borne to the altar by Krishna Rao. The service begun and in the midst of it, he had to place on the wrist of Seetah a silver bangle; but ere he had touched her hand, the door was burst open, and, being torn from its hinges by the violence of the blow, fell to the ground with a deafening crash. Vuzeer Khan, his drawn sabre in his hand, rushed in. To cut down the detested Krishna was the work of a second; but Gopal Rao seizing his daughter by the waist and plucking his poignard from its scabbard, placed it at her breast. “Fiend!” shouted he; “Fiend!” pollute not this holy place by thy execrated presence. Stand aside and let us pass, for if thou wilt but move a finger to impede our progress, Seetah is a corpse.” He made towards the door. Vuzeer though horrified at the prospect before him, stood still for a second, but seeing the object of his affections torn from him he rushed forward and stood at the threshold. “Unhand her, infatuated old man, unhand her, I say,” cried Vuzeer, in deep, hoarse accents, “or by the beard of Mahomet I will make thee as the

dust thou standst on. Dost perceive that wretched miscreant yet writhing in his agony? Look on him and see thy own fate if thou wilt persist in thy mad design."

"Unbelieving dog," shouted Gopal Rao; "I defy thee—I spit on thee—thus—thus. Again I say let me pass or you will rue it."

Vuzeer was racked by contending emotions. He might be the instrument of Seetah's death—and if he did not interpose, she was lost for ever. What was to be done? At length the voice of Seetah decided him. "Vuzeer—Vuzeer," shrieked she, "do you hesitate. Without you what is life?" He rushed madly, desperately forward; but ere he could raise his sword, the poignard of Gopal had thrice found a sheath on the "gently budding" breast of Seetah. Laying her at Vuzeer's feet, "Fend, see thy work," said Gopal Rao. "Now stand aside for I am desperate." Frantic with agony and despair, Vuzeer bounded towards the Rajpoot and closing with him a fearful struggle ensued. Vuzeer was young, but urged on by fury and desperate at the tragedy just enacted he had the strength of legions in his arm. Gopal was a sturdy, powerful Rajpoot, the death of his daughter had struck him to the core, and a fierce desire of revenge nerved his arm. Vuzeer had grasped Gopal with the clench of a vice, but he might as well have tried to compress the neck of a bull. Gopal's dagger was hurled to some distance, and Vuzeer's sword was broken to splinters in the struggle. In the manner of bears they hugged each other, tugging and straining, but yet with doubtful result. At length by dint of superior strength, and calling stratagem to his aid, Gopal floored his antagonist, and with the crash of an uprooted oak Vuzeer tumbled to the ground with his foe upon him. A grim smile of joy lit up the fierce features of the Rajpoot, and he rapidly followed up his blows. In the contest the body of the lovely Seetah was knocked hither and thither; neither party in their strife of hatred regarded it. Vuzeer, again grasped the neck of Gopal Rao—he compressed it with all the strength he was master of, till the Rajpoot grew black in the face. With a desperate effort, he freed himself from the Vuzeer's horrid gripe; and now they laid side by side, still struggling forcibly, looking into each other's eyes as the hot breath of each fanned his antagonist's face. At length Gopal felt a slight grasp laid on his shoulder, and turning round, he perceived the glazing eyes of Krishna fixed on him; who, with his utmost strength, handed him the poignard, and then with a horrid grin expired. A gleam of satisfaction flitted across the countenance of the Rajpoot, and Vuzeer driven to madness by his imminent danger, redoubled his efforts. However, Gopal quickly rose from his side and firmly grasping the poignard, buried it up to the hilt in his abdomen, and ripping it upwards, ceased not till its edge grated on the bone at the chest. With a deep groan Vuzeer turned on his face, and taking the cold body of Seetah by the neck, he faintly uttered, "One grave for us both," and breathed his last. The dead lay on the dead—they *had* met never to part.

To this day the inhabitants of Hossungabad point out a spot of ground which is held sacred by the recollection of the loves of Seetah Rao and Vuzeer Khan.

HEERA ; OR A TALE OF WOE.

I had a dream which was not all a dream."

CHAP. I. •

IN the course of my wanderings through some of the native Indian territories, I had occasion to call at the court and capital of the Rajah of——. This potentate was about to celebrate his nuptials with the daughter of an independant Hindoo Chief, or Jugeerdar, of very petty power, who by a refusal dared not disoblige his more dignified neighbour. The youthful princess, if such she may be termed, was his only child—his sole delight—the object for which he seemed alone to live, and in whom all his affections—the last of life was centered ; for the aged Jageerdar had outlived all his family and kindred, like some sole-surviving sycamore of one of his own hill forests ; and she his beautiful and only daughter was as the ivy, that cling round its aged trunk, the last rays of light and beauty that gild and glorified, after a day of storms, the setting of the western sun. Heera was hence the child of endearment and indulgence ; but indulgences and blandishments could not spoil a mind, which whilst it was by nature gifted with every feminine grace, was cast in a mould of strength and firmness far surpassing the calibre of the generality of native minds of either sex around her. Heera had, therefore, from these circumstances been indulged in greater latitude and license than the ordinary customs of the natives permitted to their females. She had acquired much of Mahomedan and Hindoo lore, and the history of her own country ; she had examined the religious creed of the pseudo-prophet of Mecca, after having intuitively rejected the wretched idolatrous chaos of her own ancestral mythology ; but from the native strength of her intellect, while she despised the latter, she turned with disgust, and horror from the sanguinary and bloated bigotry of the former. She had even paid visits to the European lady of the English Political Resident at a neighbouring court ; and from this pious and excellent lady had acquired an insight into the matters and customs, the reasoning and even the religion of the strangers of Europe. This led to an insatiable thirst in her mind after further knowledge, and she obtained permission for a future visit ; but ere that object could be accomplished, her generous English friend had left this world for a better, and Heera only found to her regret, that the widower had linked himself to a second marriage to a thing fair indeed, but one of fashion and frivolity, and possessed of a mind such as might animate a beautiful butterfly, without either education, purpose, or piety : and the elegant young Hindoo was disappointedly dismissed with the sapient and pious advice that, that creed was but adapted for each individual, to which the mere fortuitous chances of locality and nationality had attached him or her. It was not long after this period that Heera's hand was solicited in marriage.

When I entered the Rajah of——'s capital, I found myself amidst the suspended pomp and pageantry of a native Chieftain's wedding. The tinsel of gold and silver, of garlands and nowbut-khannahs every where met the eye, but there was a general silence, for the Hukeems had

despaired of their patient, and the betrothed and beautiful bride, the young Heera lay in the last stages of a bilious intermittent. The news had reached the court, that an European physician on his journey was passing through the capital. I was called in and my professional aid solicited. It pleased Providence to bless my efforts for the recovery of the Ranee. I shall not, however, forget the last interview I had with this extraordinary and lovely Hindoo female. I can picture her in my mind as before me at this moment ; her symmetrical figure and exquisite face. She had sent for me for some last professional advice, in the case of a future attack from the same complaint ; and to pay her debt of thanks and gratitude ; I found her reclining on an English sofa, and simply, but tastefully, garbed in the elegant drapery of her own oriental robes. Her form was sylph-like and delicate ; a tinge of rose was returning in the bloom of health to the beautiful brunette of her soft complexion ; there was the same exquisite expression of gentleness united with the native nobleness of her mind, beaming from the lineaments of her fine face, and lit up with—but how shall I describe it ?—with that eye—one, which of itself was a soul, fit for a Seraph ! I felt I saw for the first time “ the human countenance divine.” I had seen grace and elegance ; I had seen beauty in many climes and to various advantages, but never till now with that purity of simple, but sub lime, elegance ; with that intellectuality and spirituality, as if naught of mortal nature or human mixture had mingled with it or had, like the snake of Eden, passed its slime over its original loveliness. Reader, this thing of beauty was to be the victim of treachery and lust, of revenge and gory murder ; and the yet more lovely mind it encased was to be eclipsed in a gloomy and violent end ; the flower was to waste its sweetness on the desert air ; the gem of ray serene to be consigned to worse than some darkest ocean cave. Never shall I forget the vision that then hung before my sight : it was one of those fairy-wreathed dreams of Elysian existence !—one of those poetic glimpses of the soul of Eden, and its Eve !

“ Sahib Hukeem,” said she, as she rose gracefully, “ you will pardon the liberty I have assumed in giving you this trouble ; but it is partly to offer you my thanks in some token of grateful remembrance.” I bowed, salaamed, and thanked her in turn for the intended honor. “ But before I make my small offering,” kindly said the Ranee as she entreated me to be seated, “ will you, favor me with an account of your Christian Creed.” “ I fear, Lady,” said I “ that I cannot do justice to the task you have imposed on me for several reasons ; first, because I have so recently embraced it from a state of infidelity ; next, because I have a very limited power over your fine language ; and lastly, because it requires no ordinary eloquence and sublimity to do to the doctrines of that sublime creed even human justice. I have however happily anticipated your wish by thinking beforehand what best present I could offer to your Highness ; I have brought for your acceptance that sacred volume translated in your own tongue, in which alone the Christian at once discovers and limits its creed ; this, (laying it before her) read, with prayer for light from that heaven whence it came, will better convey the sublimities of our faith than any thing human can do.” “ Hukeem Sahib,” replied she, with great eagerness, “ this, then, is that boon, which my late excellent friend Mrs. ——— promised to obtain for

me, but died before she could procure it. I only wished to be more deeply initiated into Christianity ; and oh ! could I but enter its pale ; for I am, though a heathen in appearance, I trust a Christian in belief, in inclination, and in heart ; for I could not resist the evidences of truth, which my late friend presented to my mind, and above all, the transcendent, the Divine sublimity of character which beamed in such sacred splendour around the character of the Saviour of Man ; but above all, that HE should by an atonement for our human depravity pour such a flood of glory over the attributes of the Deity, as to make him a Deity indeed, a Deity full-orbed in all his rays, carried with them a resistless evidence. You have over-requited my poor offering in your anticipated one ; still, accept this token of gratitude for your professional attendance," said the Rance throwing with great modesty, a sparkling chain of pearls and diamonds over my neck, "and this" at first checking herself," but quickly recovering her self-composure, "and this accept, as she affixed to it a plain, but beautiful, gold and ivory croslet," as one of the sad memorials of one who was your countryman, but—who——(and she hesitated) "but who, if he be yet in existence must now be dead to this heart for ever. I have, but can never part with its fellow, which I shall wear in testimony of my Christianity, do you wear this one for me. Could they speak, they would reveal a tale of bitter recollections, which if not dead, must at least slumber in this breaking heart as in their sepulchre. My destiny has linked me with a heathen, though a Prince. I feel as if doomed to a sacrifice : may your God and mine be my help, and—and—" She could say no more. I saw the big bright gushing tear in her beautiful eye. I never saw grief so dignified, so deep, so lovely ! I never saw her more. Why is it in this fatal world, that all that is beautiful is so fragile, and all that is pure is so evanescent ? the flower that flourishes and blooms to-day, is faded and withered and fallen to-morrow !—But to return to my melancholy narrative.

The Rance, as I said, was fast recovering her health and beauty. The marriage took place shortly after I left, for I could not, though invited by the Rajah, stay to witness the sacrifice of such a dove on the altar of senseless Hindoo parental prejudice. When will the native mind rouse itself from the abject prostration of their dementing, a despicable superstitions ? When will woman be raised to the liberty and level that conscience demands, and nature ordains ? When Christianity is in the ascendancy, and dethrones superstition—then, and then alone may we expect this consummation so devoutly to be wished ! The sequel of this melancholy history is, as I received it, as follows.

There are, perhaps, few trials to which human nature is exposed, few of those bitter and intense agonies to struggle with and conquer, which the human spirit is called, more exquisite than when the good man perseveres (*ruit cœlum*, &c.) calmly under the load and pressure of outward calumny and violence on his path and purpose of predetermined rectitude—or when the unconquerable patriot, with liberty in ruin around him, prefers falling on the broken altar of his fallen country, rather than resigning its banner to infamy, and shame, or when, though all the host of hatred and blind prejudice stand hard by with hiss and scorn, and not one consenting, one approving eye beams on him, save that 'eye which seeth in secret,' the

more than human hero, the conqueror in suffrance, the genuine Martyr sustained with a spirit from on high, goes, with his hold on the skies, unswerved, unterrified on to his more than mortal struggle, and more than earthly conquest; of all conquests the greatest, and most heroic—that of self! It is in the endurance of ills like these that Promethean powers of the human mind are developed; it is in these grand moral luctations that its tremendous attributes array themselves, that whether armed in the mail, of innate energies; or, as in the case of the martyr, the moral Achilles, sustained by supernatural support, and clad in panoply indeed divine, that the real moral grandeur of man's nature breaks forth as an orb from an eclipse with a surprising and surpassing splendor. But it is, perhaps, never presented to us in a more interesting and endearing phase, than when coupled with apparent outward human weakness, and with local disadvantages. It is then indeed that man's nature seems to revert back to its dignity, to 'her original brightness, 'tis then, indeed, that the Divinity stirs prime, unfallen within us. But I forget my narrative.

Heera, our heroine, was doomed to enter into an hymenial compact, from which her feelings revolted; yet here it was, that her principles and her moral worth was tested, and put into magnanimous exercise. Her spirit was of that noble nature, blended with those rays of gentleness and sweetness, that even the oriental heathen tyrant, in whose cage this bird of beauty was confined, could not but be melted. He felt how awful and how beautiful virtue was, when it descended from a source so sacred and so sublime; though nothing of that source could his heathen blindness see, or his pagan darkness discern. Heera became, even to an idolatry of the heart, the queen of his affections and the princess of his Seraglio.

The times were turbulent; plundering hordes of Pindarees hung on the frontiers of his domains, and threatened a vulture-invasion of his little principality. The Rajah was not destitute of animal courage, though of a capricious temperament and subject to furious passions. To unshackle himself from the civil administration, and in one of those fits of oriental caprice so common in the East, he had elevated, from out the ranks of his domestics, a bold but crafty and aspiring menial to the post of his prime adviser and minister. Shaun Sing rose daily in his master's estimation. Nor was the sagacious sycophant wholly destitute of statesmanship and talent. The internal affairs of police and revenue were administered with vigor and ability. The slave in reality became the sovereign: and to that degree did his influence extend that nothing could thwart his wishes or resist his power. Yet with all this plenipotence for good this marble-hearted man was destined to become the Iago of his benefactor and his prince. How true alas is the reflection, that gratitude, genuine, pure, disinterested gratitude is too pure and paradisaical a plant to flower on earth, and blossom amidst a wilderness of pollution and death.

The Rajah was soon summoned to the field to repel those wholesale buccaneers of India, the Pindarees. Heera, as an act of duty, resolved to accompany him; though with repressed reluctance. It was during this campaign, that her influence softened many an act of rigor and of violence, and smoothed the rugged brow of war. Her benevolent nature had here the opportunities of exercising many of its noble characteristics; many

a victim of misery blessed the hand of this ministering angel of mercy ; and many an act of fury and cruelty was averted or meliorated by the influence of the benevolent Princess.

It was in one of the marches of the Royal Camp, that, as our heroine had directed her guards to encamp in an unbrageous mango grove, she discovered through the lattice of her litter a wan and wasted female form stretched apparently in the last agonies of death on the verge of the road. She proved to be a young and interesting female :—one, in that day, of that unfortunate and neglected class, the offspring of one of those unprincipled connections too often formed in early British India by European Christians, so termed, with infidel Moslem mothers. The unfortunate creature in question had been left by the death of her father in early girl-hood to the ignorant mercies of her Mahomedan mother ; and just when ripening into womanhood had been carried into captivity by the identical Pindarree horde, against which the Rajah's expedition was arrayed. She had been abandoned, in the flight of these locusts, in a dangerous and exhausting illness, in want and in woe as already described ; and in the very wantonness of cruelty was on the point of being speared by one of her guards, when their commander a young European deserter from the Pindaree Company, (where he had been prisoner and had escaped to the Rajah's forces) had with difficulty barely interposed to the salvation of her life, by diverting the thrust of the spear. The youthful European was a man of spirit and genius, had been of particular service in communicating information of the enemy, and had successfully conducted an attack on one of their detached parties. He had solicited permission subsequently to be enrolled among the band which formed the royal guard ; he had inspired a branch of the army with a spirit of discipline and confidence, which, in consequence, had been placed under him. With this division he had on one occasion not only repelled an attempted surprize of the royal forces, but though personally wounded, had with desperate efforts rescued the royal and zenana pavilions with the Rajah and all their inmates from eminent jeopardy. Services and talents so signal marked him for notice and promotion ; and as a proof of confidence he was put in command of the military band which formed the royal guard. The night of the royal rescue was destined to be an eventful one to our young adventurer ; and was it of no interest to the parties rescued ? From how small a source spring what mighty streams—on the droplet of an icicle hangs the fall of the rock, and on a sound, a breath, the hurl and havoc of the avalanche ! And was it of no interest to his royal mistress ? Was the whole a chimera of the sleeping or the waking brain ? Was it the phantasy of a dream or had a vision gleamed upon Heera's eyes ? Who was this handsome youthful deliverer ? Was it truth in sober certainty, or *his* disembodied spirit ; or,—but the seal of her destiny had been set ; the eclipse had come over her soul ; what could *he* be to her ? Should even a thought rove, *now* that such a gulf had yawned between her and her heart's hope, which though it had sparkled as a star had melted away as a meteor ? and had she not read, did she not learn by the new creed of her soul, that there was one dread Eye which marked the wanderings, the slightest aberrations of the human mind, the subtleties and sophistries of the human spirit in its sin ? Heera felt the solitude

and desert of the heart, where all that heart's affections lay shattered and strewn around her like the graceful but ruined columns of Shalimar. She was entering on a high and spiritual discipline—a schooling of the soul, where she was to be taught practically the earthly and unholy tendencies, the moral fall of our nature, the lofty regeneration and heavenly heroism which her new faith at once inspired and demanded; and nobly did her spirit respond to that demand; her soul looked unto the cross and to the Crucified, there ‘came forth a virtue’ and a life from Him who died upon it that gave life to the dead.

But the opiate for the ills of a magnanimous spirit—its invariable result and resource is the very magnanimity of its schemes for lessening the ills of others; its best balm is benevolence, it soars into the light of Heaven in its escape from the gloom and evils of earth. Heera's bleeding heart turned to staunch the bleeding of another human heart. She personally tended the wants, and administered to the sickness and necessities of the young and desolate female, whom the commandant of her guards had saved. She saved, and soon had to love, and be beloved. Heera had the two-fold gratification of discovering, in the recovery of Myra, not only the luxury of doing good, but the developement of a mysterious and merciful providence in bestowing on her a companion of no ordinary character—one, who, with almost every outward disadvantage of being engulfed in a mass of surrounding Moslem and Pagan superstition, was yet from the *accidental* (as it seemed) incident of a few paternal lessons of reading in the English language, initiated into the knowledge of the Christian Scriptures; and had imbibed their spirit. Heera was in the situation of one who had picked up a gem sparkling in the desert—the night wanderer of darkness, on whose eye had fallen the unexpected ray of some hospitable taper. The sovereign and the slave were not long in discovering a mutual and congenial attraction; and from the intellectuality of the one, and the gentle virtues of the other, the slave as it were became the sovereign, and the sovereign the slave. It was the harmonious interchange of consenting elements apparently accidental, but really providential: like that, which would be presented to the spectator from some point in space, of the beautiful orbicular revolution of mutual loveliness and light in our Earth and her Moon, each to the other a sister sphere of consenting principles and harmonious attractions. An extravagant orientalism may be pardoned. The myrtle and the rose had met and entwined their stems and branches, had mingled and sent forth their sweetness, and the surrounding atmosphere was imparadised with perfume, was it wonderful that the ‘bulbul’ warbled forth both his love and life in the excess of rapture and bliss? Heera and her Myra were the admiration and adoration of the camp and country. The domestics, attendants, and satellites of the Princess were devotedly attached to her. Was the brave and meritorious young foreigner then only ignorant of, wholly insensible to the gem that a seeming chance had destined him to rescue and to guard? Is there not the equally *seeming* accident of an accident, but at the same time the palpable reality of a *visible*, yet viewless, Providence in the fall of a sparrow, as much as in the apparent confusion, but mystic regularity of the *pro* and *retro*-gression of the mightiest orbs above? There is a Divinity in our dim original, in our goings forth and our ends, rough-shape them as we may. So true is the

trite proverb, that what blind chance or blinder man proposes, Omniscience in reality disposes and determines; and so, when poor, puny man playing his fantastic tricks before high Heaven, builds not castles only but empires in the air, that empire may terminate in the extent of a rock like Elba's or Helena's; whilst he, who in a humility unambitious, pure, patriotic, and just keeping the upright tenor of his way may, like a David of sacred, or an Alfred of modern history, leave a name, whose limits only shall be the setting of the Sun, or the termination of Time; so little is it in human sagacity or mortal wisdom to foresee, much less to regulate its own ends, or to determine its own destinies.

It was in the course of the war, that one of those sudden sweeps of their Parthian cavalry so common in their tactics, had been projected by the Pindaree leaders. The Rajah's General, Hurry Punt, who had at first received our young adventurer (whom we shall sometimes term by his real name of Hugh De Vaux, and sometimes by his Oriental appellation of Selim) was in command of a considerable body of the royal forces. Hurry Punt had been ordered to act on the defensive; but he had been induced, on consulting his young English friend to draw the enemy by a masterly manœuvre into the gorge of one of their own rocky Malwa passes, where Selim so organized an ambush, as to effect a brilliant and complete victory, to retake an enormous booty, and to return on the next day to the royal encampment. Their absence had alarmed their tyrannical master, and their appearance was the signal for the out-breaks of one of those sudden ebullitions of rage and cruelty, which our amiable heroine had so frequently to overcome or avert, and that sometimes at the risk even of her own personal safety. The Rajah taxed the aged 'Sirdar' with disobedience and contempt of orders, and sentenced him to be trodden to death by the elephants of the royal stable as a rebel.

The generous soul of De Vaux was moved on the issue of this unmerited and barbarous verdict: and as he was now familiar with the vernacular of India, in an attitude of dignified, yet suppliant, entreaty, he implored the Rajah to reconsider his sentence; generously attributed the brilliancy of the late exploit to Hurry Punt, but ascribed to himself the obnoxious advice of having counselled that officer to the successful step which had brought on him the royal displeasure. Eloquently did the interesting and noble youth plead for his endangered and venerable friend. But the tempest of a despot's wrath was not to be allayed by a generosity, to which the monarch's soul was a stranger. All that the young Englishman could obtain was, that the obnoxious officer was to be under arrest and close confinement in his charge till the noon of the next day. Selim rose from his suppliant attitude with apparent composure, but with his English heart burning with indigoration; and retired with his brave and aged friend, the prisoner, from the presence of the haughty and imperious barbarian; with the secret determination, that if within the possibility of achievement the life of his brave old friend should not be sacrificed to the bursts of brutal rage, or the ebullitions of senseless tyranny.

CHAP. II.

Oh ! if there be on Earth a feeling,
 Which links us to the Peri race ;
 Who still their airy flights are wheeling
 But—but to catch a ray of grace—
 A smile flying from some Angel-face
 Within the gates of Paradise ;
 It is, when loving and beloved,
 The lover gazes on those eyes
 Of love so deep, so pure, so proved,
 That rather than love not—she dies !
 But oh ! if yet a holier feeling
 Falls as a gem from Allah's throne ;
 It is, when still that love revealing—
 Though bursting with the heart's last groan,
 The martyr'd bosom bleeding—kneceling—
 Gives—gives that heart to Heaven alone !

Unpublished Poem.

A SOLITARY and closely purdah'd palankeen bearing evidently some female, was on its way through the glade and scarce frequented path of the branch of a jungle, which divided the two portions of the royal encampment. The nuggra, or night drum, echoed and reverberated through the silence and solitude of the forest, announcing the noon of night ; and a peerless midnight moon had just mantled hill and valley, rock and waterfall in deep and beautiful repose, and lulled into silver sleep a small, but romantic lake margined by groves and grottos, forming a haunt and a bath that an Egeria might have coveted, or in which a Diana might have disported. It was from the margin of a small, silvery, snake-like streamlet which fed the lake, that one of those solitary herd-expelled elephants, that rove the jungles of India in a state of frenzy rushed at the bearers of the palankeen ; who on hearing his shrill notes of rage, dropped their burden, and fled for their lives ; not, however, before one of them was violently tossed, and then trampled to death by the enraged brute, which was proceeding to assail the palankeen, when it was, in turn, assailed by a single footman, who darting out of the forest with his sword, and inflicting a keen blow on his left hind knee, severed the tendon of it. The huge monster with a cry of agony turned on his enemy, but from his comparatively slow and embarrassed movements, gave his foe time dexterously to repeat a similar blow on the tendon of the other leg. Thus comparatively disabled, the maddened brute wreaked its fury and agony by seizing with its proboscis the purdah awning of the palankeen, and then by assaulting the palankeen itself, when a final and well-directed sabre stroke severed the trunk of the elephant, and left him bleeding and powerless.

It was at this moment that a female form though in some confusion emerged from the vehicle, and stood calm and unruffled before her deliverer, not merely in the lustre of a beautiful oriental moon, but in that of her own oriental beauty. It was like one orb of beauty gazing and shining on another. Her veil had been lost in the confusion of her escape from the palankeen, and her countenance struck her deliverer apparently into sudden astonishment, like one whose mind was tracing back the records of a bitter and melancholy memory. Recovering, however, suddenly from it, he took the hand of the lady, and expressed a hope that she had sustained no injury.

"If I have not, further than alarm for my generous deliverer, it is owing," she said in tones as silvery as the light that fell around them, "to the providential instrumentality of his courage."

The youth paused again for a moment; (for it was no other than our adventurer Selim, who had at that silent hour in a fever of sleeplessness wandered from his tent into the coolness of the night)—the youth paused again as if the tones of some recollected voice swept over his soul; then hastily throwing the folds of his fallen robe across his breast and face, and bending his shawl turban lower over his brow, enquired eagerly of the name and rank of the lady he had the gratification of rescuing.

"I am the Ranee," was the calm reply. Selim laid his hand on his breast and salaamed; and merely announcing, that he had the honor of being the Commander of Her Highness guards, offered to recall the dispersed bearers. They were, however, beyond the reach of voice or shout, and no alternative remained but to conduct the princess to his own tent, which was not far distant, on the verge of the jungle, that lay in unbroken silence around them.

Within a quarter of an hour they reached the camp in profound silence. A large Hindoostanee cresset burned in the tent, and threw its strong rays on a rich Persian carpet outspread on the floor and over various warlike accoutrements, weapons, books, &c. On turning to introduce the princess, Selim threw his cashmere shawl over her shoulders in the place of the lost veil, when, as the rays of the lamp fell on his own noble features and manly beauty, a faint scream escaped the lips of the princess, who was saved from falling on the floor in a fit of unconsciousness by his throwing his arm around her exquisite frame, and laying her on the carpet, till he sprinkled her face and neck with water to restore animation.

The figure and the features, with the lips delicately apart, of the exquisite piece of Nature's workmanship that laid helpless, lifeless in his arms, brought recollections into De Vaux's mind when he had first met Heera then scarcely seventeen, some three years ago at the house of the Resident's lady—some acquaintance too had passed between them—but how had she expanded into the full bloom of womanhood and beauty since that period: some recollections too lingered of a tenderer nature when their eyes, those lightnings of the mind, had met and darted into each other, and soul had been silently poured into soul like the commixture of two ethereal consenting elements. But time and absence, and wanderings and war had partially obliterated the fairy vision from his mind, though not from the deeper and more delicate soul of Heera.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence: man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, &c.

Selim's meditations were broken by the partial resuscitation of the princess, and the flash of an eye from beneath its raven fringes as lovely as it was dark, lifted towards his face, and there for a moment intensely fixed,—then tremulously withdrawn,—then restored, until it was closed with the half convulsive half hysterical exclamation, 'It is—it is he!' when she sunk back on the Persian carpet.

It was after some time, and with some difficulty, that De Vaux or Selim

(as he shall be indifferently termed) succeeded in recovering the object of his solicitude. "I trust the princess has overcome the shock of the fright" he said, as he removed her with delicacy and tenderness to a small ottoman.

"To whom am I obliged for my deliverance? to the Commander of my guard, to Selim?—or to De—" and the word died upon her lips.

"Your servant, Selim, is before you, and waits your Highness' commands."

"Is that the only name he ever bore?"

"Among his own countrymen of the West he was known by that of De Vaux."

"Does De Vaux Sahib remember Mrs. ——— the lady of the Resident, and a young ———?" and she paused instinctively as she drew half mechanically from her bosom a small ivory croslet let, when the hand that held it would, have dropt it again, but that Selim clasping and conveying it to his lips, exclaimed: "How could I forget it?—is it indeed the lady Heera—the Peri that once crossed my unhappy path? and my wretched blindness could not?"—"Thou art then, indeed, Hugh DeVaux?—it is he!"—as with a shriek that came from the agony of her soul—"it is he indeed, and he has not forgotten the wretched Heera!" said she, and sunk half unconsciously, half hysterically, on that bosom, which ought indeed to have been the rightful throne of a passion so unsophisticated, so enduring, and so pure."

Do I hear the sneer of disdain, or see the scorn of the philosophic and the proud? Is this, then, the virtue, the lofty self-denial of the Hindoo convert to Christianity?—is this the ———

Away thou cynical and fastidious Pharisee, bloated with the rank rottenness of human virtue! Scorn not the broken heart of original affection or the stricken spirit of the true penitent; no—nor the sudden gushings of Nature and the heart in their irrepressible overflowings! Heera was the child of neither weakness nor wickedness, but of Nature and of truth—truth unsophisticated, and nature in its innocence. Her soul was a shrine of principles too high and holy for hypocrisy to pollute. Away with the fastidiousness and the pride of thine own virtuous rottenness! It is in the truly heavenly-minded, that the artlessness and the naked innocence of the soul breaks forth sparkling in their native crystals like the silver jettings of the fountain and pure as its stream, albeit it meet a stain or two not its own, in its current and its course through the pollutions around it.

Selim felt he never bore so sweet or sacred a burthen on his heart, as it felt the throbbing pulsations of Heera's beating as it were on his own for entrance, and seeking there, a refuge from its woes. He felt it was her nature's weakness, not its guile—the overflowings of goodness, not guilt that thus burst forth. Should he—could he drive such a bird from his bosom—such a turtle from its nest?—He had been more or less than human to have done it: and the passionate exclamation bursting from his soul escaped unconsciously from his lips. "Oh that this Seraph had indeed been mine! Was I blinded with "double darkness when I first saw thee, thou embodied angel! If it be "such bliss to enfold thee, bliss even in its agony, what would it have been without?" The passionate energy of his words and the heart-folding embrace that came simultaneously with them from the young Englishman, roused the fair Hindoo to her Christian recollections. The beautiful creature started as from the folds of a serpent. "Selim!" said

she "art thou a Christian?—I am—but oh how weak and unworthy a one! oh how unworthy a one!"

"Thou!—the Hindoo Heera a Christian?—Would that I once had known it!—and oh that I knew it not *now*!"

"Hugh De Vaux—but no—Selim! I am a Christian—no I am not—I am too weak, too unworthy for the name of Christian! Son of God! Saviour, my Savior and his my Sel!"——(and the word died upon her lips.) "Son of God! pardon Thou this weakness, this guilty, yielding, bursting weakness of my woman's heart—my human nature! The serpent beguiled me and I have eaten of the forbidden fruit; the fatal tree of knowledge has been plucked, and dreadful is its deliciousness! Hugh D—Selim! a gulf yawns betwixt us. We have met—we must part. Henceforth thou must be to me but as the brother of my heart. Between our divided souls an ocean, my brother, my Selim, an ocean rolls; but there (pointing to the stars) where roll those islets of the blest, there we meet through the faith and love of HIM, who loved us even to the cross!—Summon my bearers." She paused. "Selim, I was on my way to the old general Hurry Punt; but thou canst do my bidding. Tell him to implore the Rajah's mercy, and to try at least as a last resource a reference to the Rance; implored he may relent, or entreated, the tyrant may yield to me: remember this; and now—no call not my bearers; be silent as to this our unhappy meeting; and now Hugh De Vaux—Selim—my brother fare thee well! Should thy life be ever in danger like thine aged friend's, call on me and I will save thee; if not I will die with thee, for I live but for thee and could not survive thee! Stir not, follow me not. I go hence alone not so much for mine as for thine: and now Selim, my brother, fare thee well for ev"—but the avalanche of love, of agony, of despair was stirred in her Selim's soul, and it burst in all its thunder:—he lose her his old, his new-found love?—lose her so soon so scarcely found?—what?—was the maddening cup but to be tasted and dashed from his lips?—He seized, he folded his Heera to his heart in unutterable agony: the woman-heart of Heera once more yielded and gave way:—she returned the guilty pressure. The woman yielded, but the Christian and the heroine arose: with one convulsive bound she tore herself from her lover, and rushing from the tent, fled through the gloom of the night, and through the intricacies of the forest. Selim stood for the moment absolutely confounded; with so sudden, so fawn-like a bound did the heart-stricken deer dart from his embrace. The past, the present—that he loved and was beloved—and that by such a creature, more angelical than human; one too, who like a wonderful meteor, though birthed in, and from darkness, had become a brilliant, burning star of Christianity, whom he had past once by as a heathen, now a Christian of the purest splendor and yet a slave to a bloated barbarian, a heathen despot!—and then it was that the scorpion sting pierced to the very core of his heart—'that the iron entered his soul' this, this was the very gall of bitterness; his heart was ignited in a whirlwind of flame which mounted to his brain: yet, what was she, what could she now be to him? Was she not another's whatever he might be; what less than absolute force could tear her from the tyrant? and were he to forget his own, would the lofty Christian soul of Heera consent to such abandonment of principle?—Honor, virtue, reputation, were snap as reeds, or borne away as bubbles before the

tempest of his soul's passion: his very christianity bent before the blast, and now it was that the tempter was at hand: was there not a mutinous spirit in the camp in behalf of the old general Hurry Punt? were the troops not in arrears? did they not hold the tyrant in double hatred from his appropriation of all their share of the recent, rich, retaken booty; had he not himself sacrificed his own rich share to appease them? was he not adored by all the guard, if not by half of the army? and what easier than to encourage, inspire, inflame the meeting, head the troops, deliver his friend from death, and that too from unmerited death, place him on the gудdee (throne) and, oh the elysium of the thought! rescue, save, emancipate, fold Heera to his heart as his own! But, and then came the thought, which it was hell to think, what effect all this by murder! Embrace his hand in blood! though the blood of a tyrant and that her tyrant! Thought followed thought like lightnings. He could think no more; but that she had escaped—that she his heart's Heera was flying in danger and distress alone and unprotected through the jungle. His imaginations were as fiends tormenting him—he would escape them. Was it not his duty to protect her? he would but see, not touch; but follow not clasp her to his heart again: So subtle is the viewless fiend: the tempter garbed as an angel of light, that when openly repelled in one quarter, he glides into our spirits in another, sightless as the air, his own emblem; and such the refined sophistries of that thing of darkness and deceit, the human heart, that the noble, the virtuous, the truly high and christian-minded Hugh De Vaux, entangled in its plausibilities, seizing his sword, rushed frenzied from the tent—frenzied with that best or worst of frenzies, as it may chance to be,—with that madness of all to be the most deplored, the madness of the human heart!

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF MY BIBLE.

Suggested by the well-known words of the late Sir William Jones.

WERE all the books the pens of men have writ,
 Stored with their learning, eloquence and wit,
 Their thoughts profound, their most impassioned verse,
 And those, which deeds of gods and men rehearse,
 Together brought to charm the human soul,
 This single book would far transcend the whole.
 Here is the history of the human race,
 The mystery, too, of God's redeeming grace;
 Morality and wisdom from above,
 In suffering taught, and sealed by dying love;
 The strains that have been hymn'd by Angel quires,
 The songs that saints shall sing to golden lyres;
 A chart below, a title to the skies,
 Salvation, knowledge, truth, within this volume lies.

A WANDERER.

July 23, 1843.

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[No. IV.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORICAL CHARACTERS OF
BRITISH INDIA.

CLIVE.

Careless of danger, as the onward wind
Is of the leaves it strews, nor looks behind.

BYRON.

NOTE.—One who has attentively studied the career of Lord Clive, and marked his onward progress from the lowest station in the service of the Company, to the highest office which it is in their power to bestow, cannot have failed to observe, that he appears in two distinct characters ;—a hero, and a statesman. He does not exhibit the same phase throughout his sojourn in this country. At Madras, he unsheathes his sword, and, as if he were born a soldier, marches from one field of victory to another. In Calcutta, he displays the abilities of a consummate Indian politician, foiling the natives with their own weapons, entangling them in their snares, and converting every hostile movement into a stepping stone for advancing the glory and prosperity of British India. It will not, therefore, be considered unsuited to the main object we have in view, if we divide the sketch of his character into two parts, and commence with him as a youthful warrior, carving his own glory and renown, by the strength of his arm and the edge of his glittering blade.

We have already traced the origin and establishment of the East India Company. For nearly forty years after this union, the history of British India presents nothing calculated to excite interest. The Muse of its history merely gives a chronicle of the operations of trade, and the *balance sheet* is the only paper that is worth perusing, as it affords a contrast to the stupendous sum now flowing into the Exchequer of the Company from the exhausted regions of the East. The condition of the Company was humble indeed. Its servants received a trifling remuneration, and the chief amongst them was no greater than the least covenanted officer at present in its service. In those days, the purchase of a chaise and pair for the President at Calcutta was looked upon as a piece of senseless extravagance, and the money was ordered to be refunded into the Treasury of the Company, with this remarkable caution to the members of the Civil Service, “that if they would have such superfluities, they must pay for them.”

At the close of the year 1744, war was declared between England and France. A fleet from the former country soon appeared off the Coromandel Coast, threatening Pondicherry, the settlement of the French Company ; but it soon sailed away without making any attempt against the town. Soon after this, the French equipped a squadron against Madras, and put the expedition under the command of La Bourdonnais, a man whose name is celebrated in the annals of the French Company. Madras was attacked, and, in consequence of the want of that assistance which was promised

the English by the Nabob of the Carnatic, the town fell into the hands of the French. All the stores of the Company were confiscated, and the British were pledged to further payments, when the town would be evacuated by the conquerors. The time for the execution of this treaty was deferred to a distant period by the intrigues of Dupleix, whose vanity, ambition, and perfidy have rendered his name famous in the early history of British India. In order to purchase the neutrality of the Nabob, Dupleix had promised him the settlement of Madras, and no sooner did the Nabob find, that Dupleix had no intention of keeping his promise, than he attacked the town, from which he was obliged to retire with a loss. He took refuge in San Thomè, from which he was also driven, and he was forced to fall back on Arcot. This act of duplicity was followed by another act of perfidy against the British. The treaty concluded by La Bourdonnais was declared void, the property of the Company and that of private individuals were forfeited, and all those who had surrendered themselves to La Bourdonnais, were declared to be prisoners of war. As the authorities at Madras were taken prisoners, the agents of the Company took upon themselves the administration of affairs, and Dupleix soon found, that his projects could not be carried on with that facility, which he had fondly anticipated from the fall of Madras. Hostilities were continued by both parties with unabated vigour, when a termination was put to them by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, which also restored Madras to the English in 1744.

It will perhaps be supposed, that as England and France had suspended all hostilities, their colonies would not have engaged in any war. But it was otherwise in India. Intent as the two rival Companies were of advancing their own interests and securing their own prosperity, they could not but come to a collision, as they were laboring in the same field. The contentions of the Indian Princes, who are proverbial for making large promises which they never mean to perform, soon drew the English and the French into the arena of controversy. The cause of different chiefs was espoused by either European power, and it was, therefore, impossible to abstain from war. The Nabobship of the Carnatic was the prize which Mahomet Ali and Chunda Sahib were anxious of obtaining for themselves. The cause of the former was espoused by the English, and so far as history furnishes us with documentary evidence of the justice and validity of his claim, we are bound to acknowledge, that he was the rightful successor. The cause of the latter was taken under the protection of the French; for Dupleix conceived, that he would be the fittest instrument to advance the interests of the French Company. This Chunda Sahib was, however, a notorious villain. The Rajah of Trichinopoly had died without issue in 1732. Two of his wives had devotedly ascended the funeral pyre; but the third consented to live and assume the Government of Trichinopoly. A party was immediately formed to depose her, and the Queen sought the assistance of the Nabob of Arcot. An army was despatched to her succour under the command of the son of the Nabob, who was aided by the wisdom and counsels of Chunda Sahib. The Queen was well aware of the danger to which she exposed herself by admitting foreign troops into her dominions, and before she gave her permission, she requested, that the leaders should swear solemnly on the Koran, that they would do her no injury. Chunda Sahib readily complied, and the oath

was taken, not on the Koran, but on a brick covered with cloth similar to the binding of the Koran. The Queen was imprisoned, and Chunda Sahib assumed the Government of the kingdom. But he was quickly removed, and himself and his eldest son were taken prisoners at Sattara. At this juncture of affairs, Dupleix espoused the cause of Chunda Sahib, and obtained his freedom as well as that of his eldest son. About this period Nizam-ool-moolk died and left many sons, who all attempted to seize on the vacant Nabobship. Chunda Sahib united with Mozuffar Jung, the grandson of the deceased Nabob, and as a reward for the material assistance he was to render Mozuffar Jung, he sought for the office of Nabob of Arcot, before he would undertake the conquest of the Carnatic.

It would be needless to detail the proceedings of these two Indian chiefs, to secure the important object in view. While the whole of the Carnatic was convulsed, and peace, and plenty, and happiness, had fled from the land, the affairs of the French were in a truly prosperous condition. The vanity of Dupleix was abundantly gratified. He was raised to the highest honors by Mozuffar Jung, and pleasure and amusement crowned the labor of his intrigues and his arts of duplicity. The affairs of the English Company were in a sad condition. Nothing had been done by them for their protégé, Mahomet Ali. A dark cloud hung over their future prospects. Their trade was languishing and feeble, when, of a sudden, it was left to the genius of one individual to roll back the tide of humiliation which had covered the English, and establish one of the most stupendous empires which have been known, since Rome was peopled by malefactors. The foreign enterprises of the French have been generally unsuccessful. Brilliant as may be their career at the commencement, it is sure to end in defeat and dishonor. Of their conquests it might well be said, that they begin in flame and end in smoke; while of those of the British it may be pronounced that they begin in smoke and end in a bright flame.

While the prospects of the English East India Company were in a most deplorable condition, the genius of one man not only fully retrieved the dishonors which had been flung over the British flag, compensated all the losses which had been sustained by the company, and placed the corner stone of that immense empire, which now rules the destinies of Hindoostan. Clive was the instrument which produced these magnificent changes. The son of an obscure country gentleman, he was sent out to India, in the commercial service of the East India Company. It has been said, with some truth, that

There is a destiny which rules our lives,
Rough-hew them how we will;

and the career of Clive is a splendid illustration of the truth of this declaration. He came to India at a time when the British were beggars at the throne of the chiefs of Bengal. They did not speak as having authority. Their language was soft and wreathed with the flowers of flattery; their carriage, meek and lowly. They felt the dependence of their situation, and the uncertain tenure of their sojourn in India. At this time, the councils of the British Parliament were of a timid and wavering nature. There was no decision in the Cabinet. Corruption had almost corroded the vitality of the British constitution. Every rank was tainted with the plague spot of bribery, and the worship of Mammon prevailed throughout the British dominions. England had lost the esteem and respect of the

powers of Europe. A congress of the most influential of the European powers was held against England. The British flag was insulted. "At this distressful hour," the arm of one man was found puissant to save England, and, like a skilful pilot, "he guided the shattered vessel safe into the harbour." This illustrious individual is deservedly celebrated in the annals of his country's history. So long as England will flourish, the name, and deeds, and worth of the Earl of Chatham will never be erased from recollection. The moment he assumed charge of his country's affairs, England felt the master mind and his powerful arm. There was a change, and a change for the better. Corruptions sank under the indignant, the blasting frown of this virtuous and independent chief. Indecision vanished from the councils of the Cabinet. The lords, who had grown old in the inglorious service of extending and sustaining corruption, and who had fattened on the abuses of the Government, were compelled to submit to the authority of the elder Pitt. They had not the power to speak. The honest minister dictated every despatch, planned every healing measure, was the genius that superinduced order and regularity, where hitherto had been confusion and uncertainty, and his colleagues were mere automats—the wheels and pulleys through which *the mind* of Pitt was manifest in all the proceedings of the Government. The East shewed the dawn of success. Gleams of good fortune radiated from the Orient world, and England witnessed the rising of her noon-day of prosperity in the land of "Orient pearl." It was the sword of Clive that first shone with the brightness of victory,—his voice first proclaimed the shout of victory.

It is necessary that we should pourtray the condition of India as existing at that period. Contrasted with present times, it is as if we were drawing a comparison between the glorious light of day, and the thick darkness of night. British rule has already effected much good, and advancing civilization, fostered and protected by British rule, will effect much—aye, a great deal more. Internal trade is reviving, commerce is strengthening the sinews of India, education developing its resources and extending its blessings to the benighted natives; security of property is invigorating the hand of industry, and the safety of their lives is making the inhabitants turn their attention to the arts, which promote the comforts and conveniences of life. The abuse that it has pleased Lord Brougham to fling on India, may be, in a measure, deserved: "a country where men neither debate nor write; where eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs, and the sparkling of wit and the cadence of rhyme are alike unknown."

But it must be borne in mind by his Lordship, that in the present condition of India, men must be active *doers* and not *frothy speakers*. They must not pay attention to the "sparkle of wit," but to the splendour of good deeds. They must not please the ear with the "cadence of rhyme," but they must win the ear to drink the sounds of good practical knowledge. The eloquence of words is not required here; it is the eloquence of great, good, and solid achievements that is needed. Even England demands such knowledge from Lord Brougham:—how much more, debased and degraded India? A volume might be written to shew the necessities of India, to explain its wants, and to convince Lord Brougham, that it will be indeed a long period, and may the time never arrive, when the sparkle of wit, and the cadence of rhyme, and idle vapid eloquence will be required to govern

India, to forward the prosperity of eighty millions of inhabitants, and to raise Hindustan to a place among the civilized nations of the globe.

At the period, however, when Clive commenced his glorious career as a soldier, the condition of India was, in truth, deplorable. It is true, that ignorance spread a black pall over the sky, but the mischiefs of anarchy and uncertain government disturbed the whole land, spread terror and devastation from one extremity of India to the other. Petty chiefs either harassed each other, or combined to break into pieces an empire, consolidated, perhaps, by the exertions of one great man. Hordes of robbers traversed the whole country. The poor labourer was always the victim of extortion, when guilty power had not been successful in plundering wealth. For many miles, there was no cultivation to be seen, and the cattle had not, a sufficiency of pasturage. The evil passions of war had created famine in the very bosom of plenty, and had converted into ruins the fair and delightful works of God. India was emphatically, at this period,

A weary waste, expanding to the skies.

The affairs of the Company, also, were limited to the business of trade. No Act of Parliament had as yet been passed, empowering the East India Company to proclaim war and make territorial acquisitions in the South of Asia. The civil servants of the Company were engaged in weighing goods, examining their quality, estimating their quantity, and performing the office of Commission Agents. They had no district to govern, no revenue to raise, no subjects to feel the pride and oppression of power. Instead of Kutcheries there were large godowns, and instead of suits for the entanglement of justice and poverty and truth, there was the simple business of buying and selling, of making payments and receiving goods, of lading and disburdening vessels.

Of this nature was the first occupation of Clive. That it was wholly distasteful to him, does not admit of any doubt, when we learn from his biographer, that he was a wayward youth, the son of an obscure country gentleman, of limited means, and who was sent out to India, as there was little likelihood of his succeeding at home. The education of writers in the Company's service wore a very different complexion from what it does at present. *Then* they were not trained to govern a vast empire, rule the destinies of millions, and collect the revenues of a mile extent of territory. There was no need then to study the history of British India, the revenues of the land, the capacities, the feelings, the opinions, the superstitions, the usages, and the domestic institutions of the aborigines of this country. How far these momentous subjects are attended to at the present moment, may be matter of doubt! That they should engage the attention of them who are to rule the affairs of this country, cannot be questioned. But the *Ontology* and *Deontology* of every subject, in practice never meet in harmony; they have no points of projection to cement a union; they can never be *wedded* together. What man *is* and what he *ought to be*, are very different questions; and from this opposition of the frailty and duty of human nature, the greatest evils are entailed on India. Our present rulers are seldom qualified for their high and important office. But in the days of Clive, such qualifications were not necessary to ensure success. The British Empire was not even in

existence; it did not exist even in the form of a seminal principle. The British were obliged to struggle for existence. At the period when Madras was taken by La Bourdonnais, Clive was amongst the English residents, who were made prisoners of war. He contrived to make his escape to Fort St. David, and soon after having recovered his liberty, he abandoned commercial pursuits and obtained an Ensign's Commission in the Company's service in the year 1747. His career as a soldier was brilliant indeed. In truth, he was fitted by nature to be a soldier. With the quick and lively perception of genius, he soon made himself acquainted with the military science and art, and became a great proficient in holding out a siege. His talents, his courage, his undaunted bravery were not overlooked by Major Lawrence, who accepted his offer of leading an attack in the second expedition against Tanjore. The force under his command consisted of thirty-four Europeans only; but seven hundred sepoys were to act in concert with them. Clive put himself at the head of the Europeans, and ordered the sepoys to follow closely the footsteps of the Europeans. A little stream was to be crossed before the enemy could be attacked, and Clive with the Europeans briskly surmounted the difficulty, thinking that the sepoys were obeying the order. But no sooner had Clive attacked the enemy, than finding himself very stoutly opposed, he turned to look at the sepoys, upon whose assistance he depended, when he found, that they had not crossed the rivulet, and that he was separated with his handful of Europeans, from the body of his detachment. His presence of mind did not forsake him at this critical moment. He fought with great fortitude, and very narrowly escaped a stroke of a sabre, which was ready to fall upon him. He escaped, while the rest of his companions fell in the field of battle. After the Tanjore War, he returned to the mercantile branch of the Company's service, in which he originally came out from his native country, and was appointed to supply the army with provisions—an office which naturally exposed him to the hazards and dangers of war. In the execution of the duties of this appointment, he was often surrounded by great and imminent dangers, and his good fortune alone spread the *egis* of its protection around him. He was obliged, in consequence of the paucity of soldiers, to travel from place to place with small escorts, and, on several occasions, his little band of soldiers was attacked, all cut to pieces, with the exception of Clive, who escaped unhurt. The body would fall, but the *soul* that animated it, was fortunate to emerge from every danger without a wound.

It has been already mentioned, that the English had espoused the cause of Mahomet Ali, to whom they could not render adequate aid, as the scale of their operations was extremely small. The genius of Clive first perceived the inadequacy of the means. He prevailed upon the Governor of Madras to enlarge the scale of the military operations, and, on condition that his views would be acted upon, he volunteered to lead the attack in Arcot. The amount of men placed under his command, was comparatively large. It consisted of only three hundred sepoys and two hundred Europeans, and three field pieces. The city of Arcot was garrisoned by eleven hundred men. The name of Clive, his courage and his bravery in the midst of danger induced the garrison to abandon the city, and thus, Clive with his small detachment, marched into the quiet possession of

Arcot. This movement of Clive was made with the view of detaching a portion of the troops acting against Trichinopoly. The event proved the justice of Clive's prediction. Chunda Sahib, who had seated himself before Trichinopoly, immediately ordered four thousand men to act against Arcot. The enemy being reinforced by one hundred and fifty Frenchmen, marched into the city, and although Clive had made preparations for the siege, his natural impetuosity of temper did not permit him to wait any delay. He made a sally against the enemy, and drove them from their guns. But the next day the enemy were furnished with means to effect a practicable breach in the fort. The efforts of the enemy were successful, and Clive found himself placed in a critical situation. The enemy were now six thousand strong, and the besieged were reduced to a small number.

Amidst all the dangers by which Clive was surrounded, he never lost his cheerfulness of temper and his liveliness of disposition. His spirits seemed to rise the more his affairs were in a distressful condition and when every moment appeared to be his last. In Arcot there was an immense cannon, which Clive caused to be erected on a large mound of earth, and having loaded it with thirty pounds of powder and a ball proportionate to its size, he discharged it at the palace of Chunda Sahib. Unnecessary alarm was the only effect which Clive wished to awaken, and the salute was repeated for two successive days. But the great gun suddenly burst on the fourth day. This accident did not, however, disconcert Clive. He continued to hold out, and overtures were made to him from the chief of the enemy, to evacuate the fort on honorable conditions. A large sum of money was offered to Clive, and that no means of compliance might be wanting, threats of storming and annihilating every individual were held forth as the certain consequences of a refusal. And Clive did, in truth, burl refusal and defiance at the same time. In the meantime he made himself accurately acquainted with the movement of the enemy, and prepared himself against the 14th November 1751, the day on which the enemy had determined to attack him. It also happened to be a propitious day in the calendar of the votaries of Mahomet. Eternal Paradise was the guerdon of the hero that fell in the field of battle, and religious motives were not wanting on the side of the enemy. In the morning of the day which was big with the fate of Arcot and its gallant defender Clive, the immense host of the enemy were seen in motion. They were divided into four parts, with the view of attacking the fort in four different places at once. Elephants with plates of iron in their foreheads, were urged against the besieged, but every means of assault was signally defeated. After fighting for about an hour, the enemy withdrew, and during the night, marched away from the town, leaving their ordinances of artillery and a large quantity of ammunition in the hands of the brave defenders of the garrison. This success raised Clive at once to great reputation. In this siege, it was seen how the courage of one man can inspire bravery into the breasts of others. When provisions had become scarce, the sepoys under Clive with a noble generosity and heroic self privation restricted themselves to the *thin gruel* in which the rice is boiled, and gave the grain to the Europeans, who, they alleged, required more nourishment.

The services of Clive did not terminate here. After leaving a small

garrison in the fort, he took the field, and with the aid of the Mahrattas who flocked to his standard in hopes of plunder, he laid seige to Congeveram, a place whence the French had sent succours to the troops that attacked Arcot. After firing for three days, Clive reduced the defences of the city, and then proceeded to Madras and Fort St. David to receive those honors and congratulations which he had so ably won and highly merited.

Soon after Clive left Arcot, he joined the small force that was destined for the attack of Trichinopoly. The enemy repaired the defences of Congeveram, which Clive had ruined, and began to plunder and destroy the villages about Arcot. Once more was Clive called out to the field, and being diverted from his original intention of attacking Trichinopoly, by the hostile movements against Arcot, the British commanded Clive to turn away from the main design, and check the ravages of the enemy. Clive hastened with his little army to the defence of the garrison at Arcot, and reached it just about the time the enemy had precipitately marched away from it. No way disappointed, Clive pursued the enemy, and came up to them at a place called Covespah. The enemy had planted their artillery in a thick grove of mangoe-trees, whence they poured a volley on the British. Clive was determined to make himself master of the grove, and, with the view of reconnoitring the position of the enemy, despatched one Ensign Simmonds, whose knowledge of the French language, permitted him to survey the encampment of the army. Upon the information thus conveyed to him, Clive proceeded to act with vigour, and entering the grove, unperceived, by the way that Ensign Simmonds had returned, the British fired at the enemy, when they were about thirty yards distant from them. The enemy left their guns and fled, and took refuge in a *choultry*, but so "cribbed, cabined and confined" did they find themselves in this place, that they joyfully accepted of the terms that were offered, and surrendered themselves to Clive.

Having thus silenced the force that was sent against Arcot, Clive commenced his march towards Trichinopoly. On his way, he passed the spot in which Dupleix, the French Commander, intended to erect a new town, to commemorate the succes of the French. In the centre of this city, which was to be designated, Dupleix-Fateabad, was to have been placed a column in which the victories of the French were to be inscribed in various languages. "Unfortunately," writes Major Lawrence, "future ages will not be the wiser for it." Clive destroyed all that existed of the projected town, and left the Frenchman merely the wrecks of his egregious vanity.

At this time, Clive was engaged in one of those hazardous undertakings in which he took much delight. Major Lawrence, who was the first to discover the military genius of Clive, and to encourage it, was anxious to employ his services against the French, who had lately withdrawn themselves from Trichinopoly, and retired to the island of Seringham. The great object of the British Commander was, to intercept any assistance that might arrive from Pondicherry to the French station in this island. The only person who could best conduct this movemet, was Clive; but Major Lawrence hesitated to give him the command of the detachment ordered for this expedition, as the Captains under Major Lawrence were

seniors to Clive. But the native troops unanimously determined to be led by Clive alone. Their wishes were complied with, and Clive advanced to his post. As he was asleep in a *pagoda*, the enemy found means, by some accident, to pass the guards undetected, and Clive was awakened to a sense of the danger by which he was surrounded, by a ball having shattered a box placed at his feet, and killed a servant that was sleeping close to him. In this engagement, Clive received a wound : but his valor did not forsake him. He fought desperately, and daylight disclosed to the French Commander the temerity of his enterprise. Clive advanced to the porch of the Pagoda, leaning on the shoulder of two serjeants, as he was rendered weak by his wounds. An Irishman, a deserter, accosted him in very opprobrious language, and threatened to shoot him. This was not an idle threat. He discharged his musket, which killed both the Serjeants, while Clive escaped unhurt. The French Commander, after this, surrendered to Clive.

It was now, that success attended the efforts of the British. The affairs of the French were retrograding. It would be a needless task to detail the proceedings of the British and their protege, Mahomet Ali ; we find no mention made in them of Clive. It is sufficient to state one only circumstance, which contains the last heroic achievement of Clive in Madras. Mahomet Ali, pursuant to the terms of the treaty signed between him and the British, asked for assistance to reduce two strong forts, Chingleput and Covelong. Clive in a miserable state of health, volunteered his services and a small force of Europeans consisting of "the refuse of the vilest employment in London," was placed under his command. After great difficulty, Clive succeeding in raising the fort. His health obliged him to leave the scene of his glory, and shortly after the surrender of Chingleput, he sailed for England. His reception in his native country is thus related by his Biographer. "The fame of Clive's extraordinary services had ensured to him a flattering reception at home. At a public entertainment given by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, his health had been proposed in a strain of facetious compliment as "General Clive," and on his arrival, it was resolved to present him with a sword, set with diamonds, of the value of £200, in acknowledgement of 'his singular services on the Coast of Coromandel.' This resolution gave Clive an opportunity of manifesting the strength of his affection for his old commander Major Lawrence, and declaring his feeling towards that able officer. He objected to receiving the intended mode of distinction, unless a similar compliment were paid to Major Lawrence. The result was creditable to all parties. Clive's views were adopted by the Court of Directors, and Major Lawrence received the honor, requested for him, by his grateful friend."

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

BY BABOO KASIPRANAD GHOSH.

It cannot be this world is all
That is to Man assigned;
It cannot be his pilgrimage
Is here alone confined.

It cannot be this transient life
Includes his destiny,
That to a bubble or a dream
At best compared may be.

That there is nothing after death,
Which still we would obtain,
For which we would be kind and good,
Enduring toil and pain.

Although a dark, impervious veil
Conceals life's either side,
Thro' which no mortal eye can see
What was or may betide,

And the' no traveller e'er returned
From Death's domain of night,
To tell us all its mysteries,
And set our hearts aright;

Yet whence these longings of the soul,
These aspirations high,
That spurn the terrors of the grave,
And far beyond them fly

Into that region vast and dark,
We call Eternity,
To which the good with pleasure look,
The wicked fearfully—

The wonders of this living world
Are every where the same,
About which there is no mistake,
No erring in the name.

A man is every where a man,
A tree is also tree;
Then why about futurity
We only disagree?

Perchance 'tis not for us to view
Beyond our present sphere;
With honest conscience for our guide,
We are free agents here.

The rest, involved in utter gloom,
Is hidden from our sight;
No labour could reveal it yet,
No science could enlight.

The meanest insect grows and crawls,
 And works its various will;
 But why, tho' years have past in search,
 Is undiscovered still.

Our little reason, like a drop,
 Of water in the sea,
 Can scarcely fathom His design
 Lost in immensity.

HEERA; OR A TALE OF WOE.

CHAP. III.

(Concluded from Page 110.)

Alas! tis still the same unchanging creed,
 That where the tyrant rules, the brave must bleed,
 The patriot perish and the freeman fall,
 Till Slavery shakes her shackles over all.
 But do they die? No; living they shall live
 To give to Freedom more than life could give!
 Their blood shall water still her fragrant tree—
 Their names on blazon'd banners waving free.
 Still be as trumpet calls of Victory,—
 Their very dust shall hallow Liberty!
 And ev'n their brows but frowning from a bust,
 Shall strike the trembling tyrant to the dust!
 But when the pure, the patriot heroine,
 Shines, as a Star, the Martyr of the scene—
 When she spreads forth her wings in Phoenix-flight
 The golden bird of glory and of light,
 Then let the freeman strike, ev'n slaves may smite,
 Soul link with soul, and heart with heart unite;
 For where she springs 'tis Freedom's holy ground,
 Where Seraphs minister, and GOD is found!

Unpublished Poem.

THE night had been beautiful, but the morning broke through thick and murky clouds, ominous of the coming tempest. There was a boding gloom upon the brows of banded parties of the soldiery, and whispers and floating rumours abroad, which had not wholly escaped the ears of the Rajah as symptoms of the approaching out-break. The lady Heera, whom the night before De Vaux had barely traced as securely reaching the zenana tents, had, with the rest of the harem pavilion, and all the ill-gotten treasure of the Rajah, been already dispatched for the capital long before break of day under a small body of armed men, the royal guard being in too excited a state to be trusted. The day rolled on, and with it the hour for the execution of the Veteran Sirdar, Hurry Punt; but a severe tempest coming on, it was deferred till the ensuing day, thus giving time to the disaffected to mature their arrangements, which so shortly were to break out into open and stern defiance, leaving the despot scarcely the half of his army, on which any reliance might be placed.

It was on the dawning of the next day that a small band, consisting of the zenana tents, in which were the princess Heera and her friend Myra, had reached their destination, the fortified capital of the Rajah. The minister

Shawm Sing received the cavalcade, and soon after waited on the princess. The artful sensualist was smitten with her beauty. This wretch had the skill to conceal under a seeming shew of braminical austerity and sanctity the most licentious practices and villainies emanating from a heart of the most satanic evil. He had succeeded in completely duping his master, who, despotic as he was, was yet his benefactor, into a belief, that he was the most devoted of his servants. As such he had a pervading influence and an universal sway, even into the oriental sanctities of the purdah'd zenana.

Audacious as the minister was, there was that in the known character, in the influence, in the sacred virtues, and even in the personal dignity of the young princess that which, for a while, threw a halo and a hedge around her, for a time repelled the gradual insinuations of the reptile; but audacity combined with craft like his was made of stuff too stern—was an evil too essential and innate to remain appalled by sanctity however awful, or benevolence however beautiful. He made his advances cautiously, but progressively. The native nobleness and simplicity of Heera's character clear as her own blue skies, her heart artless and expanded as the lotus of her own native land, was not made to be the shrine of suspicion or the sanctuary of murky inspirations; there beat in it a happy and a healthful pulse, and Christian virtues threw an awe about her like a guard angelic placed. She could not, like another Eve, enter into the reptile sinuosities of this Boa of voluminous subtleties and complicated wickedness. She met his offers with a natural innocence. He protested his deep and unextinguishable passion; he assured her of its unending endurance and intensity—the tyranny and temper of her 'lord, his sudden exacerbations, capricious cruelties, and fantastic affections. He brought to her notice the Rajah's present dangerous and desperate situation with disaffected subjects, and a powerful army in open and triumphant rebellion; for news, he said, had but that ere reached him of the successful issue of an engagement between the Rajah's force with that of the Surdars, Hurry Punt and Selim. All this he contrasted with the advantages he offered; viz. his influence and wealth, his power and name. But craft however subtle and satanic, sometimes overshoots its mark. He thought of daunting and overpowering her virtue by the audacity of his advance, but the very daring on which he calculated, was made the subservient, tho' antagonist instrument of energizing in her soul those sublime and spiritual elements, which elevate and etherealize the human spirit, when moulded from above, to endurances or achievements as much beyond the attainment of human morality, as they soar above the glance of earthly sensuality. His offers were met with the eloquent silence of wonder, abhorrence and scorn. Tho' oft repelled, the unabashed profligate repeated his solicitations, and even ventured on dark but significant hints of love stung to desperation, and admiration converted into the recklessness of revenge. He knew of the influence of Myra with her friend, and attempted tampering with that also; but with no better success. The loyalty to her truth, and the purity of the one, and the devotedness and friendship of the other were, however, destined, in the struggle, to be put to a severe test, but to terminate in a magnanimous, tho' melancholy, triumph.

The situation of Heera became daily more difficult and distressing; but

whilst she leaned on the bosom of her faithful and affectionate Myra, her eye was ever fixed upon Heaven, and her spirits saw and took up with resignation the cross assigned to it. It resembled in its affliction the crushed musk of Thibet, which but emits, on being crushed, the more odoriferous perfume, or the rose of Cashmere, which yields the more delicious fragrance on being plucked. Such was the state of circumstances, till the re-appearance of the Rajah in the vicinity of his capital. On the morning succeeding that of Heera's departure from the camp, and the appointment of the execution of the veteran Sirdar, Selim was summoned to the presence of the Rajah. He was interrogated with dark glances and suspicious questions; and was ordered peremptorily to see the fatal orders put into effect. Changing his mind, the Rajah himself commanded the elephants to be produced; but they were found to have strayed during the night, and their mahouts to have disappeared. The mutineers were already in motion, such was the popularity of the old Sirdar, and the enthusiastic admiration in which they held the valor and conduct of Selim. All the discipline and veteran courage of the army were in open, tho' silent and steady operation on the approach of the crisis. Selim was hailed with acclamations, and the release of the Sirdar demanded of him. He was surrounded and delegated by them to lay all their grievances before the Rajah, while a guard detached from his own faithful Rajpoots was appointed to accompany and protect him if necessary. He was received at first with a cataract of rage and vituperation on the part of the Rajah. Suddenly, however, a change came over the spirit of the royal despot's dream. Pretending, with oriental craft, to relent, he recalled Selim, apologized, soothed, and caressed him. He commanded him to send the criminal Sirdar to him, with the promise, on his royal word, of a generous oblivion of the past, if he but acknowledged his guilt, and sued for pardon. Selim, not sufficiently versed in the iniquity of oriental durbars, returned with alacrity and pledged the result to his friends and the mutineers. On his assurance pacifying them the now released Sirdar proceeded to the royal pavillion into which he had no sooner entered, than he was, by armed men on watch, concealed behind the purdahs of the pavillion, seized on and violently conveyed away. The few who accompanied Selim, with the greatest difficulty escaped the same fate.

The camp was in dreadful commotion: the mutineers assembled clamorously. Selim was called on by loud acclamations to take command and prove his friendship to his friend, and his attachment to his party and that of justice, by joining their ranks and leading them on to revenge this foul and tyrannical treachery. His own mind could now have no scruples. He himself had been denounced. The unqualified baseness, hypocrisy, and treachery of the tyrant were but too apparent and daily becoming too intolerable. Large bodies of the disaffected troops had, in the discipline with which Selim had inspired them, formed in order of battle. They wanted but a leader, and clamoured for him. His endangered friend and the Rajah's turpitude came vividly before his mind; his conscience acquitted him of tortuous motives; it was the call—the crisis of a providence, and no longer a temptation; he felt he had been enabled to beat down, to baffle the fiend of the last night; he had asked in the solemn prostration of solitary prayer for guidance and direction:—it seemed, nay, it *was*

answered in the opening vista of circumstances, which he had rather endeavoured to subdue than to encourage, to allay than to inflame. It was then that the thought, the image of his captived, his imprisoned, his endangered bird of beauty fled across his soul, and our pious young hero was at once determined. He put himself at their head. The charge and shock of his suwars, before the Rajah's encampment could possibly recover itself was lightning-like and decisive. His venerable friend, the Sirdar, was in the arms of his young champion and deliverer, even before he could well contemplate his own situation as a prisoner.

Success, the recovery of their favorite general, and those capricious changes so frequent in the military and political history of the native states of India, operated on the victorious rebels insisting on the general assuming to himself the royal insignia; swearing that he should alone be their potentate, and Selim Sahib general under him. The banner of defiance was now flung forth and the sword unsheathed. They drew off and entrenched their camp.

Their young general gave them ample reason to congratulate themselves on their choice in the first act of his generalship. That very night he planned and effected a surprize of the royal camp, and captured almost the whole of the Rajah's park of artillery.

Hurry Punt was now considered as their rightful monarch. The brahmins anointed and bathed him in the preserved and sacred waters of the Ganges; a hastily prepared chathur of silk and gold, and a rough guddee (throne) and the punjah (his family coat of arms) royally emblazoned, waved over a nishan (flag) over his head, whilst acclamations that reverberated from hill to hill, and shook the royal camp from end to end announced his elevation with the cries of, *Salamat Maharajah Hurry Punt! Salamat Selim Sahib Bahadoor!* The latter was decorated on horse-back with the culga (crest) of pearls and diamonds and formally installed as the new Rajah's generalissimo.

It is not the object of this humble tale to paint the plumed pomp and gorgeous splendor of war, the best glitter of which is at best but that of its own destructive symbols of desolation, the levin flash and thunder-bolt; but to attempt, how faintly soever to sketch, that better and nobler glory, the heroism of suffrance, the renown of a pure fame, the blazon not of "brute violence," but the conquests of triumphant virtue, and the lasting laurels of a real immortality,

"This is true glory and renown when, God
Looking on th' Earth with approbation marks
The just man and divulges him thro' Heav'n."—

A decisive victory on the part of our young hero completed the reverses sustained by the Rajah, and drove him within half of a month ignominiously to seek shelter in his fortified capital, which was energetically and promptly invested by Hurry Punt and De Vaux. With the superior skill and energy of the young Englishman in the use of artillery, and the knowledge of the localities of the fortress on the part of the old Sirdar, the breaching batteries were in powerful operation. The fortification, originally ill planned and much neglected, could not display a protracted resistance. A breach promised success. Selim led the storming party; but his good fortune here seemed to have forsaken him. Baffled and overpowered, his

own party, almost exterminated himself stunned and senseless, though unwounded, and rolled in to the front, it was but by the affectionate attachment of two of his surviving men that he was borne back, under cover of darkness, in safety to the battering lines.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the troops, and their devotion to their new prince and his young commander Selim, this repulse, a scarcity of food and ammunition, and a dysentery which was thinning their ranks, threw the gloom of a general despondency over the camp. Traitors, too, employed by the minister Shawn Sing, were suspected to be amongst them who conveyed intelligence to the besieged. Selim's life had even been attempted. He had, besides, more than ordinary reasons to share in the general anxiety. It was in this melancholy of the mind and fever of the heart, though cautiously suppressed before all, that he wandered forth on the second night after his repulse in the breach in the coolness of a midnight and moonlight hour. The camp and batteries lay some rods behind him, hushed in the depth of slumber: the fortress with its fatal breach and palatial towers frowned in the sombre and shadowy grandeur before him: nothing was heard in the sallow grove of trees where he stood, save the low, quick, ominous cry of the birds of night, the occasional melancholy howl of the jackal, or the far, faint challenge of the distant and drowsy sentinel. The solitude, the silence, the melancholy of his mind, but, above all, as he cast his glance to the fortress, the image of one dearer than the life-blood in his veins, and that one imprisoned by a gloomy and capricious tyrant, and exposed to the horrors of a siege and storm, wrung his heart to its core; another look, and its anguish became insupportable. He threw himself on the earth and groaned in bitterness. He felt whilst adored by thousands as a hero, or feared by more as a foe, that he was but a worm in real insignificance. But he felt, nevertheless, that the cause in which he drew his sword, was the righteous one of humanity, and justice and mercy; but he felt that his groans were those of despondency and gloom, not of Heaven and of hope. He prayed,—nor was he ashamed of it—for when was prayer yet not a seraph of support and strength? He prayed, and his soul was lightened: he looked up for strength, nor did he look in vain, for his next look was that of thankfulness and hope; but scarcely had he experienced this, when there stood beside him a female figure, as noiseless and transparent as the ray that fell from the moon; still silent, fair, and unveiled, with her long, bright locks floating over her neck and bosom. Selim started to his feet.

“God of my Salvation, keep me!—Art thou a spirit of the other world, or?”—

“I may soon be such,” replied the speaker in tones that seemed to gush from the throat of a peri, yet came to his ear in his own native English; “whom do I address? Is he a friend to the forlorn?”

“To none in helplessness am I a foe: least of all to a female in distress.”

“From thy posture and thy prayer thou art a Christian, and surely—art thou he who bears the name of Selim?”

“I am the same.”

“Then, is there none in that accursed fortress for whose safety thy soul prayeth; or for whom thine arm would not strike, or thy life be freely out-

poured ? Fear not to trust me, and to speak : I come on the part of one, who, despite the struggles of her soul, loves thee better than itself ; whose prayers are yet more for thee than for herself, though on the very edge—oh Heaven !—of what a precipice ?”

“What ?—who ?—Art thou from the lady Heera ?”

“She was, next to thee, the saviour of my life : I am her grateful christian servant,—friend—sister—all ; and would risk my all to save her. She is perilled with dangers : beset with snares ; shame, ignominy, insult, and death ! Oh save her, Selim, if thou canst ! oh save her !”

“Merciful God !” groaned Selim, and staggered as if stunned ; “tell me, oh tell me all.”

“My name is Myra, Selim. I felt—I feel thou art my friend, my brother : oh despond not ; pluck up thy courage, now most needed. Art thou not a Christian and a soldier ?—Storm that breach. I feel the presentiment of thy success. By the hour of to-morrow’s durbar, Heera—thy Heera,—I warn thee ! will be a seraph in heaven, or I not even a worm on earth. If til then I succeed to save and screen her, (come what Heaven may will to me) thou wilt find her in a subterranean dungeon, known to few or none, in the southernmost angle of the hall of the zenanah, opening by a square chunar stone, and its spring in the pavement closely fitted : there knock thrice. Meanwhile beware of Shaum Sing ! oh that serpent ! beware of his daggers and secret poisons ; and revenge thy Heera’s murder. If I fail—no, oh, no, forgive it ! Revenge not mine, I charge thee by thy soul’s salvation, revenge not mine ! A rocket from that tower, and a blood-red handkerchief from its highest south lattice is the token of our hour of peril. Fare thee well ! I dare not stay longer ; mark my path, but follow me not ; it may aid thee : The eternal God of our salvation shield thy head from harm, and shelter thee in the struggle ! Fare thee well.”

“Myra ! oh my sister, my friend ! Take a brother’s embrace, perchance my last as first,” said the heart-harrowed Selim as he clasped the noble girl agitatedly to his breast, and saluted her forehead with an affectionate, but chaste, kiss of Christian love ;—“we may not meet again on earth. I will in God’s—in Christ’s eternal name redeem you one or both, or with you die !” Claspng his hands together he looked upward in an agony that burst from his soul as lightning from its cloud. “Oh Christ, save her !” he cried, “let the wings of Thine Angels be around her—protect her with Thine own dread wings ! and edge my sword and strengthen my arm if but—if but this once, my God—my God !”

He turned to Myra. She was gone. The midnight moon shone calmly down. The same still solitude lay around him bathed in its silver. He looked and caught the glimpse of a faint, shadowy figure gliding swiftly on. He pursued and traced it through the dry moat of the fortress, and up the opposing bank ; but lost it in the thickets of thorn and jungle which grew on the scarped summit that rose to about thirty feet, being the bare, rocky granite of the rocky hill on which the fortress was formed. Here she disappeared. De Vaux had seen enough : the only difficulty was to return as providentially unobserved as he had gone. He crept down in cautious silence, crossed the ditch, heard the call of the unheeding centinel, escaped unobserved across into the grove, matured a plan of attack in

his own mind; and hurried to the tent of his royal friend Hurry Punt. The brave old Sirdar, to whom Selim explained, all that in prudence was necessary, yet shrewdly guessing more than he was informed, stated his resolution to storm the breach in person on the morrow. Selim was, meanwhile, under cover of the smoke of the batteries to lead a strong select party up the perilous, obscure, rocky pathway, that led to a postern near the zenana quarter. He arranged, superintended, and surveyed all. He promised, on the sacred word of their new Rajah, Hurry Punt, an enormous *nuzzur* (bonus) to the troops, as an incentive to a noble effort; enjoined the strictest orders as to the safety and sanctity of the harem, and particularly of the Princess and her friend; and declared his resolution not to return a second time unsuccessful from the ramparts of the fortress. Before three hours had elapsed, or ere the streaks of dawn had dappled the East, the beleaguering batteries were in one tremendous explosive roar of flame and thunder, encreased and reverberated by the repercussion of the neighbouring mountains, and wrapping the fortress in a pall of the densest smoke.

Fearful as was the scene without, one of more dreadful interest existed within the city. The sagacity of the Minister had been fully alive to the dangers of his position, should the Ranee, now that the Raja was on the spot, reveal his criminal proposals to him. From without the siege was pressed with vigor. The hoards he had amassed by peculation and oppression were at stake, and his own life in jeopardy. He would not have hesitated in betraying his master, and securing his existence and treasures by going over to the enemy, but for the presence of the hated young Englishman, with whose passion for Heera and interview with her in his tent he was but too well acquainted. The catiff bearers who had deserted her palankeen were in his pay, and now at his beck, as well as other emissaries. His licentiousness, however, surpassed even the craven cowardice of his sordid soul, which could be daring and dangerous only when safe in its evil. The sanctity of his brahminical character as goroo, or spiritual guide, gave him easy access to the arcana of any Hindoo abode, and even to the royal harem. He sought a last desperate interview with the princess; and urged her even to threats of the most gloomy revenge if rejected in his suit. He insinuated dark and mysterious hints relative to her feelings of more than friendship for the handsome foreigner; and menaced not merely the exposure of her shame and its fatal consequences, but distinctly triumphed in the intended assassination of De Vaux Sahib. The only alternative for safety and life, he said, was immediate flight with him, for which, things were already prepared. The soul of Heera rose in utter revulsion from the monstrous villain and his hideous offers. She had but been the more steeled in her determination to repulse him at all risks as he proceeded, till the fatal chord was touched of Selim's assassination. To this her heart vibrated as the Eolian to the blast. She concealed her emotions with difficulty, and condescended to request a few hours for consideration. It was assented to; and the monstrous miscreant relieved her of his presence.

In the bosom of her friend, Myra, the distressed and bursting heart of Heera was poured. For a few seconds there was a dreadful pause; but the generous maiden arose, and taking the sacred volume of their common studies, laid it on Heera's bosom, and exacted from her an oath on the belief

of its awful contents, that she should, whilst relying on her fidelity, be implicitly guided by her advice and directions. On this solemn promise being obtained, the devoted Myra announced her intention to visit the hostile camp and warn Selim at all risks, by stealing her way through the postern on the granite scarp of the bastion near the zenanah quarter, known to few or none of its inmates. Then taking a lamp, she led Heera down into a subterranean dungeon in the lowest floor of the edifice. A stone valve flew open on her touching a spring in an obscure cranny, by which it also could be opened within. There depositing the lamp, some dried fruits and oat-meal cakes, and a silver urn of water, which she had brought, she called her friend to kneel in an act of solemn worship to Heaven, and ratifying Heera's oath in it, in a strain of awful grandeur and sublime supplication, committed her friend and herself to the protective care or to the omniscient will of Him, who had breathed the groan of expiration on the cross for them. Myra then rose, and reaching a portion of the unleavened cake broke it in deepest silence, and giving a part to Heera, while her countenance beamed with a smile, which gave to it the supernatural radiancy of angelic expression, "Receive this, my beloved, my eternal sister," said she, "in token and in remembrance of Him who died for us; and relying on His atonement and His strength for support keep to thine oath of remaining here till relieved or called forth by safety or necessity: and then, if it arrive at the worst, or rather at the best, of dying in His faith, (for death my sister is to the christian but an angel in disguise)—the dazzling from excess of glory, of the crystal gate of life, then in His faith die." Heera partook with her, in the want and absence of the blood-symbol, the bread of the great sacramental memento and mystery of the christian's awful faith. The element was broken, and handed, and eaten in solemn silence, and self dedication. Was that spot not hallowed by the viewless attendance of watching and waiting spirits hovering round these distressed lambs of the fold of their dread Author and Lord, when fulfilling one of his last commands?—Yea, was not the great Eternal Shepherd of these His lambs there?

The two friends then arose and embraced each other in unbroken silence—in the depth of a presentimental, undefineable awe—in the intensity of that agony of love and fear which could find no utterance. In the depth of their souls' silence and affliction they parted—to meet on earth no more!

The spring of the stone-valve was touched from below, Myra ascended, but looked back once more on her friend; her face was suffused with that heroic, though melancholy, smile which gave it again the same supernatural luminousness, and the door closed from above. It was then, as already related, that, bent on her secret mission, she providentially met Selim, and returned in time to wait in her friend's behalf the approach of the profligate minister. She announced at once by way of concluding the hateful conference, her mistress' rejection at any risk of his detested project as an utter impossibility. The monstrous, mis-shapen miscreant crawled, rather than drew back, muttering as he withdrew, "Thou accursed christian sorceress, then I'll have thee in my coils," and, glaring like a hyena, retired.

The east had not even dimly dawned, when an extraordinary council was summoned. Lights were hastily brought. In a recess of the grand hall of the durbar apart from the turband and jewelled group of councillors was

seen in deep and energetic conference with the pompous figure of the rajah, the spare and haggard shape of the machiavelian minister, his piercing and pernicious eye flashing from under his shaggy and overhanging brows.

"Selim, his son?" inquired the rajah.

"His own; by a *mīcha* outcast Feringee mother, as I will prove to your Highness' fullest satisfaction, when the expected succours from Gwalior will have arrived, and we shall have crushed the rebels. Kalee has been appeased; the goddess will yet be propitious. Trust a bramin's word: I saw her image this very night brighten with a smile on viewing the blood of the sacrificed babe whilst writhing on the block."

"But what is the crime thou wouldst infer? What is the white slave's guilt, of which thou givest me such darksome limits?"

"Maharajah! I am, though at an humble distance, thy friend: I am thy minister, thy servant, I am thy gooroo! Wouldst thou seek from me what would darken my days in overshadowing with sorrow and shame the sky of thine?"

"Thou hast already left me in worse than darkness—in the twilight of neither knowledge nor ignorance. Tell me all plainly—"

"I dare not—no, by all the infernal gods of Pthal, I would not. Rather would I be in the midst of the roar of all those their infernal blazing batteries! I only humbly advise—let the Maharajah change the whole seraglio; and to have cut in pieces before his eyes the half Angrase witch; she is the accursed sorceress—the go-between—"

"Go-between!—Gooroo, Osoor, demon, devil, or whatever thou art—if thou be Seeb himself in veriest incarnate devilment, out with it all, and in one breath! or by—"

"Ram! Ram! how those infernal engines shake the solid hill. Maharaja, my Prince, I will not, I cannot tell thee; but there are those who may. I knew thy just and generous, though hasty spirit, and therefore to prove my fidelity have them at hand."

Two hearers were immediately called, and a native Portuguese.

"Let the king question these as he will."

Broken, hurried interrogations were put. The well-catechised satellites of their leader answered to his fullest satanic satisfaction. A scroll was produced, purported to be written in English characters which was apparently read and translated by the Portuguese as an intercepted communication of elopement with Selim on the part of the Princess; but the autography and signature were assigned to Myra. The caittiff Portuguese further declaring, that he never before knew or had even seen the document; that he had learnt English when in the dominions of the Company; and that he had faithfully translated it. The whole was a tissue of falsehoods so complicated, and of fabrications so interwoven, so dazzling and audacious, as to be well calculated to elicit from the unthinking, impetuous, brutal mind of the barbarian, for whom it was intended, the flashes of a madness, that exploded into a volcanic burst of revenge indiscriminately acting on the whole zenanah: the fiendish heart of the minister, that Avatar of evil, being glutted with the Nero-like consolation, that in this wholesale hell-swoop of his revenge, the particular objects of his marble-hearted hate could not escape destruction. Thus by touching of one spring in an act of complicated wickedness did one Master Spirit of evil act and react on

another, treachery on tyranny, and tyranny back on treachery. But there is an eye and a record above : and were there even no other proofs, the self presented internal evidences of that book, which is indeed hedged round with a divinity, which even *has* a divinity stirring within it, must resistlessly silence the rabid wantings of infidelity, when its minutest mark-lets (if the expression he allowed) correspond with the pointed providences even in the incidents of heathen history : “ *The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment.*”

Whilst the thunders of war were resounding without the fortress, the more gloomy and tempestuous storm of human passions was raging within it. The evidences of guilt, adduced to the brute intellect of the Rajah, were proofs plain as day. He stormed ravingly for his guards, his arms, his sword. Heedless of the peril bursting on his capital and throne, he rushed from the durbar towards the buildings of the zenanah. Myra was meanwhile prepared; her information, though good and well timed, was surpassed by the sagacity, intrepidity, and high-minded heroism of her christian heart. Two rockets were seen, like her own clear spirit rising above the gloom and darkness of earth, to ascend above the din and smoke of battle, and to burst in warning fires; shortly after two others followed, and in a still shorter interval two more ominously rose portending the pressure of their peril; and the little blood-red flag was fatally discernible.

The breach in the battered fortress, which had repulsed Selim, was destined once more to baffle the veteran Sirdar. Selim saw this. But what will not the intense and daring desperation of the human soul brave and achieve, when stung by agony, elevated by hope, or sustained by Heaven? It was upon sustentations of the soul like these, that all the chivalry of De Vaux's spirit burst forth. He rushed from his post to the bloody and baffling breach, and reinforced and reformed the broken party of the Sirdar; his voice and sword were again heard and seen above the din of conflict, and the smoke of battle; protesting he would mount the breach and die alone even if unfollowed: he led them back rallied, successful, resistless as a mountain torrent. He left the Sirdar with directions to press on, dividing right and left, whilst he himself returned to his original assault upon the secret rocky postern path near the quarters of the zenanah. This now became a flank attack on the already confused and panic-stricken defenders of the ramparts. Their very guns were turned against them with terrible effect. The havoc and destruction were dreadful. Our young hero had not time to interpose his usual humanity, when a seventh rocket ascended and caught his eye. His look was a glance of agony unutterable; but it stayed not. His soul and physical powers seemed re-animated with an enthusiasm and energy supernatural; calling on his faithful Rajpoots not to let him die singly and unrevenged, he rushed headlong through the already expanded portals of the zenanah, and burst into its walls gloomy as like another Ulysses into another Troy. The small redoubt of guns within the gate and grounds of the harem were carried with the resistless rush, at the point of the sword. At this critical juncture Selim stumbled and fell. His band of heroes imagined he was shot down: the cry of mingled wrath and vengeance arose from them like the yell of a gloomy band of demon “*accors*,” issuing from the infernal confines of *pathal* (hell), and lent an infernal air and agency to their gigantic efforts of terrible revenge;

but their hero was yet at their head, with this charge the *zenanah* was destined to be in their possession.

It was at this most critical moment, whilst the brave old Sirdar was sweeping the ramparts, the victorious army penetrating every cranny of the city, and De Vaux with his band of heroes bursting into the harem, that demented with passion, and blinded by jealous rage, instead of animating his troops and sirdars to a resistance more than probably successful, the blind and brutal tyrant was wasting the invaluable hour in an outbreak of despotic wrath, founded on the chimeras of his imagination, worked up into hideous realities by the infernal inspirations of his demon, minister of evil. The rajah, with Shawm Sing and his guards, had reached and now stood over the very spot, in the lowest grand hall of the harem, where the princess was concealed. There, like a laboring earthquake, and as if to concentrate his wrath, he had made a pause. The magnificent marble stair-case, that led up to the private apartments of the harem, presented as an obstacle, its rich sandal-wood doors. It was ordered to be torn down and messengers dispatched, even at the risk of violating rigid oriental decorum to drag down the criminal Ranee, and her accused accessory. The satellites were about to ascend. "You need not," said a veiled female figure as it descended the few last gloomy steps, "you need not: I am come to prove my mistress' innocence, ny—"

"Unveil the harlot," roared the tyrant, "and drag her to my foot." It was Myra in a burst of unearthly beauty.

"She-devil! where is thy mistress, the paramour of the rebel Feringhee?"

"Maharajah, great king, hear me! Hear me in the name of truth and justice! Hear me in the name of the eternal *Porom Eshor*, the God of Justice! Maharajah that evil man is deluding thy soul, he is poisoning thy peace! He would have, but could not seduce my noble mistress——."

"Thou seducing devil! produce thy harlot, thy mistress, to be dealt with before thyself!" "I will not," was the calm, collected, determined reply.

"My pistol! my sabre! smite, cut down the sorceress, the infernal *milcha!*" A sword was instantly furnished for his grasp on a sign from the minister Shawm Sing by one of his emissaries. The fatal steel was plunged into the guiltless bosom of Myra, and she fell convulsively exclaiming, "Heera thou art safe! yes, they come! they come! thanks be to heaven, they come!"

A shriek echoed through the vast hall as from an angle of it issued the figure of the Ranee, bursting into light, and rushing towards her murdered Myra, murdered ere she could save her by her interposition. Instantaneously with the sudden apparition of the princess, came like the rush of a hurricane and its accompanying thunderbolt, the avengers of blood, the lion-like Rajpoots with Selim at their head. "Murderer! miscreant! turn to a man!" and the imperial butcher was prostrated in the very act of cutting down the living form of Heera bending over the lifeless one of her dying Myra. Maddened with the first tremendous blow of Selim's sword, the Rajah with a spring recovered his feet. "Leave him to me my Rajpoots, leave him! Save the Ranee! Shield, protect, save the Ranee! my jewelled '*culga*' to the man who saves her!" cried Selim as he yet again struck down the tyrant to his foot, and hung over him as the avenging angel pausing in a moment of mercy, when the monster foaming with rage sprang with the glare of a leopard at his throat, exclaiming, "Huramzada! bastard of my rebel slave!"—"Huramzada!" re-echoed one of Selim's havildars;

"call'st thou him our General a bastard?—" and with one stroke of his stalwart arm the headless trunk of the tyrant palpitated on the pavement stone. "Thanks to heaven," exclaimed Selim, "my sword did it not!" In the confusion of the conflict the caitiff minister Shawm Sing had fled and disappeared like a bird of darkness: he had, in his craven flight, fallen unconsciously into the still gaping dungeon; the valve of which had closed upon the wretch. He was afterwards discovered and extracted a gloomy, raving maniac, doomed to expire from frenzied inflammation of brain. "Behold," says a certain book, "he travailed with mischief, conceived iniquity, and brought forth falsehood. He made a pit, and dug it. He hath fallen into the ditch which he hath made! His mischief shall return on his violent dealing on his own pate!"

The hall was in a few moments cleared of every foe by his infuriated followers, Selim in vain calling for mercy. He dared not quit the person of the princess prostrate on the body of Myra. No sooner was the din of conflict over, than Selim raised her in his arms. "My heaven saved Heera!"

"Oh Selim! oh my Selim," cried Heera in agony scarce utterable, "where is Myra? look to her, Selim, look to her!"

The apparently lifeless, but yet living, body of Myra, bleeding from her bosom, was tenderly conveyed to the nearest apartment; Selim and Heera attending on her personally. A messenger was despatched for the new monarch, Hurry Punt; but ere the old veteran could arrive, the spirit of the murdered and martyred maiden had fled from its tenement of clay. Heera sustained her on her bosom, whilst Selim was vainly attempting to stanch the vital stream. Nature, however, made a last effort. The dying eye of Myra looked up to the agonized face of her friend, then to Selim's. "My brother! my sister!" and she made an effort to link their hands, "it is all right! live, love, and remember me! I go! I go! where the wicked cease from troubling;—even to Christ! Into Thine hands I commit, —" and she sunk in one long, low suspiration, yet breathed forth with one of those smiles that beautify the dying, when they die in righteousness. Nature rallied again,—the beating pulse re-throbbled,—the pure, passionate eye of love relumed, and again looked up in love to the face of Heera; it sunk,—it rose again,—it sunk,—and closed for ever!—Can I go on? no! Fate drop the curtain!

"Oh Selim!" shrieked Heera convulsively on his bosom, "where is our Myra! where is our Myra?"

"In heaven!" groaned Selim, from his inmost soul, "my beloved, my heaven-spared Heera! our Myra is now an angel of light in heaven!"

Within a grove of weeping willows there stands, beside the silver current of a lovely streamlet, a delicately proportioned marble tomb and sarcophagus: on the inscription of which the moon-beams seemed, when I read it, still to weep—

This tomb and tablet are erected,
In boundless gratitude and endless affection,
As the sacred deposit

Of all that was earthly of a Christian and a Heroine, a Seraph and a Saint!
Even to thee our loving and beloved

M Y R A !

By those for whom she sacrificed her life,
Selim and Heera De Vaux
Eternity and Heaven must tell the rest!

ELIGIAC STANZAS.

OH where is she the beautiful,
 The maid beloved of all—
 Her fairy form is seen no more,
 In this deserted hall.
 I seek her, but I find her not ;
 I cry aloud in vain :—
 She answers not—that silver voice
 I ne'er shall hear again.
 Those eyes which beamed so brightly once,
 Are quench'd in death's dark wave ;
 Those lips which smil'd so sweetly too,
 Are closed as is her grave ;
 And never more—oh, never more,
 While heaven and earth remain,
 Those lips of love, those orbs of light,
 Shall charm my soul again.
 Oh snatch'd away in youthful bloom
 Thou hast no stone to grace,
 No marble tomb, no monument,
 To mark thy resting place !
 For thee no pensive lover sighs,
 No bitter tears are given,
 None but the moaning winds of night
 And the crystal drops of Heaven !

March, 1844.

F.

CALCUTTA AND ITS SUBURBS.

WE concluded an article, which we wrote under the above head in the last January number, by stating, that “even a cursory examination of the superficial appearances from the Strand-road on the West to the margin of the Salt Water Lake on the East is quite sufficient to indicate, that not many years ago fishes and fishing canoes occupied the places, where magnificent palaces and crowded cities now stand; and whence the destinies of a hundred millions of the human race are now ruled.” But the internal no less than the external appearances of the whole tract of country of which Calcutta and its Suburbs occupy a central part, lead us to the same conclusion. It is on this branch of the subject that we intend to offer a few preliminary remarks. The tract of country we allude to may be considered as being bounded on the East by the Gawalporah Hills in Assam, and the Caribari Hills in Tripuva (vulgo Tiperah) on the West, by the Rajmahal and Ramgur Hills; on the North, by the Nepal Hills; and, on the South, by the Bay of Bengal. The tract of country included within these limits is almost a perfect flat, slightly rising towards the surrounding Hills by a gradual and imperceptible slope. At the N. W. and N. E. angles of this tract we observe gaps of great extent in the Hilly ranges which confine it, that on the West being the mouth of the Gangetic Valley, and that on the East the mouth of the Valley through which the Burmaputtra River descends. These two great Rivers, swollen by the burthen of a thousand tributary streams, which empty themselves into their channels along the whole length of their extensive course from the bosom of the snow-capped Himalyas, unite at last

near the city of Dacca, and pour their contents into the Bay of Bengal by numerous branches, extending from the coast of Chittagong on the East to that of Cattack on the West. This system, if we may be allowed the expression, of tributaries and branches, together with the main trunks which connect them, might be compared to the arterial and venous system of the human frame; the office of both being the nourishment of the substance through which they pass. Hence the remarkable fertility of the tract we are describing.

The immense load of earthy sediments constantly transported by these streams, from the high lands whence they descend with rapidity to those regions over which they sluggishly meander, is sufficient to account for the appearances both internal as well as external of this alluvial tract, and lead the philosophic observer back to a period beyond the reach of history, when the whole of this region was occupied by raging billows that lashed the rocky sides of the hills we have mentioned, forming gulfs and bays at the angles where the Ganges and the Burmaputtra respectively disembogue. The process of alluvial formation by which this part of the bay appears to have been filled up, is yet in progress, and the Sunderbuns are daily encroaching on the ancient territories of old Neptune, with the Sandheads, their pioneers, who are ever in advance to prepare the way.

It is interesting to contemplate, that there was a time, when over the place where thousands of towns, villages, and forests now luxuriate, where millions of the children of Adam find their means of subsistence, and where successive dynasties have risen and fallen, vessels constructed by the hand of man, if he then existed in these parts, plowed the bosom of the deep. The interest felt in such contemplations would become more intense, if we go back, in imagination, to a period when the virgin earth had not received the imprint of the foot of sinful man; when the mighty expanse of waters, limited only by the stubborn rocks which over-hung its verge, formed the theatre for the gambols of the huge Leviathan and other enormous monsters of the antediluvian age, which, in all their grandeur and greatness of fresh primeval nature, reigned over the tracts, where in succeeding ages angels have had to weep over the fantastic tricks played before high heaven, by the puny race of man. Though history be dumb, yet the researches of the geologist and philosopher lead us back, not on the wings of a fanciful imagination, but gradually by stubborn facts—the evidence of the earth itself, to the retrospections on which we have dwelt.

Were internal evidence wanting, the very features of the country, its hills and valley, its rivers and coasts would lead the philosophic enquirer to the conclusions we have drawn from their appearances. But internal proofs derived from the formation of the soil under our feet afford sufficient data, that there existed a period at which the whole of this tract was under water, that it gradually rose from the deep, that in its progress it was subjected to a variety of alterations, that waters gave way to dry land and vegetation, that these were again swallowed up by a deluge, the waters of which covered the trees and buried whole forests in its sediments, forming new alluvial tracts over the tops of the ancient forest, and prepared the soil, as it were, for a new creation.

Time does not permit us at this moment to enter upon a consideration of the curious and interesting details connected with the land of our birth; but we shall soon return to the subject, and hope to be able to satisfy the curiosity we may have awakened.

STANZAS.

When o'er the urn of by-gone days,
I broken-hearted bend,
And trace with glazing, tearless eyes,
How youth's fond hopes did end;
With shuddering soul I turn away,
And hopelessly enquire,
Will Futurity's dark day e'er give,
What I so much desire ?

The rainbow-tints of Hope's gay dream,
And childhood's blissful hours
Have fled and left their thorns behind,
But borne away their flowers.
In vain I would strike other chords;
My heart's gay vision's gone;
Let death take all life's bitters now,
Since all its sweets have flown.

My heart is sear'd, my spirit's chill'd
By Reality's cold grasp;
And thorns and brambles flourish now.
Beneath its icy clasp.
Chill Disappointment's piercing blast,
Across my soul doth blow;
And nips, and blights the little shoots,
That Hope had left below.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow:
Its cheering draught inspires;
Then let me quaff to by-gone days,
Before my breath expires.
Yes, let it rush thro' all my veins
And burst upon my soul—
In vain—in vain—my heart is broke—
Dash down yon crimson bowl.

DERELICTUS.

THE USURPED GUDDHEE.

(Continued from page 73.)

It is needless to pourtray the state of Bhyrub's mind on leaving Muttra. Life itself was a burden to him, and if his principles were not sufficiently strong, he might have put a termination to his existence. The disappointment which he had experienced damped his energies, and he moved on mechanically without any fixed purpose. The day began to decline, and night with all its gloomy terrors was now approaching to spread its mantle over the bright and pleasing scenes around. The orb of day soon sunk in the west, and twilight, after a brief space, gave way to "darkness visible." It was a fearful night. Black clouds began to gather, and, as it were, to canopy the earth. The wind whistled, and howled, and shook gigantic trees to their roots. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, and all

nature seemed in convulsion. At length there came a heavy rain, which descended like a torrent. The birds flew in desperation from tree to tree, and the beasts of the field ran howling to seek refuge among the dense woods, or within their hollow caves. Bhyrub knew not whither to fly; he stood beneath a tree, where he was drenched in every limb. The rain poured for hours continuously, and when it ceased, our traveller left his post, and proceeded on in his journey, though he was at a loss whither to bend his course. He had walked for miles, and still he found no vestige of human habitation, in which he might shelter himself against the inclemencies of the weather. A glimmering light at length came in view, towards which Bhyrub hastened with all possible speed. As he neared the spot, the light grew brighter and brighter, till he eventually perceived it to be a blaze, which proceeded from a pile of wood that kept burning, while three jogees sat around it, warming themselves in the damp bleak weather. There were little thatched buildings in the shape of cabins, very rudely constructed, at some distance from one another, and which were rendered visible by the light which the flame cast around. Bhyrub stood for some time undecided as to what he should do. At first he thought of introducing himself to these devotees, but on second thought, he deemed it advisable to know who they were, or what was the object of their meeting, before he should discover himself to them. They were three in number. The oldest of them had a fine flowing beard, which hung down with a tremendous knot. Next to him sat a young man with a string of beads round his neck, and who kept rocking himself backwards and forwards with his eyes perfectly closed. Opposite to him was a man with one eye, with a scowl upon his countenance which was truly terrific. These men uttered not a syllable for a considerable time, owing to their having helped themselves to large quantities of *bany*, a deleterious drug in common use among the lower orders of natives in the country. The fagots cracked, and the embers flew by the wind, but the jogees moved not. At length a voice was heard; it was that of the old man.

"What a dreadful shower we have had, Ramjee!" said the old man, addressing himself to his neighbour with one eye.

A deep silence ensued. The old man repeated what he had said before—but there was no answer. He then shook his neighbour by the arm, and roused him from his slumber. "*Bhum Kalli!*" exclaimed the blind man, as he stretched his arm to shake off his laziness—"Bhum Kalli! what is it you want, Gossain Jee?"

"I have just been speaking to you about the storm;" said the old man—"it has been a dreadful one, indeed."

"Dreadful or not, I know but one thing—I have been completely wet from head to toe, and that we have lost our property."

"How?" interrogated the other.

"Why, our pots and pans have been swept away, and our little huts have received severe damages."

"Is that all? I thought our gold and silver had been washed away by the torrent."

"They are, thanks to Kalli, quite safe," replied the other.

"And they must be so," remarked the old man; "for our Maha Kalli has received an abundance of our good things, and it is her bounden duty

to watch and protect our property. But joking apart, what do you think of our excursion?"

"Most splendid!" said the other. "Five thousand rupees in one night! The *debtas* have been very propitious. How cleverly every thing was managed. The head of the Mussulman dotard was severed in a moment from his execrable carcass——But stop!—I hear some noise," exclaimed the speaker, and looked round to see if any body was in view, while Bhyrub trembled like an aspen leaf, and kept himself perfectly concealed behind an immense trunk of a tree not far from the spot where the joghees were seated. "Go on," said the old man; "the noise is merely imaginary, or it must have been occasioned by the fall of some decayed branch of a tree. Who is there that dares invade our privacy? We would see him reduced to the ashes now before us—we would annihilate him in an instant—go on; there is nothing to be feared."

"We cannot be over-cautious," observed the blind man "We have many things to say, which, if they should ever reach the ears of others, will cause our ruin. Who knows but there may be some villain lurking in some nook or corner, that may catch every word we utter, and convey it to the ears of those vagabonds, whom the gods have now given power over us?—who knows there may be such a fellow near us, and then our death is inevitable."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried the other, "are you out of your senses, Ramjee? Who could venture to come into this wilderness, and at such a night as this?"

"There is no difficulty in that, I do assure you," replied the blind man; "we have many enemies; we have many to watch us, more than we can imagine."

"But let us drop that," said the old man; "a truce to your idle forebodings!"

"Well! well!" exclaimed the man of one eye—"well! well! let us drop it," and then he turned round to the four quarters of the globe, and looked, as much as his single visionary orb could permit him, to discover any straggler that might be lurking to listen to their conversation; and having satisfied himself on this point, he placed himself in his former position, and resumed his talk with his old companion.

"Yes," said he, "it was a splendid booty. We little expected to effect our design so speedily. In fact nobody would think us guilty of any atrocious deeds; our looks would at once belie the charge."

"Very true, very true," exclaimed the old man. "The habit of a jogee, is certainly an excellent cloak, beneath which we might conceal all our moral deformities—ha—ha."

"Oh yes, oh yes," cried the other. "But whatever you may call it, I, for one, will stoutly maintain, that I consider it no sin in depriving that old wretch of his life. I glory in it."

"Be that as it may," observed the old man; "What may be the amount of property we have obtained."

"Ten thousand!"

"Ten thousand! How do you make that out? I thought you said it was only five."

"Yes, yes—you are pretty right there ; but you know we have a living, a self-moving article, that is worth us much more."

"You are dealing in enigmas, Ramjee ?"

"I am not," said the blind man ; "Why, I think you are as well aware of it as myself."

"I can hardly comprehend what you mean," returned the other.

"Have you not seen the Mussulman's fair daughter, whose very eyes are as bright as the precious stones which kings are proud to wear ?"

"And have you got her ?" interrogated the old man.

"Got her ! Yes ; and her I value as much as your gold and silver—that is the lowest price I set upon her."

"Then you may take her, and we shall divide the gold between us two," pointing to the other Jogee, who still slumbered away, unconscious of what the others said.

"Oh no," said the blind man, "oh no ; the maid is my exclusive booty, and I shall contend this point."

"Well, well, be it so. But how did you get her, and where have you kept her ? these are points you most satisfy me in ?"

"I forced her away immediately on your leaving the house with the coins, and I have kept her in our little subterraneous abode, near the great *Pepul* tree."

"You are a fortunate dog, at any rate," remarked the old man ; and then rising from his seat tapped the third Joghee on the back.

"Ram ! Ram !" exclaimed, the drowsy man ; "Ram ! Ram ! Hurry ! Doorgah ! Kalli ! what is it you want ?"

"Want !" cried the blind man. "We want you to keep awake, and join us in our talk. We have been speaking about our late success, and we wish to know what do you think of it ?"

"Ho—o—o—o," yawned the other ; and after rubbing his eyes for five minutes, he replied to the effect, that he thought it a splendid piece of robbery. "But mind," added he, "our heads do not pay the penalty."

"No fear of that," observed the blind man ; "we have sagacity enough to elude the rigours of justice. Our Kalli will keep us safe under the mantle of her protection."

"Well said !" exclaimed the old man. "We care not for human laws ; we are the favourite sons of the *debtas*, and they will stretch forth their hands to protect us in all emergencies."

"Certainly !" said the blind man ; "who is there that can lift up his finger at us ? We shall annihilate him in an instant."

"Suppress your wrath," returned the third Joghee ; "you have taken the matter rather seriously, I perceive. I only joked with you, you know. Let us drop the subject, and beguile our hours with a few songs." Upon which he took his setar, which hung by the branch of a tree, and gently swept its strings with a practised hand. He then sung to the instrument an amorous ditty, in a rich, melodious voice, that even relaxed the muscles of the countenance of the blind man, whose spirit moved him, and he too favored the company with a song. The old man likewise tuned his pipe, in his turn, and time seemed to glide away very agreeably. "I have just been thinking," said the old man, when all had ceased, I have just been

thinking of another good prize, which we might easily obtain, if we could muster a little courage."

"Courage!" exclaimed the man of one eye; "Courage!" talk to me not of courage; I have enough of it to face an *Ussoor*."

"That is right, my boy; you are the man for me. We shall be as rich as the King of Delhi, if we continue in our career a couple years longer." — He had scarcely concluded his sentence, when a loud noise was heard, followed by a rush of horse and foot soldiers, that threw this little band of would-be devotees into a state of perturbation that is scarcely describable. The old man crept among the brambles that stood behind him, the blind man climbed up a tree, and the third Joghee endeavoured to conceal himself in the nearest hut he could get access to. "Seize the villains!" called out the leader of the gang in a voice of thunder; and the Joghees were immediately arrested, together with Bhyrub, who was found in a standing position beneath a tree. All of these were secured by ropes, with which their hands were tied behind their backs; and notwithstanding Bhyrub's asseveration, that he did not belong to the band, the object of their search, he was hurried away, without being considered worthy of making an appeal. That very night Bhyrub found himself an inmate of the prison.

The reader needs not be told the reason of these violent proceedings against the Joghees. He has learnt sufficiently, to know the characters of these men, who, under an assumed garb, were guilty of the most villainous practices that ever appeared in the catalogue of crimes. The murder regarding which they seem to have been much interested was a deliberate one. It created much sensation in the city of — at the time; for it became the principal topic of conversation with every body, whatever might have been his station in life. The Cazees and Moofsters, who were the executive officers of law at that period of the History of India, were particularly anxious to discover the murderers, and every means was adopted to this end; but the delinquents, who, for a short space of time, had evaded all search, invited their own ruin: the young woman whom the blind Joghee had kept concealed, managed to make her escape from her prison, and lost no time in calling on the authorities, and giving them all the information she was possessed of, regarding the murderers of her father. The clue thus being obtained, the Police found no difficulty in hastening to the spot, which was the scene of plots and schemes against the peace and tranquillity, the life and property of many a human being. The next day after their incarceration, the Joghees were brought to trial. The Court was thronged with men; there was no moving place, and it was with difficulty that the Cazeer could take his seat. The case of the robbers admitted of no palliation; every thing contributed to their condemnation. The property of the murdered Mussulman was found within their huts, and the servants of the deceased who had escaped from the hands of these assassins, came forward to substantiate the charge against them. But there was one amongst them whom no body had seen before. It was Bhyrub. Various circumstances indicated, that he could not have been an accomplice in the crime; and after an investigation of the matter, he was released. That very day, before the sun had ceased to shine, the Joghees met their end in a manner calculated to excite terror

in the hearts of the beholders. The crowd dispersed, and each one returned to his home, whilst Bhyrub was left alone burdened with a load of thoughts. These, however, operated beneficially in his regard; they brought to his mind his long forgotten home and his aged parent, and he wept in the bitterness of his soul. The next morning our adventurer was found on his Bengal.

After a tedious and perilous journey of weeks, our hero arrived at his father's territories, with the most pleasing anticipations of future happiness. He fully expected a warm welcome, not only from his father, but from all whom he had honored with his friendship when he had held a prominent position amongst them. A change, however, had come over the aspect of things. Kisto Chunder Roy, from age and infirmities, had breathed his last, and his guddhee had been usurped by an individual, whose claims to it were as groundless as his character was despicable. Bhyrub was not aware of this circumstance when he entered his father's estate, and was naturally led to believe, that his appearance there would be hailed with demonstrations of joy and gratulation; that he would once more behold his parent, and be clasped in his embraces. But how keen was his disappointment when he saw no body who would deign to cast a look of recognition at him. This was owing in a great measure to the fact, that his once handsome figure had undergone a change by a succession of privations and misfortunes. He was now reduced to a mere shadow of what he once had been; so that his most intimate friends could scarcely, at first sight, trace in him any marks of his former personal appearance. Bhyrub, however, knew not to what he should attribute this conduct of his friends; and he could not but feel most poignantly their indifference towards him. He saw men, who were formerly his creatures, but now moving in the pomp and grandeur of aristocrats, pass him by without casting their eyes upon their former benefactor; he saw the young and the old, the rich and poor, and there was none who seemed to know him. Passing from one district to another, he at length came in view of his father's palace, and the majestic scenery which it commanded. The little hills were covered with green, and the waters of the serpentine lake appeared from a distance like a stream of molted silver, gliding gently with slight undulations, and sparkling with peculiar effect, as a stirring breeze swept over its surface. The sun was about making his exit, when Bhyrub arrived at the margin of the lake. Here he sat awhile to recruit his strength, which had been completely exhausted with the fatigue of a long journey. When he had sufficiently cooled himself, he descended to the water, and performed his ablutions, and taking a small quantity of dry rice, he slaked his thirst with the crystal water of the lake. He then resumed his seat upon the bank, and began ruminating on the manner he was to make his appearance in the palace. He felt ashamed to repair to the place in a garb so unsuited to his rank and station. While his mind was thus employed, a large number of Brahmins, among whom were professed mendicants, arrived at the same spot, and sat down in small companies on the grass all round. Some set about preparing their meals immediately, others engaged themselves in reading their *poothees*; while those who had taken their station near Bhyrub, beguiled their time in familiar conversation. Our hero was much amused at what he heard, and therefore felt disposed to listen to them. Turning

towards the group he sat down with a countenance that indicated no unfriendly feeling towards the strangers. They, in return, observing Bhyrub's movement invited him to sit near them, and without the formality of an introduction, they endeavoured to make themselves agreeable to him.

"Friend," said one of the Brahmins, "I perceive, you come from a long journey."

"Yes," said Bhyrub; "a very long journey indeed."

"I see that from your appearance; but whence do you come?" enquired the Brahmin.

"I come from Muthoor," (Muttra) was the reply. "But whence come you?" asked Bhyrub in reply.

"We come from several parts of the country; but chiefly from the North of Bengal."

"Have you any particular object in coming here?" interrogated the young man.

"We have no other object than that which brings you hither," returned the Brahmin.

"And what may that object be?" enquired Bhyrub with a smile.

"Why, my friend, you are inclined to joke with us. You know as well as we do, the reason of the appearance of these vast numbers of men in all parts of this city. Can't you see yonder," (pointing with his finger to the opposite bank of the lake) "can't you see that multitude there; they are all come from remote parts of the country."

"But why? what is the reason of this?" reiterated Bhyrub.

"The Rajah has sent for them."

"That is strange! what has the Rajah to do with them?"

"You seem to know nothing of this part of the country returned the other rather vexed?"

"Truly," said Bhyrub, "I am perfectly ignorant of every thing passing here; and I must entreat of you to tell me the reason of these movements."

"By all means," said the Brahmin. "You know, that in two days hence there will be a grand *Shraddhu*, to which I dare say some ten thousand men have been invited. These are to receive presents from the Rajah according to their rank and castes, and be fed for a couple days at his expence."

"And whose *Shraddhu* is it, friend?" asked Bhyrub with breathless anxiety.

"Rajah Kisto Chunder Roy's," was the reply.

"Whose, do you say?" interrogated Bhyrub almost choked with emotion.

"Kisto Chunder, the old Rajah's,"

"And is he dead?" cried the young man, in an agony of grief.

"Dead! yes; he died a year ago; and this is his *Shraddhu* we have been speaking of.

Bhyrub was rendered speechless. He rested his head upon his knees, and gave vent to a flood of tears. There was something so mysterious in his deportment that those that sat near him were at a loss to know the cause of this strange phenomenon. They, however, had the delicacy of not questioning him about what they had beheld. Various were their conjectures: some were of opinion, that Bhyrub was a faithful servant of the deceased;

others, that he must have been a dependent of his, and that the news of his death must have totally unnerved him. While they were thus employed, the young man rose from his seat, and without uttering a syllable, ran down into the lake and swam across it. When he arrived at the opposite bank, the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, and the moon with her starry train was visible in the firmament. He beheld crowds of men, women and children, scattered about the extensive plain, in front of the palace. The old and young, the strong and infirm; men of all castes, from the brahmin to the dome, all were there, and all seemed to await the approaching day of the *Shrudda*, with high wrought expectancy. But amongst this vast multitude, there was one who did not participate in the feeling which pervaded the whole. It was Bhyrub. He walked about from place to place, with a mind wholly cast down; in him there was a sickening of the soul which cannot be described. He stood before the palace gate, as an outcast. He saw the home of his childhood, the splendour and magnificence of the massive building, which was once his own; but there was not one there who would notice him, and he left the spot with an aching heart. For hours he wandered about the field—at one time he was seen near the *Bhyraghees*, at another he sauntered about where the brahmins had taken their post. At length being completely jaded, he sat down near a group, who were under a canopy and kept talking on various topics of interest.

"Cumul," observed one of the party, "what a change there has been in the state of things in this province since the death of the old Rajah."

"You may well say so," said the other. "It is a wonder that the young Rajah has thought of celebrating the *Shrudda*. I am told there was much dispute between him and the rest of the family on the subject. He wanted to let the first anniversary of the Rajah pass away, without the observance of these ceremonies. But he was strongly opposed, and was eventually obliged to yield. He never spends a pice in the cause of religion; but will shower down his gold and silver on worthless objects."

"That is the way with unprincipled young men," returned the other, "but do you know if he is liked by the people here?"

"Seldom is an usurper popular, my good friend,—liked—Kallicomar can never be!"

"Usurper!" exclaimed the other—how so? You do not mean to say Kallicomar has no right to the guddhee?"

"That is just what I mean—he can have no right to the guddhee, so long as the son of the Rajah is alive."

"But he is dead, my good friend. He died the very day after his arrival from his travels—which happened a short time after the death of his father—did you not hear of the funeral obsequies performed on the occasion?"

"I have heard of all that; but you must know, (adding in a scarcely audible voice,) that it was a mere hoax. It was however just the thing to allay discontent and place his claims without the pale of dispute—for you know in that case there is no one next of kin to the deceased Rajah, but Kallicomar."

"Yes, yes, I understand all this—but I cannot conceive how could this be effected—it appears to me altogether impracticable. How are people to be satisfied regarding the death of Bhyrub?"

"Why, my good friend—there is no difficulty in ~~up~~ matter. The corpse of a poor man was procured, and placed upon the funeral pile—and who was there to examine the identity of the son of the ~~Rajah~~ on such an occasion? All the bye-standers were led to believe, ~~that~~ the body before them was that of Bhyrub, and the report of his death, arising from this circumstance, was quickly circulated, throughout all parts of the country."

"This is indeed the most extraordinary piece of deception that I ever heard of."

"But such is the case—and there are some that could bear testimony to the fact—but their mouths have been stopped by means of gold."

"But supposing Bhyrub should return, do you think he will be able to regain the guddhee?"

"That is more than I can tell you," returned the other, "the present Rajah has a number of influential men in his train, whose interest he has secured by means of money, and who will go any length to keep Bhyrub out of the way. But I am afraid the poor young man is numbered amongst the dead, and on that case Kallicoomar may well calculate upon sitting on the guddhee, in perfect security."

"That is what I also think," said the other, and then turned the course of conversation to another channel.

The night was far advanced. The din and bustle which had grated upon the ear on every direction of the plain, at length subsided, and all lay in the embraces of sleep. But Bhyrub's eyes could not be closed. He moved from one part of the field to the other, with a mind weighed down with oppressive thoughts. The loss of his father was to him a source of much sorrow, and the usurpation of the guddhee by one who was once the recipient of his bounties, made him almost forget for a while the severe affliction he was doomed to suffer. At one moment his heart melted away at the thought of his lost parent, and his eyes were suffused with tears, at another he was filled with wrath and indignation, when he dwelt upon the manner in which he had been deprived of his rights. "Justice, justice shall prevail," cried Bhyrub, in the agony of his soul, and reclining against the trunk of a tree, passed the night, with a mind harassed and depressed.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

THE sun has chased away the gloom of night,
And soars to gladden nations with his beams,
And pours o'er clouds aslant his glowing light
Smiling to view them mirrored in the streams.
With life instinct, the lovely torrent springs,
To speed its course the dark-browed rocks among,
And birds mount heavenwards on exultant wings,
Enchanting nature with their matin song.
The sun-flower, sprouting, flaunts her gaudy hue,
As if to court the brilliant king of day,
While with his flock o'er meadows decked with dew,
The shepherd plods to daily toil away.
These scenes are fair and each with lustre glows,
Would that I had written this in prose ! !

G. A. G.

THE STARS.

BRIGHT, high, eternal, glorious lights ;
 Works of a hand divine ;
 Pure pilgrims of yon holy heights !
 Your Author yet is mine.
 Though scarce a sparkle here she seems,
 Pent in this clay's dark urn,
 That Star, my Soul, shall shed her beams,
 When yours no more shall burn.
 Ye shining sentinels of heaven !
 Your rays to reach take years,
 Ere to our eyes their flight is given,
 These eyes of sin and tears ;
 But when from her sepulchral shroud
 From out this darksome dust,
 That Star, the Soul, takes flight,
 Fleeter than lightnings from their cloud,
 And brighter than ye stars, tho' bright,
 Shall she in Seraph-glories burst
 A thing of life and light
 Before the LIVING LIGHT to stand,
 To see HIM eye to eye,
 Who flung you sparkling from His hand
 To gem His footstool-sky.
 Ev'n this poor clay from dust shall rise,
 From death and darkness soar,
 When that dread peal shall shake your skies,
 That "Time shall be no more."
 Then, then when ye are dark, shall spring
 New Heavens, new Stars, new Earth ;
 Of which ye're but a shadowing,
 And Eden's bloom a dearth !
 Then, then pure, high, eternal, far,
 Redeem'd, renew'd, and bright,
 Shall she, a Spirit and a Star,
 Soar, soar in her unbounded flight
 To HIM the Light of light !

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SKETCHES OF THE HISTORICAL CHARACTERS OF BRITISH INDIA.

CLIVE.—(*Concluded.*)

WE have already traced the military career of Clive on the Coast of Coromandel, and his embarkation for his native land. We have adverted to the warm reception he met with from the Court of Directors ; and it remains to observe, that in addition to the honors which he had received from his Masters at home, he was appointed Governor of Fort St. David, (A. D. 1756). He was employed, on his arrival, in fighting against the French, and after restoring tranquillity, he formally entered upon the duties of his office. But the affairs of Bengal soon engaged his attention, and he was destined, under Providence, not only to be the founder of a mighty empire in the East, but to establish it on a sure and certain foundation. To Bengal, therefore, will we now turn our attention.

Suraja Dowlah, at the death of his grand uncle, Aliverdi Khan, had succeeded to the Subhadarship of Bengal. His character was entirely opposite to that of his predecessor. He came into the possession of power, without having labored for it. His education only fitted him to be a tyrant. Born in a land, which is not irradiated with the beams of knowledge, and surrounded by ignorant men, whose sole business it was to flatter the weaknesses of their sovereign, this Prince had only one object in view,—the prosecution of his pleasures. So highly did he deem the satisfaction of his desires to be, that he paid no regard to the feelings of others. The absolute despot of an immense tract of country, he thought himself the only individual in it, and all others to be mere instruments that were to subserve his wicked purposes. He was restless and impatient under control, and his temper was ungovernable.

It was said of his predecessor, that “no one ever wished to assassinate him.” So much could not be asserted of the reigning Prince. His cruelties had alienated the affections of his people from him, and he had not in his court a single person, upon whom he could confide. In truth, he was without a friend. His first and greatest act of cruelty was committed against the English. It is even asserted, that Aliverdi Khan was hostile to them, and that the last advice he gave his grand-nephew, who was sent for to his dying bed-side, was to extirpate the English from Bengal.

The Government of Dacca had been entrusted into the hands of one of the uncles of Suraja Dowla ; who, not deeming his property and family secure, had transported all his wealth under the custody of his son, Kishendoss, to Calcutta. On his accession to royalty, Suraja Dowla was exaspe-

rated against the British for the succour afforded his relation, and demanded the surrender of Nishendoss. The British paid no regard to this menacing communication, as it was unaccompanied with all those forms and signatures which were the undoubted credentials of the Subhadar of Bengal. Another letter came, and the English sent a reply, which only threw the Subhadar into rage, and turned the tide of cruelty, which Suraja Dowla had been meditating against a refractory Zemindar, upon themselves. The outposts of Calcutta were attacked on the 18th January, 1756, and the Governor and other influential individuals unaccountably deserted their countrymen, and sought for safety in two ships, that were riding at anchor. Signals of distress were made by the besieged, but no breast was warmed into pity at the distressful condition of the handful of British that had manfully resolved to defend Calcutta—no arm was stretched out to save. The chief command now devolving on Mr. Holwell, he gallantly endeavoured to put Calcutta in a posture of defence. But the English were overpowered by numbers. One hundred and forty-six men were made prisoners of war, and whether by the command, or through the connivance, or in consequence of the ignorance of the Subhadar, these wretched prisoners were cooped up in a little room, eighteen feet square. The sentinels resisted the offer of money, some mocked the sufferings of the English; and to others this imprisonment was excellent sport, while one man offered this consoling intelligence to the unfortunate prisoners, "Wretched men, the Emperor sleeps, and what slave would now dare to awake him?" The factory of Cossimbazar was also seized, and its chief, Mr. Watts, detained as prisoner.

Thus were the labors of years, in one little day demolished, and the hopes and expectations of the English in Bengal, miserably disappointed. The intelligence of the capture of Calcutta and the seizure of Cossimbazar arrived at Madras on the 15th of July, and the 15th August, respectively. The authorities met to consult on the best means of retrieving so heavy a loss, and Admiral Watson and Col. Clive were despatched to the assistance of the British in Bengal.

After a tedious voyage, Clive entered the river Hooghly, and found that the Subhadar had posted an army under the command of Monichund to oppose his progress to Calcutta. The Hindoo General being soon discomfited, fled with precipitation, and was the herald of his own defeat to the army of the Subhadar, stationed at Calcutta. The fort of Budge-Budge was evacuated by the enemy, and a drunken sailor, who had scrambled over the ramparts, was the first who gave so welcome an intelligence. On the 2d. of January after a successful enterprize on the part of Clive against the forces of Suraja Dowla, Calcutta was retaken, and the property of the Company, which was destined for the use of the Nabob, recovered. The town of Hooghly, on the 10th of the same month, was occupied by English troops.

Clive had so far accomplished the object for which he had sailed to Calcutta from Madras. But so well was he acquainted with the native character, that the great question which now agitated his mind, was whether he should stop at the point which he had now gained, or proceed onward. He was aware, that the Subhadar was advancing with a large army, and at the same time he received intelligence, that war

was declared between France and England. The French had already established a footing in Bengal, at Chandernagore, and Clive was revolving in his mind whether he should attack them or not.

If he could obtain the assistance of the Subhadar, he would gladly avail himself of so powerful an auxiliary and exterminate the French from Bengal. Or if he failed to do so, he was determined to sign a treaty with the French, and thus cause them to observe a neutrality in his war with the Subhadar. As Clive was aware, that he could expect nothing favorable from the Subhadar, while smarting under the late defeat his army had sustained at Calcutta, he entered into negotiations with the French, whose deputies were in his camp, settling the conditions of the proposed treaty. Meanwhile Clive was not forgetful of the Subhadar, in whose camp reachery and discontent prevailed. It has been already remarked, that the Subhadar was without a friend; and it is a characteristic of the native character to desert their friends and companions in arms, if they have been unsuccessful in the field of battle, and to worship the rising sun. No sooner had the natives perceived the energy and success of the British, than negotiations were entered into, first with Mr. Watts, and then with Mr. Clive, to raise another Subhadar, by deposing the reigning one. The most influential person in the court of Suraja Dowla was Jaffier Khan, the paymaster general of his forces, who was a man "of unbounded stomach," and whose ambition was directed to the Nabobship of Bengal. Clive readily entered into the views of the discontented paymaster, and in it he perceived gleams of future success. Though the cloud that was rising in the horizon of Suraja Dowla's fortune, was only the size of a man's hand, the penetrating sagacity of Clive at once perceived the storm that was ready to burst on the head of the Subhadar, and overwhelm him by the discharge of its baneful contents.

Clive proposed to the Subhadar, to assist him in attacking the French, whose proximity to the scene of action was altogether unpleasant to him. The Nabob, however, refused compliance with his request, and Clive was hence obliged to dissemble his conduct towards the French. At this critical time, a letter was received from the Peishwa by Clive, offering to invade Bengal with an army of Affghans. In order to lull the suspicions of the Nabob, Clive forwarded the letter to the Subhadar, making him acquainted with the intentions and offer of the Peishwa, and seizing upon this opportunity of assuring the Subhadar of the pacific disposition of the English, and their fair and honest dealings. No other argument than the dread of foreign invasion would have penetrated the conviction of the Subhadar, and he immediately consented to the proposal previously made to him. The French deputies who were present in the British Camp ready to sign the treaty were dismissed, and Chandernagore was attacked and taken;—an act of duplicity to which there is no parallel in history.

While the Subhadar was trembling for his safety, and the English resident at his court was amusing him with offers of assistance, Clive was carrying on a secret correspondence with Jaffier Khan, the real enemy of the unsuspecting Subhadar. The sudden disappearance of the resident, Mr. Watts, from his court, aroused the suspicions of the Subhadar, who immediately issued a peremptory mandate to Jaffier, to attend the Court, and answer for his conduct. The paymaster refused to obey, and the

sovereign, intimidated by the extent of the conspiracy, abjectly sued to Jaffier Khan for the favor of his assistance. Both parties swore solemn friendship on the Koran, "the accustomed pledge," to use the words of Mr. Scrafton, "of their falsehood." Somewhat soothed by the assurance of Jaffier's assistance, the Subhadar directed his army to turn back, and meditated an attack on the British. Clive, furnished with complete information, marched forward to meet him, while the Subhadar's army lay encamped in the plains of Plassy. Clive pitched his tent on the opposite side of the narrow river that ran by the plain. Here he seemed to pause. Irresolution marked his conduct. He summoned a council of war, which scarcely ever decides for action; and orders for retreat were being issued, when Clive stood by the side of the river that separated him from the plains of Plassy, which was, emphatically, the scene of as great and important a battle, as that of Hastings that gave William the Conqueror the crown of England. As he mused, perhaps, on the destiny of the British, he suddenly changed his opinion. Decision again flashed on his councils. Energy gave life to every limb, and orders were issued to cross the river, scarcely a stone's throw in breadth. On the 22d of June 1757, the English crossed the river at midnight, and on the next day the issue of the great battle was tried. Clive and his handful of men took shelter behind the bank, from the heavy artillery of the enemy. A large tree marked the spot. The tree is still fresh in its verdure, but the bank has been destroyed by the current, and large tracts of sand will soon occupy the place, where the battle of Plassy was fought. The Subhadar was apprehensive of Jaffier's defection from his cause, and in great agitation, he entered that officer's tent, displaying confusion and betraying fear, by throwing his turban at Jaffier's feet, and begging his fidelity. Many protestations of friendship were exchanged between these two individuals, and alas! the morning sun dissipated all. Victory was claimed by the British and Suraja Dowla saw himself bereft, in one short hour, of his crown, his kingdom, his wealth, and his fame. His reign extended to the short space of fifteen months. He fled from the field of battle with his favorite concubine, and took refuge in the hut of one, whom he had deeply injured. He had, for some trifling offence, cut off the poor man's nose and ears. The aggrieved man, gloating with joy at the prospect of revenge, sent a message to Meerun, one of Jaffier's sons, and disclosed the hiding-place of the fugitive Subhadar. Executioners were sent to despatch the unfortunate monarch. He was dragged out by the hair from his place of concealment, and he abjectly prayed for water to perform ablution,—the necessary custom of Mahomedans. An earthen jar (kolsee) of water was thrown upon him with one hand, while the other sheathed the sword in the body of the unhappy Suraja Dowla. Thus ended the career of Suraja Dowla! It commenced in cruelty, was marked with blood, and ended in his own downfall. His implacable temper, as it never extended mercy, so it never found it, and his death was hailed with greater manifestations of joy, than was his accession to power.

Jaffier Khan, pursuant to the treaty signed between him and the British, was raised to the Subhaddary of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. And now occurred a scene, which may well excite the surprise of every individual

who reads a description of its enormity. India was believed to be a land abounding with gold and silver. Though rich in resources, her sons are rude and uncivilized, her commerce restricted to mere inland trade, and yet this country was supposed to be immensely wealthy. The flowers of Oriental Rhetoric had served, not a little, to impress the minds of men with this erroneous idea. The gay cavalcade and pageantry of the Subhadar gave the English reason to conclude, that gold and silver coins were plentiful in the land. The New Subhadar, before his exaltation to office, had made large promises to the English, and, like all Eastern potentates, his promises were as mighty as his unbounded dignity, and their performances, like himself, poor and little. Jaffier Khan promised the English largely, but he was willing to comply with those demands only, which would be extorted from him. So soon as he had acquired power, his gratitude knew no bounds. Not only did he bestow rewards upon the influential individuals, to whom he owed his exaltation, but he did not omit to make handsome presents to those, who held subordinate offices in the service of the East India Company. The following statement will shew the amount of the rewards:—

Mr. Clive,	18 lacs and 40,000 Rs.
Mr. Drake,	2 lacs and 40,000 Rs.
Each Member of the "Select Committee,"	1 lac of Rs.
Mr. Watts,	9 lacs.
Major Kilpatrick,	3 lacs.
Mr. Walsh,	5 lacs.
Mr. Scrafton,	2 lacs.

41 lacs and 20,000 Rs.

This immense sum of money was publicly acknowledged to have been received ; and it is no matter of doubt, that about the same sum was given away, without being stipulated for. In the present day, we cannot but peruse such statements with surprise. We cannot but ask ourselves this question ; where was the lofty soul, the stern, inflexible honesty of Englishmen gone ? Where was the fruit of Christian morality ?—It really appeared to every individual, that the English had left their morality behind them, and that the wholesome and life-giving principles of Christianity could not flourish in the soil of India. It is true, that the servants of the East India Company were not prohibited from receiving presents ; and it is further true, that by accepting them, they did not defraud their Honorable Masters ; but it is equally true, that the receiving of such presents, the capturing of such splendid booty for individual aggrandizement, can never be justified. The moral nature of right-thinking men looks on such rapacity as unbecoming the dignified character of honest men. Clive was never ashamed to acknowledge the amount of money he had received as rewards for his conduct ;—he affected to be surprised at his own moderation. His accursed hunger after gold could not but be somewhat moderated at the immense repast which was set before it, and which it had devoured.

"The city of Moorsheadabad," said he, "is as extensive, populous and

rich as the city of London—with this difference, that there are individuals in the first, possessing infinitely greater property than in the last city. These, as well as every other man of property, made me the greatest offer, (which, nevertheless, are usual on such occasions, and what, they expected, would be required,) and had I accepted these offers, I might have been in possession of millions, which the present Court of Directors could not have dispossessed me of." And he declared, that when he recollected entering the treasury of Moorshedabad, "with heaps of gold and silver to the right and left, and these crowned with jewels," he stood "astonished at his own moderation."

Connected with this subject is an act of Clive's policy, which throws into shade his preceding course of conduct. Attached to the court of Suraja Dowla, was a wealthy native, named Omichund, who enjoyed the confidence of the Subhadar, and whom the British courted in consequence of the influence he possessed in the Nabob's court. This man became acquainted with the conspiracy of Meer Jaffier Khan, and he refrained from making his Royal Master acquainted with it, as he hoped to reap a more abundant harvest of gold and silver from the conspirators themselves, than it was in the power of the Subhadar to bestow. He caused the conspirators to know, that he was entrusted with their secret, and that his power of retention could only be strengthened by offers of reward. The British felt the perilous situation in which they were placed, and Jaffier Khan every moment apprehended the worst. As Omichund's cupidity alone required satisfaction, liberal offers for keeping alive the virtue of taciturnity in his breast, were made to him. But all to no purpose. Omichund felt his own strength, power, and importance, and he was resolved to make the British abide by his terms. "*Troja servata, servare fidem.*" His terms were, a portion of the crown jewels and a contribution of 5 per cent. on the wealth to be found in the treasury of the Subhadar. This exorbitant demand aroused Clive's anger; but he thought, that under existing circumstances, compliance was preferable to refusal. He acquiesced in Omichund's terms, but he was determined to outwit him. He caused two separate copies of the treaty between Omichund and the British to be made;—one on white paper, and the other on red. The latter was an exact transcript of the former, with the difference only of an additional clause in it, guaranteeing the payment of the stipulated price for keeping quiet. Admiral Watson refused to sign his name to so gross a deception; but Clive procured another to do it for the honest Admiral. The red paper was presented to Omichund, who thought his good fortune complete. When after the battle of Plassy, the affairs of the British were placed on a secure foundation, and they became the sovereigns of Bengal, Omichund demanded the fulfilment of the treaty. He attended the Council and produced the red paper which guaranteed the faith of the British. Clive, to close all further proceedings, bade Mr. Scrafton inform Omichund, that he could get nothing, the red paper not being a genuine document. This announcement was more than the stroke of a thunder-bolt to Omichund. He fell back,—his senses fled, and when he recovered, it was only to live out a few miserable years of life in a wretched state of *Quere* idioy.

The establishment of Meer Jaffier's power was not attended with peace

and tranquillity to the province of Bengal. Roydoloob, one of the most intimate and powerful of the friends of the new Nabob, had become one of his most implacable foes. An invasion of Bengal was threatened from the North ; and it required all the energies and skill of Clive to avert these dangers, which hung menacingly on the fortunes of Meer Jaffier. To satisfy the cupidity of the English, Jaffier was obliged to persecute the Hindoo Rajahs whom Aliverdy Khan, the predecessor and grandfather of Suraja, had employed in offices of trust and responsibility. Ramram Sing, governor of Midnapore, and Duloobram, the Superintendent of Finances, were the first to feel the power and oppression of the reigning Subhadar. At this time, in consequence of the failure of Jaffier to fulfil his pecuniary stipulation, an indifference—a want of good feeling was engendered between Jaffier and Clive. In his troubles, which were gathering thickly around him, the Subhadar could only look to Clive for prompt and vigorous assistance, and to him did he apply for aid. In complying with his request, Clive not only managed to obtain a portion of the sum of money which the Subhadar had stipulated to pay for his exaltation to power, but he dispelled the threatened invasion, and obtained a *sumud* from the Court of Delhi, confirming the authority of Meer Jaffier.

At this time, the Hon'ble East India Company deemed it necessary to reform the system of administration that prevailed in Bengal ; and with this object in view, they nominated a council of ten members ; the president being selected from the four senior members every third month. Clive was not even mentioned in this arrangement. To the honor, however, of the Council be it said, that they unanimously asked Clive to administer the affairs of the Company in his own person. They were, doubtless, aware, that so short a tenure of office, could not be of any advantage. The plan of one Governor would be counteracted by another, and the benefits of one, by the evils of another's day.

Shortly after these proceedings, intelligence of an invasion, undertaken by the Shazada, or eldest son of the Emperor, was brought to Meer Jaffier. The Shazada was assisted by the Subhadars of Oude and Allahabad. The aged Nabob was terrified, and a second time was he obliged to beg the assistance of Clive. The troops of Meer Jaffier were in open rebellion for arrears of pay. Clive contrived to satisfy them ; and he soon after took the field, with an army thinned by death and enfeebled by intemperance. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Clive captured Patna, and awaited the arrival of the Subhadars of Oude and Allahabad. But the Subhadar of the former country having permission to pass through the territory of the Subhadar of Allahabad, attacked the province of his colleague, and took it under his subjection. The Subhadar of Allahabad was obliged to abandon the Shazada, and hasten to recover his kingdom from his faithless ally. An invasion so easily dissipated, filled the breast of Meer Jaffier with joy. He gave the English the monopoly of saltpetre, elected Clive to the honor of being an Omrah of the Empire, and settled on him the *Jaghire*, or quit rent, which the Hon'ble Company paid for the territory of Bengal, amounting to 80,000£ per annum.

At one period of his career under the auspices of the British, Meer Jaffier was exasperated against the Dutch, because they had omitted to pay the accustomed honors and formalities to him, who was now the

Subhadar of Bengal. The Dutch, however, by their obsequiousness, won over the Subhadar, who was, at this time, completely tired of his dependence on the British. Without doubt favored and flattered by the Dutch, he gave them permission to sail up the river Hooghly. Clive fortified all his posts in the Hooghly, and having received the command from the Subhadar, that the Dutch should leave the river, on pretence of executing this order, he attacked and discomfited them. It was on this occasion that Col. Ford asked Clive for instructions to fight the Dutch. Clive, who was playing at cards, on the receipt of this letter, wrote, with a pencil, on the back of one of his cards, these remarkable words:

“DEAR FORD,—Fight them immediately. I will send you an order of Council to-morrow.”

In February 1760, Clive having ratified a treaty with the Dutch, sailed for England against the wishes of his friends, and in spite of the fears of the Nabob, whose main pillar and support he was—dissatisfied with the Court of Directors, and carrying with him to his native country an impaired constitution.

Mr. Vansittart succeeded Clive in the Government of Bengal. The change was soon perceptible; the affairs of the Company were not in so prosperous a condition as when under the management of Clive. Meer Jaffer Khan was deposed from his sovereignty, and his son-in-law, Meer Cossim, was appointed to fill the vacancy. The new Nabob was driven to rebellion, in consequence of the oppression and overbearing conduct of the British officers, who seemed to be actuated by the sole desire of amassing wealth. The orders of Meer Cossim were openly defied in the pursuit of self-interest, and every Englishman's pleasure and will constituted law, in his opinion. Meer Cossim who was energetic and independent, could no longer brook these outrages on his authority. He proceeded to punish those Englishmen who were guilty of transgressing his laws. This procedure rendered him odious to the British, who once more dragged Jaffer Khan from his retirement and placed him again in the Subhaddary of Bengal. Afflicted with leprosy and worn out with age, he did not long enjoy his exaltation. His son Nujeem-ud-dowlah succeeded him, for this plain reason,—that he could make presents to the English.

Intelligence of these changes reached England, and the proprietors were alarmed at the diminution of their income, which these proceedings threatened. A dreadful storm was gathering, and the proprietors of India stock anxiously waited its outbursting. All eyes were turned to Clive, as the only person who could, in this emergency, save the British affairs in Bengal from falling into irretrievable ruin. But a dispute had arisen between Clive, and another influential Director, Mr. Sullivan. Clive refused to accept office, so long as Mr. Sullivan acted in the Direction. The contest between them continuing for a long while, distracted the attention of the Proprietors. At length, a reconciliation was effected, and Clive raised to the Irish peerage, sailed for Calcutta, which place he reached on the 3rd May, 1765.

Four days after his arrival, he assembled the Select Committee, although two of the members, Gen. Carnac, and Mr. Verelst, were absent. The country, at this time, was, by his own account, in a disturbed state. The affairs of the Company were well-nigh ruined, and the treasury was in an

extremely dilapidated condition. He proceeded to reform the existing state of things. The evil of the greatest magnitude that first presented itself was the private trade which the Company's servants carried on. This trade had destroyed the Government of Meer Gossim, and Clive was resolved to prohibit it. However, to compensate the servants for the loss of their inland trade, Clive proposed, that a monopoly should be formed of the trade in Salt, Betel Nut, and Tobacco; to be maintained for the benefit of the superior servants of the Company. To this monopoly the Court of Directors was directly opposed, and Clive was at length compelled to surrender it.

The next subject that fell under the cognizance of Clive, was the enormous donations, which the Company's servants were in the habit of receiving. Clive obliged them to sign covenants, binding themselves, not to receive above 4,000 Rs. without the permission of Government. Many refused to sign, and were dismissed the service; the rest submitted. Major Carnac, was the only officer, who did not sign the covenant while he was in the Upper Provinces of Bengal; and upon returning to the Presidency, shewed no hesitation in doing so. This unexpected change was owing to the receipt of two lakhs of rupees from the impoverished emperor, which he could not have taken had he signed the paper, when it was first sent him.

Clive next proceeded to reduce the allowances of the army—a measure which was certainly pregnant with mischief. After the elevation of Meer Jaffier to the Nabobship of Bengal, he doubled the ordinary allowance of the army, which was thence termed “double batta.” Clive diminished the allowance to the original sum, but he extended this regulation to all places below Allahabad. The troops were fired with anger. Secret societies, consultations, and correspondence were maintained among the troops stationed at Monghyr, Bankypore and Allahabad. The officers bound themselves by an oath and a penalty of 500£ each, to resign their commissions on one day, by which procedure they would place Clive in straitened circumstances, and thus oblige him to yield to their terms. This conspiracy was accidentally discovered, by an officer being tried for setting fire to a hut, while scuffling with another officer, who was endeavouring by force to obtain his commission. No sooner was this dangerous conspiracy discovered, than Clive put forth all his energy to suppress it. His vigorous efforts were crowned with success. Some of the officers were dismissed—among whom was Sir Wm. Fletcher—and the country was thus saved from so alarming a confederacy.

The Vizier of Allahabad and the Shazada were fugitives in Bengal. They were flying from country to country, and they appealed to Clive for assistance. The Vizier was reinstated in his kingdom, after having engaged to pay the expences of the war, and the Shazada was allowed an annual stipend for his support. On account of this act of favor, the Dewannee of the Empire, once proffered, was now solicited for, and accepted.

On the 12th of August, 1765, Lord Clive obtained from the Emperor the Dewannee of the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. Two dining tables covered with a piece of red coarse cloth, served for a throne, and with this pageant of royalty, was the *firman* of the Emperor presented to the British. About this time did Clive also take into his hands the

civil and military affairs of Moorshedabad, and assigned to the Nabob the sum of 50 lacs per annum.

Having thus settled the affairs of Bengal, and extended the limits of the British Indian Empire, Clive signified his wish of resigning the public service of the Company. On his arriving at England, he was well received by his Honorable Masters. The Jaghire which he had received from the munificence of Jaffier Khan, was confirmed to him by the Company, after having been contested by them, for a period of ten years, before his acceptance of office the last time, and on his final retirement the grant was extended for a further period of ten years to commence from the expiration of the first term.

Jaffier Khan had bequeathed to Clive, on his death-bed, five lacs of rupees, which Clive could not appropriate to his private use, as he had signed the covenant which prohibited the servants of the Company from receiving presents. Clive persuaded the successor of Jaffier Khan to add to that bequest three lacs more, and with this amount, the institution of Poplar was established, and the fund which bears his name.

One of the faults of Clive, was to give an exaggerated account of the riches of Bengal. The expectations of the Company were raised to a high pitch, and India stock rose 265 per cent. It was his opinion, that the proprietors did not divide among themselves a large dividend, in consequence of the rapacity of their servants in Bengal. Every man, he was accustomed to say, who had to make a bill, always made a fortune, and it was doubtless with the view of checking such rapacity, that Clive was sent out to India as Governor of Calcutta. His inability to satisfy the expectation, which he had excited in the minds of the proprietors, of the enormous wealth of Bengal, turned the attention of the British Minister to the subject, and the Parliament of England was at length obliged to interfere and control the affairs of the Company.

Clive took a very proper view of the state and prospects of the East India Company. He thus writes: "I could have wished, that our operations had been carried on upon a plan of more moderation, and that we had not been obliged to maintain any other military force, than what might be sufficient to preserve and pursue our commercial advantages. But since our views are extended, and since commerce alone is not the whole of the Company's support, we must go forward ;—to retract is impossible." This is indeed a sound view. The natives of this country did not appreciate commerce. The Chiefs obtained all their wealth by plunder. Were the Company to pursue peacefully their commercial affairs, they would have been despoiled of all their goods, and safety could only be procured by the sword. British supremacy for some time, yet, must be maintained by constant agitation. A suspension of hostilities will endanger the stability of our power in India. It is true, that the Company's administration has been of great benefit to the country when compared with the Hindoo or Mahomedan dynasties. Lives are protected, property secured, and justice attempted to be impartially administered. But it is futile to trust to these advantages, surrounded as the British Government is by powerful and disaffected chiefs, and a people steeped to their lips in ignorance. We must move onward, a halt is disastrous, and a retreat the consummation of utter ruin.* The increasing circle of conquest only involves a nation

in larger spheres of hostility and, such has been the fate of India to this day.

Clive never displayed the enlarged policy and comprehensive views of a statesman. He was a military ruler, and his object was, to acquire wealth by fighting. In this respect, he is great. He was, emphatically, born a soldier. He may with great truth, be said to be the English Romulus. He came to India and founded an Empire. He fought against the natives with the same weapons which they were accustomed to wield. Neither treaties nor pledges could bind him. He was the very genius of Indian diplomacy and Indian faithlessness. Of a courage that never winked at day, and a flexibility of principle, which yielded, like his own war-plume, to the softest breath of self-interest; he was well capable of competing with the native potentates.

The close of his life was unhappy! Harassed and persecuted, accused and upbraided, slandered and vilified, he sought shelter by procuring his own death, which event occurred on the 12th Novr. 1767. "He was a man of unbounded stomach." Let his faults repose in his tomb and his virtues shine in the escutcheon of his country.

THE CHURRUCK POOJAH, AND THE PROPOSED ABOLITION OF THE HINDOO HOLIDAYS IN THE SEVERAL OFFICES OF GOVERNMENT.

THE influence which superstition is capable of exercising on the habits and morals of a people, has always a natural tendency to enfeeble and enervate the mind. We know, from the study of history, the degrading and pernicious effects it produced on the characters of the Greeks and Romans; and we ought not, therefore, to be surprised at witnessing the baneful consequence it has on the natives of this country. Perhaps, there is no one nation now existing on the face of the earth that is so deeply sunk in every species of vice and iniquity as the inhabitants of this country, who, though pretending to be civilized, can scarcely be allowed to be raised above the level of the barbarians of America on its first discovery by Columbus.

It is remarkable that the sway which Hindooism has on the minds of its professors of different classes,—for the Hindoo religion is subdivided into different creeds, each adapted to the thoughts and feelings, the customs, privileges and manners, as well as the castes of the numerous sects of which the inhabitants of India form an integral part—has contributed, in a most amazing degree, to invest the sacerdotal office with an undue share of sanctity. It is true, that education has done a great deal to elevate the native character from its original insignificance to its present respectability; but much more yet remains to be done before it will succeed in entirely raising it from the debasing prostration in which it has lain for ages past: it is beginning to slacken the iron fetters of superstition; but it will be long, long before it will be able to rend them asunder, and years must roll away before it will have finished the work of universal enlightenment and of conferring the blessings of liberty from

one end of the land to the other extremity of it. For, in spite of the light which education has diffused 'far and wide,' nearly the same profound veneration continues to be paid to Brahmins, which they were accustomed to exact and receive from the ignorant and superstitious before the conquest of India by the British; and however a native may think it his interest, or a matter of pure policy to conceal his real opinions of the character of a Brahmin, and pretend to entertain no particular regard for his office, it is undeniable they have lost little or no ground, so far as their power privately exercised, at least, is concerned, in the popular estimation. For the *Soodra* is still found to bend his neck to be trampled upon by a Brahmin's foot as conferring an honor upon him thereby; and to wash his feet, and drink the water as capable of purifying him from the contraction of sin.

Accordingly, the influence of Brahmins is to be seen every where, and is, perhaps, no where more strongly felt and more extensively acknowledged, than in Bengal, especially among the older and more bigotted generations, who still glory in hugging and kissing the chains of Brahminical slavery, and lament the folly and madness of the more enlightened part of their countrymen in endeavouring to break it, and set themselves free in the light and liberty of education and science. No religious rite, no sacred ceremony can, under any emergency, or under any circumstances however pressing, be performed without the assistance of a priest; and he must belong to the Brahminical order, for the office of priest is entirely monopolized by the different tribes of Brahmins; and whether the mode of celebration, as prescribed and practised, be in exact uniformity with the rules of the *Shashter*, the laity are totally incapable of judging. The injunctions, therefore, of a Brahmin, whether consistent with the authority of the *Vedas*, or in opposition to it, must be received and obeyed with implicit faith, and without dispute, and the least disposition to question their correctness, or evade their performance, is sure to be visited with severe punishment in the shape of penances most humiliating to the pride of man. In a word, Brahmins are held in the light of demi-gods, and are almost worshipped as beings of a superior order.

It must be owned, that the Hindoo religion has been most craftily framed, in all its ramifications, and these are various and subtle, each being admirably adapted to the different classes of its professors. There is one creed for Brahmins quite unsuited to the feelings and habits of the lower orders; another for the wealthy, quite as uncongenial to the position of the poor; another for the latter, and another again for the lowest castes, which it would be perfectly scandalous for others of the higher ranks to profess: so that it will be scarcely credited, when we say, and we say it without the fear of contradiction, that no person of respectability or good *caste* would or could engage in the performance of ceremonies, or participate in the rights and usages enjoined for the observance of the lower *castes* commonly, but opprobriously, designated *Parreahs*, and these again cannot undertake the execution of duties prescribed for the practice of the higher castes, without being considered guilty of the highest offence, and meriting the severest punishment. We really believe, that there is not another system of religion in the world which is so artfully fabricated, and so conveniently suited to the circumstances of the various and different classes of the Hindoo community, as Brahminism.

The foregoing observations have been elicited by the celebration of the Churruck Poojah, which occurred in the early part of last month, and which consists in perforating the tongue and the flesh in any part of the body, or swinging from a pole with a beam placed across it on the top, and turning on a pivot. It is considered, as a point of religion, to undergo the most cruel tortures; and yet it is strange, that no native, who boasts of the least pretensions to caste, or respectability of character, rank, or station in society, would submit to the infliction of such penalties without degradation; and yet the Churruck Poojah forms a part of the Hindoo religion, and its performance is strictly and positively enjoined by its tenets; but in the actual celebration of which none but the meanest of the people, the *Dhairs* and *Chumars*, are permitted to engage without personal abasement. It was not possible for human ingenuity to devise a more artful but debasing scheme of policy—miscalled religion, than Hindooism.

It may not be deemed irrelevant to the object of the above remarks to state, for the information of our readers, that the institution of the Churruck Poojah is ascribed to a very curious event. But here we discover an inconsistency; for if the origin of this poojah be imputed to a late era, we do not know how it can be said to form a part of the hindoo faith, and its observance enjoined by the Shasters; for hindooism is supposed to be as old as creation itself. Be this, however, as it may, it is confidently asserted, that the establishment of the *Churruck Poojah* is ascribed to a rajah of the name of *Baum*, who flourished in ancient times—that golden era when the gods and goddesses lived on the earth and mixed in intercourse, frequently of an immoral nature, with human beings. He was reputed to be a man of great piety, venerated by all classes of people, and adored by his subjects for his justice, benevolence, and humanity. He was a worshipper of Seeb, the destroyer, and in order to propitiate the favor of his tutelar deity, and obtain some particular blessing which might render him pre-eminently distinguished among his contemporaries, and transmit his name to the latest posterity, he was accustomed to inflict on his body the most painful and excruciating tortures. He fasted and prayed constantly; cut his flesh with a knife; poured out his blood on the sacrifices which were daily offered at the shrine of Seeb; perforated his tongue and skin, and passed pieces of ropes, or sharp instruments through them; stuck iron pins in his forehead and back; suspended himself by means of cords tied to his hands and feet, and fastened to the tapering ends of stakes driven into the earth; and burned dammer under his body, scorching and suffocating himself with the flames and smoke thereof; threw himself from an elevated booth on steel pikes transfixed in a platform of plantain trees; and, in short, voluntarily suffered every species of torture which it is possible for the imagination to conceive. He meritoriously and obstinately persevered in these self-inflictions for years, when Seeb, pleased with the fervency of his devotions, and convinced of the sincerity of his piety, at length appeared to *Baum* in a dream by night, and having expressed his satisfaction at what he had done, asked him to prefer his petition, and promised, that his prayer would be granted. *Baum* immediately replied, that his name might never be forgotten, but handed down to the end of time as the most celebrated prince of the period in which he lived.

Seeb enjoined the institution of the *Churruck Poojah* to be preceded by a day of self-inflicted tortures, of the description which he had himself practised so long, and his wish would be accomplished. Thus, it seems, the *Churruck Poojah* came to be established ; but one part of the prediction has not been fulfilled ; for we believe the name of *Baum* is at present scarcely remembered, or associated with its origin and annual performance. Though the act of swinging and the infliction of the tortures we have mentioned, constitute a religious festival, it is extraordinary, that natives of rank, wealth, and influence deem it derogatory to their character and respectability to join in its celebration. What a religion for any one to think himself above it, and to feel degraded by joining in the execution of any part of the duties prescribed by it ! They, however, consider it meritorious to hire persons of the lowest orders to perform for them the vows they make to *Seeb*, which, as already stated, is done by swinging on a pole with a transverse beam, placed on the top, and boring the flesh and tongue, and parading the lanes and streets during a whole day for a trifling remuneration.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that the *Churruck Poojah* is succeeded by the holding of a grand *Melah*, or fair, on the following morning at *Birje-tallow*, where an immense concourse of people collect together for the purpose of either pleasure or amusement. The most shameful debaucheries are practised on the occasion. Bands of dancing boys and girls, who are acknowledged to be persons of the most disreputable characters and abandoned habits, are engaged for public entertainment, and in the obscurity and retirement of the night, give themselves up to the indulgence of the vilest revelries, to say no more of these nocturnal orgies.

For two days of the celebration of the *Churruck Poojah*, the different offices, both public and private, were shut up, and very little business, comparatively speaking, was transacted, during that time. While we are on this subject, we may as well take this opportunity of referring to a discussion which lately took place in the correspondence columns of the *Hurkura* relative to the observance of the *Holee* festival, and the closing of the Government and Mercantile departments on its account. We propose to offer a few remarks on the general question of the propriety and feasibility of altogether abolishing the hindoo holidays in all the offices existing in this large and populous city, as foolish, unnecessary, and objectionable.

It is not impossible, but that our opinion on the necessity and practicability of abolishing the native holidays may appear singular and startling, as especially opposed to the sense and feelings of the native community ; but it is the result of the observation and experience of years ; and, it may in consequence be considered entitled to the attention of our readers in general, and that of the public authorities in particular.

Swinging and the infliction of torture are, we believe, hardly known in Hindoostan ; but the former is practised in the Mahratta states. The first time the writer of this article saw a *Churruck* was in *Poonah*, when a woman of the Mahratta caste swung in fulfilment of a vow she had made.

We say, we think it both injudicious, and unnecessary to close the offices on the occurrence of a Hindoo festival to the cessation of all business ; the sacrifice, frequently, of great public interests ; and the neglect, sometimes, of important concerns. Our observation leads us to think, that the

natives themselves are perfectly indifferent to a holiday, and that they are, therefore, themselves not, very strict in observing it; nor would they care at all if it were altogether abolished. So long, however, as holidays are continued to be granted, so long it is to be expected, they will continue to take them, without ever expressing a wish or giving a hint that they are not requisite, and are not consequently wanted.

Very little attention would be sufficient to satisfy one, that perfect indifference is shewn by the natives themselves to the observance of a holiday, for they never refrain from attending to their own work as usual. If, then, the keeping of a holiday was necessary, or obligatory, on them, it is only reasonable to suppose, that they would, on no account, allow the consideration of worldly interests to interfere with the consideration of those of religion. But it has been seen, that even the native establishments in the Government Offices, have often assented to relinquish a holiday, and attend to their duties, when required to do so, without raising a clamour, or shewing any dissatisfaction, rather than incur the penalty of a fine by their refusal and disobedience. Such apathy shews, at least, that the love of money is stronger in their breasts, than the claims of religion, and that they are at all times ready and willing to sacrifice the interests of the latter to the more predominating influence of the former.

That it is not absolutely incumbent on the native writers to keep a holiday so strictly as to require to be absent from their duties, is clear from their own conduct; for whenever it suits either their inclinations or interests, they do not scruple to neglect the ceremonies of their religion, and attend to their secular affairs. Indeed, it will be found, on inquiry, that the native sectioners have not such tender consciences as the permanent hands; *they* never take a holiday, and are as punctual at their desks on that, as on any other day: indeed, they would consider it a piece of hardship and injustice to be prevented from earning their ordinary quota of gain; contented with leaving the rites of the days to be celebrated by their families. While, therefore, the sectioners are so unscrupulous, the fixed hands pretend to be very squeamish, and would fain persuade the functionaries, that their poojahs cannot be performed without their personal assistance. If the native sectioners can leave the ceremonies to be performed without their own personal aid, we ask why cannot the fixed hands also do the same? and if the former do not think the observance of a holiday binding on them, we cannot understand how it can be considered binding on the latter; but if it be actually and *bonâ fide* binding on the latter, it must be equally so on the former, and they should be required to keep at home on a vacation, and neither party allowed to make a convenience of their office to serve a private end.

Either the observance of a festival is obligatory, or it is not: if it be obligatory, it must be so on the whole of the native establishment of an office, and not only on a part of it; and it cannot be thought indispensable, at convenience, by the one, and dispensable, at pleasure, by the other. While the permanent hands invariably obtain a holiday under the pretext of its observance by them being absolutely requisite, the sectioners are found to be regular in their attendance, under the supposition, that it is not necessary for them personally to engage in the performance of its prescribed ceremonies. Yet, when a permanent hand has, on the abolition of his situation,

been transferred to the section list, he has been found voluntarily to give up all the holidays, and repair to his work with rigid punctuality. How comes it, we desire to be informed, that a man, when holding a permanent employment, should think the observance of a festival indispensable, and deem it otherwise when a change takes place in his situation ?

Let any person visit the different bazars of this metropolis, and we will venture to say, that he would not see the doors of a single shop closed on account of a holiday ; and if the inmates of it were questioned as to the reasons of their presence at their workshops, on such an occasion, he would probably be answered, that it was not necessary for them to be absent, as the *poojah* is performed by Brahmins hired for the purpose ; or, that it could be celebrated in the morning and evening without its being permitted to interfere with their daily labor.

If we are not mistaken, there is a certain public office in which no native holidays are granted, and no inconvenience is said to be felt by the native establishment of it by their attendance on these occasions. It is a standing rule here, that no vacation shall be allowed, and we are further told, that no applicant for a vacancy is entertained except on the condition of his foregoing all holidays, and signing a document to that effect.

In a certain Military Department, the number of holidays allowed is very few compared with what is granted in other places ; amounting, we believe, to no more than twelve to sixteen in the year. From the fact, that the native writers here give their attendance on holidays, when most other offices are closed, it is evident, that the usual vacations could be very conveniently curtailed or even abolished in Calcutta. As before remarked, we repeat, that if the native sectioners can unscrupulously disregard a festival, and attend to their daily routine of work, whether it be from the love of gain, or any other motive we see no hardship in exacting attendance on the part of the fixed native establishments. The abolition, therefore, of the holidays hitherto sanctioned would, it is our firm opinion, be attended with public convenience, and cause no dissatisfaction in the minds of the natives, since the suggested measure, would, as seen from their own conduct, offer no violence to their prejudices, infringe no vested or inalienable rights, and meet with no active opposition, because the majority of the natives both within and without, do not care to work on such like occasions, if it suit their convenience.

We would, however, make one exception to our recommendation for the entire abolition of the hindoo holidays, and that is, in favor of the Sudder Dewany and Nizamut Adawlut, both at the Presidency and in the Upper Provinces. These offices are differently constituted from all other Government departments, and all the vacations should not be discontinued in them. The English and native departments in these offices have no close or intimate connexion with each other ; but may be said to be almost distinct, and consequently the business transacted in the one scarcely interferes with that performed in the other. The longer vacations, such for instance, as the Mohurram and the Dusserah, should, in our opinion, be continued to be granted as heretofore ; since, owing to the absence of the *Wakeels* and *Mookhtears* during the above terms, an entire stop is necessarily put to all the civil business, not only in the superior courts, but also in all the subordinate ones ; and the attendance of the Omlah would,

of course be of no advantage, as they would have to remain idle all the day. It is true, that the performance of the criminal part of the duties suffers no interruption during these vacations ; but it does not amount to much, and could be despatched in a few hours once in a week. The Sessions are kept open during the Mohurram and Dusserah ; but they do not extend to more than four or five days in the month. Our reasons for recommending that the preceding holidays should not be abolished in the Sudder Dewany Adawluts and inferior Courts is, because the Wakeels and Mookhtecars avail themselves of these seasons to visit their families, who reside at a distance from the Sudder Stations, and have no other opportunities of seeing them. The same excuse cannot, however, be urged in behalf of the native establishments attached to the different offices of Government at the Presidency, since the business transacted in them is conducted chiefly, if not entirely, in English, and because the native writers employed there are principally residents of the town, and have their families living with them.

In conclusion, we beg to reiterate our opinion, that we think the hindoo holidays very foolish ; indeed, the natives themselves think them so ; for they are every day becoming more and more indifferent to their observance, as is quite clear from the conduct of the native sectioners, shopkeepers, laborers and mechanics. We hope these remarks will attract the attention of Government, and receive from them that consideration to which they may be thought entitled ; and we further trust, that the suggestions we have thrown out in regard to the practicability of the entire abolition of the hindoo holidays will meet with their approbation, and be acted upon accordingly.

N.

CALCUTTA AND ITS SUBURBS—GENERAL REMARKS ON GEOLOGY.

BEFORE entering upon a scientific examination of the geological history of the tract of country surrounding this city, which we described in our last article under the above head, it is necessary to consider certain general facts connected with the geology of the Globe itself, of which this tract is a portion. The more, because the pride of superficial learning, has in many respects, raised up formidable obstacles in the way of a free and rational enquiry into the formation of the Globe we inhabit. Elated by unexpected discoveries, and anxious to grasp at the most shadowy pretexts for objecting to the simple narrative given of the Creation and the Deluge in the sacred Scriptures, some of these superficial would-be Philosophers, without taking the trouble to reflect deeply on these high and mysterious subjects, or comparing with all that care and circumspection which they deserve, the various facts bearing on the question, have presumed to maintain and to assert that the discoveries of geology are at variance with the Mosaic account of the Creation and of the Deluge. As the facts connected with the geological history of the Gangetic Delta, no less than other geological discoveries in various parts of the earth are intimately connected with the error we have alluded to, we find ourselves

under the necessity of clearing our way of the rubbish which clogs the path, before we can feel safe in venturing on it.

On a subject of this kind, which has employed the pen of many a learned enquirer into the wonders of nature, let not the reader expect originality of conception. Our object is not to amuse the fancy with novelty. We seek to establish truth by facts that have been already recorded, and if in this attempt we even give these facts in the precise language of those who have gone before us, because we find that we cannot express them in better phraseology, we shall not hesitate to do so, and by our hesitation weaken the force of the facts and the arguments which we are about to address, not to the imaginative fancy, but to the sober reason of our readers.

We shall set out by stating, that the discoveries of geology, however curious and wonderful they may be, are in no instance incompatible with the Mosaic account of the Creation and the Deluge. A partial view of these facts may lead superficial observers to think that some of them clash with the accounts given in the sacred volume; but deeper and more comprehensive enquiries will always dispel the gloom, and clearly prove that science and religion are not opposed to one another. The Mosaic account of the creation is as follows:—

“In the beginning God created heaven and earth. And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved over the waters.

“And God said: Be light made: and light was made. And God saw the light that it was good: and he divided the light from the darkness. And he called the light Day, and the darkness Night: and there was evening and morning one day.

“And God said: let there be a firmament made amidst the waters: and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made a firmament and divided the waters that were under the firmament from those that were above the firmament. And it was so. And God called the firmament, Heaven, and the evening and morning were the second day.

“God also said: Let the waters that are under the heaven, be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear. And it was so done. And God called the dry land, Earth: and the gathering together of the waters he called Seas. And God saw it was good. And he said: Let the earth bring forth the green herb, and such as may seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruits after its kind, which may have seed in itself upon the earth. And it was so done. And the earth brought forth the green herb, and such as may seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruits after its kind, which have seed in itself upon the earth. And it was so done. And the earth brought forth the green herb, and such as yieldeth seed each one according to its kind. And God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

“And God said: let there be lights made in the firmament of heaven, to divide the day and the night, and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years: to shine in the firmament of Heaven, and to give light upon earth. And it was so done. And God made two great lights a greater light to rule the day, and a lesser light to rule the night: and stars. And he set them in the firmament of heaven, to shine upon earth. And to

rule the day and the night, and to divide the light and the darkness. And God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

“God also said : let the waters bring forth the creeping creatures having life, and the fowl that may fly over the earth under the firmament of heaven. And God created the great whales, and every living and moving creature, which the waters brought forth, according to their kinds, and every winged fowl according to its kind. And God saw that it was good. And he blessed them, saying ; increase and multiply, and fill the waters of the sea : and let the birds be multiplied upon the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

“And God said : Let the earth bring forth the living creature in its kind, cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the earth according to their kinds and it was so done. And God made the beasts of the earth according to their kinds, and cattle and every thing that creepeth on the earth, after its kind. And God saw that it was good. And he said : Let us make man to our image and likeness, and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth. And God created to man his own image ; to the image of God he created him ; male and female he created them.”

On the other hand, all that the discoveries of Geology require may be summed up in a few propositions. First, that the substances of which the earth is composed existed at a certain period beyond which the researches of geology do not go, in a state of confusion and disorder, if such terms can ever be properly applied to the works of nature. Secondly, that this mass of matter underwent great convulsions and changes effected by the agency of heat and of moisture. Thirdly, that ages extending over indefinite-periods elapsed between the intervals of the several changes. Fourthly, that the earlier revolutions were on a grander scale, caused principally by the agency of heat, producing nothing but vitrified rocks ; that the collection of water into large basins such as seas and oceans followed, causing the dry land to appear. Fifthly, Vegetable productions next made their appearance followed by various species of aquatic and amphibious animals, all or most which have no equals among the existing inhabitants of the earth. Sixthly, that these were followed by animals like to those which are now found on the Earth, and that Man came the last. All this is proved by the examination of the successive strata which compose the crust or outward coats of the Globe, and of the fossil remains found in these strata. It is not necessary here to enter into any detail of these discoveries ; nor can we be allowed room for an account of the wonders which the huge and monstrous inhabitants of this Globe in its early career present to our view. The natural history of the great Mammoth, the Megalosaurus, the Ichthyosaurus, the Maliosaurus, the Pterodactylus, and a variety of others, the remains of which now surprize and astonish us, cannot be detailed here. We must, therefore, leave the inquisitive enquirer into these wonders to obtain information from works written expressly for the purpose, and proceed, without further delay, to the examination of the comparison which we have instituted by this brief recital of geological discoveries and the foregoing Mosaic narrative.

The first fact of which the Sacred Volume informs us is, that “in the beginning God created Heaven and Earth.” The discoveries of geology do not lead us to the conclusion, that the world had no beginning, or, as some choose to assert, that it existed from ever. On the contrary, every minute fact connected with this beautiful science establishes a progressive improvement in the works of nature, a higher degree of organic development and perfection at every step that she has taken, and thus indicates a “beginning” in her operations.

The second important fact which we learn from the Sacred Volume is, that after the creation the “Earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.” Nothing can more clearly explain to the great mass of mankind, for whom the Sacred Volume has been written, that state of chaotic disorder which we are led by geological researches to assign to this Globe at the earliest period of its existence. Indeed the guarded language of the text even eschews any allusion to a state of *disorder*, and thus provides against the objection which philosophy may raise upon the hypothesis, that in the operations of nature there can be nothing disorderly or confused.

The third, and one of the most important facts connected with the question at issue, is recorded in the following words, viz. “And the Spirit of God moved over the waters.” The objectors to whom we have already alluded, say that instead of some five or six thousand years which is all that can be assigned to the creation according to the Mosaic account, the science of Geology discovers, by undeniable facts, that several millions of years must have elapsed before the Earth acquired that peculiar and diversified form in which we find it; and consequently they, with too much haste, jump at the conclusion that either the discoveries of Geology must be set aside, or the Mosaic account of the creation declared to be erroneous. Much reflection is not necessary to prove, that the subject involves no dilemma, except what may be found in the brains of these superficial would-be Philosophers. The *participial form of the verb* employed in the text, we have just quoted, to indicate what took place immediately after matter had been called into existence, admits of an indefinite period of time;—“and the Spirit of God *moved* over the waters.” This moving over the waters might have continued for as long a period as the most imaginative fancy can assign to the several Geological eras that succeeded each other before the earth assumed its present form. Indeed it would seem as if the Sacred Volume, which was never intended to answer the ends of a Class Book in the School of Geology, had purposely employed this indefinite participial form of the verb “*moved*” to leave room for the researches and speculations of Science in after ages. And if common sense and sound Philosophy could deduce aught from a critical examination of the text, it would be an admission, that the phrase which so well makes a provision in the time of Moses for the Geological discoveries that were to be made in the eighteenth or the nineteenth century, could not have been dictated but by one who foresaw into the womb of futurity.

After this, the Mosaic narrative enters upon the work of the six days and nights, during which the chaotic mass of matter over which the Spirit of God had moved for an indefinite period, is brought into order and arranged

in the manner we now find it ; but there are many points in this account worthy of consideration, and which prove the perfect compatibility of the Mosaic account with the discoveries of Geology. Many learned writers have assigned to these six *days* of the creation, as they are called, much longer duration of time than what is marked by our twenty-four hours and have thus attempted to reconcile the apparent incongruity between Sacred History and Geology. Although this explanation is not necessary, after the demands of Geology have been fully satisfied by the indefinite period we have already pointed out to have intervened according to the Mosaic account between the creation of matter and its arrangement ; yet we see no objection which can be brought against this hypothesis from the Sacred Volume. Morning and evening depend on the rotation of the Earth on its axis, or in common parlance on the presentation of its sides to the source of light. Therefore if that rotation of position change or occupied, before the completion of the time indicated by the six mornings and evenings of the Mosaic Narrative periods of much longer duration than our twenty-four hours, the space of time between the morning and evening of the first, the second or any other day might have been thousands of years.

It is worthy of remark that the creation of light out of darkness is stated to be the work of the first day ; or we shall, under the explanations now given, say, of the first portion of the period embraced by the text. And yet the appearance of the Sun, Moon, and Stars in the firmament is stated to be the work of the fourth day. Hence it is clear, that the very nature of day and night, which are now caused by the rising and setting of the Sun, Moon, &c., was different during three out of the six periods which elapsed before the appearance of these luminaries, which, as the scriptures say, were made on the fourth day “for signs and for seasons, and for days and years.” Now, if the seasons, days, and years commenced to be marked by the signs of the Sun, &c., on the fourth day the duration of the period indicated by the first three days which preceded the appearance of these luminaries might have been quite different from those which are consequent on the existing arrangement of seasons, years, and days. Several Fathers of the early ages, renowned no less for their piety than their learning, maintain that an indefinite period existed between the creation and the first ordering of all things ;* that the Sun might have existed before its appearance on the earth, its rays having been prevented from reaching it by the dense chaotic atmosphere which then surrounded our Globe, “and that on the first day it was so far rarified as to allow the transmission of the Sun’s rays, though not of the discernment of its disk, which was fully displayed on the fourth day.”†

The important question of time as deduced from the Mosaic narrative on the one hand and from geological discoveries on the other, having thus been disposed of, we trust, to the entire satisfaction of both the theologian and the geologist, let us next proceed to consider the compatibility of the

* St. Gregory Nazianzen, Orat. 11. tom. 1. p. 51. Bened.

† St. Basil Hexæmer, hom. 11., Paris 1618, p. 23. St. Læsovius Dial. Biblioth. Pot. Gallandi, Ven. 1770, tom. vi. p. 87. Origen. Periarch. lib. iv. c. 16 tom. 1 p. 174, ed. Bened.

sacred Record of successive creations with the consecutive order which geology assigns to them. The separation of the waters on the earth from those which were taken up into the firmament by evaporation and there condensed into clouds, was, according to the Mosaic account the work of the second day. Evaporation is the effect of heat. Therefore heat and its peculiar modification light, must have existed before the evaporation of moisture, and the formation of clouds in the firmament took place. Thus we perceive that the separation of light from darkness the first day, and the separation of waters into clouds above and collections below on the second, as given in the Mosaic account is perfectly congruous to all that we now know by science of the properties of the elements which must then have been in action.

A portion of the waters having been thus carried up by evaporation, the mass of chaotic matter left on the earth, would in a great measure, become freed from moisture, and form a comparative dry coat on the surface of the globe. But as the action of evaporation is equal and gradual, its effects on the surface of the earth would not produce any inequalities. In the same manner as the drying up of any of the marshes which abound in our neighbourhood does not suddenly change the bottom of the Lake into Hills and Valleys. But a little further drying causes the earthy surface to split into fissures, the extents of which vary according to the depth of the slimy matter and other local causes. The less the depth and the extent of the surface which is exposed to the drying process of evaporation, the less is the size of the fissures which attend that process, and *vice versa*. We have seen fissures of the breadth of a cubit in the dried beds of the Salt Water Lakes, where the slimy and soft earth extended to several feet below the surface. Nature which works on uniform principles, would, no doubt, have produced fissures of immense width when the extent of the surface was the circumference of the globe itself, and the depth of slimy matter which was subjected to the drying process of evaporation, perhaps half of its radius or semidiameter. Now, if to the regular and gradual effects of heat produced by evaporation, we add its more violent and irregular operations, when acting on air pent up in the bowels of the earth or igniting various substances which expand on being exposed to its action, we shall be at no loss to find sufficient geological causes for what is stated in the Sacred Volume to have been the work of the third day or period in the order of creation, viz. the gathering together of the waters on the surface of the earth into seas, and the appearance of dry land, fit for the production of vegetation which appeared during the same period of time.

Fossil remains of marine productions such as molusks, shells and aquatic plants having been discovered on the summits of the highest mountains, it was at first supposed, that these must have been carried thither by an universal deluge, the waters of which rose to these heights; but more recent and accurate observations have proved the fallacy of this opinion. The situation, the nature, and the extent of several fossil remains show, that they could not have been deposited by the turbulent actions of a dreadful catastrophe like the Deluge. They are found imbedded in rocks at a depth which the waters of the deluge could not have disturbed, and there they lie in such quantities, and deposited in such order,

without any admixture of different species, that we cannot but conclude, they must have gradually accumulated in the localities where they are discovered, and that during the space of ages. Besides the lowest strata discover remains of vegetables and aquatic animals, which are quite unlike those that survived with Noah in the Deluge, and the progenies of which now inhabit the globe. Among these early inhabitants of the earth, the lowest strata exhibit remains of plants and aquatic animals and thereby prove that the first introduction of animated matter after the formation of dry land was, as recorded in the Sacred Volume, the appearance of trees and plants. The bringing of these to a state of perfection required the heat of the sun from above and of moisture from below. Accordingly, on the fourth day, or that period which succeeded the creation of vegetation on the surface of the earth, we have this great source of light and vegetable life appear in the firmament, cleared from the primitive vapors.

The creation of the great Whales and other aquatic reptiles, as well as of animals that could fly in the air is recorded in the Sacred volume as being the work of the fifth day or period of time. Here also geology comes forward with its able support, if support be needed, and shows that fossil remains of shells and other marine animals found imbedded in the lower strata of grauwacke, limestone, and other rocks are unmixed with the remains of land animals ; but connected with winged animals of the pterodactylus tribe which had the body of a lizard, and were furnished with wings like those of a bat, by which they could fly, and were furnished like birds with long beaks, whilst their bodies were covered with scales.*

As the creation of land animals and last of all of man, are the works of the sixth day or the last period recorded in the Mosaic narrative, so do the researches of Geology discover the remains of the land animals in the strata that are of comparatively recent formation, those of the extinct species first, which are succeeded by the remains of those which now inhabit the earth. The signs of the existence of man are discoverable only in the last of all the strata, in that superficial crust of the earth which we now occupy. How beautiful, how grand and satisfactory is this conformity of the discoveries of natural science with the revelations which the God of nature has been pleased to make to man his last, but most perfect act of creation ; the creature, who by his materiality is united with the earth he inhabits, and by his intelligence with the Creator himself, and thus forms that uniform concatenation which is every where discovered in his works.

(To be continued.)

* Geological Transactions, vol. III. page 217.

COWPER, SHAKESPEARE, AND MILTON.

I SLEPT and dream'd.—There came
 In silent decent grandeur, but not pomp,
 A statu'd form—it was of him
 Who well did claim on earth the Muses' aid,
 And lov'd to breathe her songs :
 There came, I said, in silent greatness,
 A statu'd form ;—it was of him that sung of liberty,
 And of its sweets : in whose great works are trac'd
 Most prominently, the patriot, sage, and bard,
 The friend of meek humanity—the vot'ry strong
 Of brotherly affection, and of love
 'Twixt man and man. And, on its brow
 Was writ in characters all legible,
 The memorable name of COWPER.

That pass'd. —Then came, with 'tending sprites,
 A throned form ; and, as it came,
 There sprung a wail of virgin voices deep,
 “ *Earth ne'er his like shall see again.*”
 My senses, struck with awe, look'd up to learn
 From whence that dirge arose : and my quick ear,
 As of itself, and of its own accord, did bend
 To catch the wording of their mournful song
 Which ran to this effect :—

Majestic bard ! that did'st essay
 To tune th' immortal lyre,
 And gav'st to deathless fame away
 A soul-inspiring fire !

Whose fame from land to land hath rung,
 Borne on the wings of Time ;
 Hath form'd the substance of high song,
 And soar'd on high sublime !

The guiding, brilliant, glitt'ring star,
 In that rich spangled sky,
 Whose Heav'n-lit radiance floating far,
 Glistens with burning eye !

With trembling voice we breathe thy name,
 And thus aspire to sing—
 ‘ Unbounded praise—eternal fame,
 To thy great memory cling !’

Lo ! History bears thee on her page
 Her first of sons, and genius, too ;
 The glory of the ancient age,
 The leader of thy kindred few—

Who hold thee dear—who hail thy name
 And thus aspire to sing—
 ‘ Unbounded praise—eternal fame,
 To thy great memory cling !’

Oh! shall thy fame that fills this earth
Ever oblivious lie;
Or lost to sense—forgot its birth—
Its sacred influence be?

Never while Genius holds a name,
And Poesy a charm,
Immortal bard! thy glorious fame
Shall feel the touch of harm.

But like that radiant orb of light,
That blazes upon high,
Whose glorious presence scours the night,
And gilds both Earth and Sky,

Shalt thou a gorgeous form assume,
And shed thy burning light,
Or rise a flower in deathless bloom,
And smile thro' Learning's night!

Then all was hush'd—was gone—but voices came from far,
Floating on air, from which I learnt
This strain was raised to SHAKESPEARE.

And *that* too pass'd: reminding me, as of
The peopled millions of this nether world,
Who come, and lo! are gone—
The playthings frail of life's mortality—
The hopes of yesterday, all blighted, past, and fled!

But yet "that glorious vision fled not quite"—
Next came, (with thunders rolling in mid air,)
A statu'd form—that was all cloth'd
In the dread garb of Inspiration;
While from its look there came a flood
Of Power and Majesty,—that did captivate
Both sight and soul; and held in awe
The trembling millions, that kept gazing on,
In expectation of some most wonderful eclipse
Of grandeur, by an all-surpassing stroke
Of genius!—whereby, all else that was,
Or had been done before, in point of greatness
Would be surpassed. Yet, in the look
Of that dread statue, there was something
That beam'd of Heaven-born humility,
And shone serenely sweet,
Like Genius clad in robes of Modesty!
I gazing stood, and wonder'd who this was—
But quickly learnt (as who would not?)
That nought else it could mean to represent,
Save the all-living and inspiring form
Of Albion's joy and pride—her famous MILTON!!

A. D.

NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand ;—its advantages and prospects, as a British Colony; with a full account of the Land Claims, Sales of Crown Lands, Aborigines, &c.—By C. TERRY, 1842.

NEW ZEALAND, the Britain of the Southern Hemisphere, has, of late years, attracted a considerable tide of emigration to its shores. Should the British Government adopt a just and liberal course of policy towards the settlers and Aborigines, New Zealand may become the gem of the Southern Ocean. Mr. Terry enjoyed favourable opportunities of becoming acquainted with the actual condition and capabilities of the country, and in this volume he has given the results of his researches. In the first part he gives a history of the Colony, previous to the settlement of the Church Missionary Society on it ; it was viewed only as the residence of cannibals and savages forming the Ultima Thule of civilization. The Rev. S. Marsden became the Apostle of those islands. Mr. Busby was appointed Resident in 1833, in order to protect settlers from the outrages and licentiousness arising from the visits of runaway sailors, convicts, and the lawless crews of many whalers. A representation respecting this, as well as the paramount influence New Zealand was fitted by its geographical position to exercise in the hands of civilized men, induced the English Government to send out Captain Hobson, in 1839, as Lieut. Governor of New Zealand. One of his first objects was to get the chiefs to cede the sovereignty of the Island to England, the possession of their lands being guaranteed them. Auckland was selected as the capital, on account of its central situation and facility of water communication. In September 1840, there was not an European on the shores of its harbour. Numerous volcanic remains abound in the neighbourhood. In 1841, New Zealand was declared by the Home Government independent of Sydney, which tended much to expand its energies and to free the Lieut. Governor from considerable embarrassments. A Legislative council also was constituted empowered to enact Laws for the Local Government of the Colony ; among its first acts was an ordinance to prohibit Distillation. In 1841 the foundation stone of the Cathedral of Auckland was laid by the Governor. A Newspaper and Printing Press have been also established. The European population in New Zealand exceeds ten thousand.

In the 2nd part of this work, Mr. Terry takes up the subject of *the Land claims*. In the year 1839, a rush of speculation took place to the colony from New South Wales ; deeds of conveyance were drawn in Sydney, with blanks for the boundaries, to ratify the purchase of land from natives ; tracts of land larger than English counties were sold for a trifle. The passion for land jobbing pervaded all classes. Ranges of country in some cases of five hundred square miles, were claimed by single individuals. The Home Government appointed commissioners to investigate those claims for grants of land, as individuals assumed the sovereignty of the soil on the title which discovery gave them. A Sydney merchant advanced a claim for land to the amount of 384,000 acres, purchased from a native for 50£ ! Another merchant put in a claim for 3½ million of acres, some of which were purchased at the rate of 500 acres for a penny. The 3rd part of Mr. T.'s work treats of *the Sale of Crown Lands*. In April 1841 an auction of land on the site of Auckland, the proposed capital, was made ; some of it fetched 1,608£ an acre ! The New Zealand Company with their enlarged views and immense capital

will tend greatly to increase the number of emigrants to New Zealand. The 4th part is on the *Aborigines of New Zealand*. The Islands at a recent period were inhabited by a dense population. Internal wars, the slaughter of captives, infanticide, scrofula and consumption in consequence of their low diet and exposure to the weather have thinned the population; these evils will be removed by British Colonization and influence. Mr. T. advocates warmly, and with great force of argument, the necessity of instructing all the native children in the English language. There are 75 missionaries, of whom 37 belong to the Anglican Church. Cannibalism, partly practised because it was considered an expiatory sacrifice to the manes of their ancestors, and partly because they conceived, that by eating the bodies of their enemies they inherited their personal courage and talents for war through the influence of missionaries has now ceased. The British Government guarantees them in the possession of their rights; Mr. T. recommends the establishment of a Board of Territorial Commissioners for the protection of the Aborigines, who amount to over one hundred and fifty thousand, to be perfectly unconnected with, and independent of, the Local Colonial Government.

Part 5th, is on the *Future Prospects of the Colony*. Timber and Flax, two natural indigenous products, will form certain sources of wealth to the Colonists; at present the transit of timber from the forest is difficult and expensive. Flax may become the staple of the Colony, as wool is of New South Wales. The Whale Fishery is likely to prove a source of future wealth. New Zealand has not land sufficiently adapted for extensive grazing, and sheep to enable her to export wool, like Australia, which also had convict labourers to make roads communicating in every direction. New South Wales has saved by Convict labour the expenditure of capital to the amount of twenty-five millions sterling. Unless New Zealand be speedily supplied with an abundance of labour direct from England, its prosperity must be seriously retarded. The class of English Yeomen would succeed very well. New Zealand may hereafter supply with manufactures Australia, India, China and Spanish America, all of which are not far distant. The Coasts are indented with innumerable harbours and bays, which afford great facilities to smugglers. The revenue realises about 33,000£, the expenditure is calculated at 51,000£.

What a vast empire is destined to rise in the course of time in Australia under the stirring energy of the Anglo Saxon race! "Enlarging Japhet," or Colonization, appears to be the grand means in modern times for transmitting the torch of science and morality. May every Englishman in India be duly impressed with the vast responsibility that devolves upon him to be an oasis in the moral desert. The Pilgrim Fathers, when they landed on the then bleak and wild shores of New England, were cheered amid their hardships and discouragements with the prospect of laying the foundations of a mighty empire of knowledge, civilization and piety. We have conquered India by the sword; let us now endeavour to prove more than conquerors, by swaying her mind through the arts of peace and mental improvement. We long for the period when we may be favoured with Steam Communication between this Country and Australia. We would particularly recommend to residents in the mofussil a close and attentive perusal of such works as bear on Australia and New Zealand, as they will throw light on various Indian subjects

THE USURPED GUDDHEE.

(Concluded from page 143.)

"MUSTAFA KHAN!" exclaimed the Soobadar of Bengal, while sitting on a private conference with his subordinates in office. "Mustaffa Khan, I have something to ask you."

"Jehan Punna!" cried the ministers in a tone of the most abject submission. "What is your request, source of all our blessings?—command and it shall be done."

"Nothing more than this," answered the Nabob; "I am anxious to know what is the general opinion of our subjects regarding Bhyrub Chunder Roy's claim to the disputed Ghuddhee."

"They all seem to think, Jehan Punna," returned Mustaffa, "that he is the actual son of the late Rajah; though some of Kallicoomar's partisans are disposed to come forward, and maintain that he is an impostor."

"Well, that is good," said the Nabob. "We want but a few men to shew that he is not the son of the Rajah, and the cause is gained. But whether it can be proved or not, I am decided what course to pursue in this case."

"What may that be?" demanded Mustaffa.

"Why, to give my verdict in favor of the present holder of the Guddhee."

"Subban Allah!" cried Mustaffa in an ecstasy of joy, "that is the wisest thing you could do, under present circumstances. You know perfectly well Bhyrub has but few friends, and these are but the dregs of society, and their influence will be of no avail to him. Whereas his adversary has gained the support of the most opulent men of the country, and in maintaining his cause, you will gain the good wishes of all those whom it is desirable you should always enlist as your friends."

"Bhah!" exclaimed the nabob, "I care not for these men; I can crush them in an instant, if I had a mind to do so. That which I want is, gold; and of this I have been promised an abundance, if I should exert myself in behalf of the usurper. Ten lacs of Rupees shall be at my disposal should I be able to confirm Kallicoomar's title to the Guddhee, and banish Bhyrub from the country."

"And how may you do this?" enquired Mustaffa.

"Very easily," said the other. "There is nothing which the Soobadhar of Bengal may not execute. If it were desirable to change the course of the river on which stands the seat of our Eastern Empire, there could be no difficulty in having the design accomplished. My mandate must be obeyed, though it be to the destruction of this vast empire."

"Jehan Punna!" exclaimed Mustaffa. "Who dares doubt your power? I am so convinced of it, that I would sooner doubt my own existence than think that you are unable to subjugate the whole world."

"Well said, well said," cried half a dozen voices; and the Nabob smiled at the compliment, which, however overstrained, he thought, no doubt, to be his due. The meeting was then dissolved, and the Nabob and his coadjutors separated for a time.

The reader may glean from the above the state of Bhyrub's

affairs. He was no doubt from what has been narrated—an injured man. Not only did he suffer the loss of his Guddhee, but he was rendered an object, of the most wanton insult and derision by those who found it their interest to support his rival. It was by mere chance that he met one of his father's old domestics, who in spite of the change in Bhyrub's appearance, recognized him in an instant. Having been the recipient of innumerable favours from Kisto Chunder, he could not but befriend his son under circumstances which were calculated to awaken the sympathies of all, who had hearts to feel for the distresses of others. He it was that gave him a shelter within his domicile, and was mainly instrumental in circulating amongst his countrymen the fact that Bhyrub was still alive. Thousands now began to rally round the heir apparent; but Kallicoomar was too powerful to give him any hopes of success whatever project he might enter into to oust the usurper from the Guddhee. Surrounded as he was by men of rank and station, he was enabled to overturn every scheme laid against him; and every victory gained gave him additional courage to withstand the efforts of his opponents. At length, Bhyrub by the advice of his friends, referred his case to the court of Justice, in order that there he might obtain what was denied to him upon his own personal application. The Nabob, he conceived, would at once perceive the treacherous conduct of his adversary, and compel him to give up what he had no right to possess. But he little knew the character of the man, whom circumstances had placed at the head of the Soobadharry of Bengal. Free from guile himself, he thought every man was actuated by the principles of justice; and that his cause was sure to gain the Nabob on his side. But he little calculated upon the perversity of human nature; and that truth can have no sway over a mind, where honesty and integrity are utter strangers.

The day of trial at length arrived, and the court of the Nabob was thronged with men of all grades of society. At the appointed time the Nabob took his seat, with his subordinates, and the trial forthwith commenced in due form. Bhyrub had produced a number of honest upright men to prove his identity; and they one and all assured the court that he was the son of the late Kisto Chunder Roy. The accumulated evidences in support of this fact rendered the case so clear, that all who were even prejudiced against the young man declared in his favor. The opposite party, on the other hand, endeavoured to disprove what had been urged in behalf of the plaintiff; but their defence was a lame one, and it was only characterized by glaring contradictions and prevarications throughout. Notwithstanding all this, the Nabob appeared to be perfectly satisfied, that the claim of Kallicoomar to the Guddhee was beyond dispute, and that Bhyrub was an impostor! "Go," said he to the men of Kallicoomar, at the conclusion of the trial, "go and tell your master, that he may enjoy his possessions in peace and safety; and as for this impostor, he shall not have to remain a day longer within these territories." Then turning to his people, he bid them have this sentence executed. "Mind," said he, "that this wretch never put his foot in this province, and should he disobey my mandate, his head shall suffer the penalty." So saying he rose from his seat and withdrew, and the multitude were astonished and confounded at the strange proceeding. But not a word of dissatisfaction passed through the lips of a

single individual ; all kept their opinions to themselves, and returned home, fully sensible of the wrong Bhyrub was doomed to endure. As for Bhyrub himself, he left Bengal that very day, and after a short period was enabled to enter the military service of an independent Rajah. In this employment he rose by degrees, until he was promoted to the office of a general and as such he pre-eminently distinguished himself, both for his prudence and valour, he soon gained the confidence of his master, and was loved and respected by all placed under his command.

A few years after the disgraceful transaction, which it has been our lot to record, a horde of Pindarees infested the outskirts of Bengal, and carried death and devastation wherever they went. Villages and plantations were completely laid waste, and nothing more was heard of throughout the province than the approach of these depredators. The treasures of the Hindoos were seized upon, and the families whom Mahommadan cupidity had spared, were divested of all that they had possessed. Amidst this general calamity, business was completely stopped ; people commenced to move towards the east, leaving their houses and lands to the mercy of the blood-thirsty savages, who gloried at the sight of human misery. The Nabob, in the mean time, made efforts to check the progress of the enemy, but all his endeavours proved fruitless. Battles after battles were lost, till at length he found it necessary to retreat to his capital, and secure himself against the danger which threatened him. But the Mahrattas soon followed him, flushed with the honours of repeated victories. They had laid in utter ruin all the towns through which they had passed, and they were now preparing for a general assault upon the capital. All hope of safety was abandoned on the part of the Nabob ; there was nothing heard within the city but wailing and lamentation. The Maharattas had encamped but a short distance from Moorshoodabad, and were expected to seize every opportunity of forcing an entrance into the town. A few days passed off in a state of suspense, when the enemy, taking advantage of some neglect on the part of the guards, began to pour in torrents into the city, and spared neither age nor sex in the general massacre. While the Maharattas were thus glutting themselves with human blood within the town, a scene had taken place without, which brought on a complete change in the aspect of their affairs. A considerably large party of horsemen came upon those who were left upon the plain quite unawares, and attacked them with such dexterity, that they were put into disorder in an instant. A dreadful slaughter ensued. The Mahrattas fled from every side, leaving their baggage and booty behind them. When the Chief of the gang found that he had dispersed the enemy, he followed up his success by an immediate attack upon those who were busily engaged in the work of destruction within the town. The Mahrattas could make no stand. dispersed as they were, against a body of horsemen, animated by recent success. They were cut down in numbers on all directions, and those who were spared, fled precipitately from the scene of carnage. Within a day the country was freed from an enemy, that had laid the proudest cities in the dust. The Nabob who had secured himself within the palace, beheld with horror and consternation the scene that had presented itself before him. He saw his men fall by the sword of the enemy, and the most beautiful buildings razed to the ground. He groaned within himself ; his bosom

was filled with contending emotions, but he had not the power to arrest the danger by which he was beset. At length, as if it were, by some magical influence, he beheld the enemy were slain in return, and the town freed from the savage murderers, in an instant. The palace gate was thrown open, and the chief men of the place went in a body to the Nabob, to inform him of what had taken place. "We owe the safety of our lives," said they, "to a man who is seemingly actuated by motives of the purest benevolence, in relieving the country of a dreadful scourge."

"Bring him hither," said the Nabob, and we shall enrobe him with the garments of silver, and place him upon a throne of ivory."

"Bulleh, Bulleh," cried his attendants, and "Allah Akbur, Mahummed Rassool Allah," resounded throughout the palace, and the men proceeded to ask the stranger to appear in the presence of the Nabob. The Chief readily complied with their wishes, and accompanied by a body of his chosen men, entered the apartment of the palace, where the Soobadhar had been seated expecting his arrival. As soon as the Nabob saw him, he rose and descending from his seat, held the stranger by the hand, and poured forth his grateful acknowledgments for the timely aid he had rendered him.

"Speak not thus," said the stranger, "I have done what I thought was my duty; and my conscience tells me, that it is acceptable both in the sight of God and man."

The Nabob could not but stare at the man who had uttered such noble sentiments; but what was his surprise when he beheld in him the unfortunate Bhyrub, whose ruin he had so heartlessly compassed. He was filled with shame and confusion at the discovery, and could scarcely give himself utterance. He, however, beckoned to his men to retire, and then taking Bhyrub by the hand entreated him to forget the past.

"Yes," said Bhyrub with an air of marked dignity, "it is not in my nature to reiterate injuries; my present conduct is a proof of my assertion. I have cast all past occurrences into oblivion, and have the pleasing satisfaction that I have intentionally injured no man." So saying he left the palace, followed by his men.

The reader may anticipate the sequel of this tale. Bhyrub was soon after placed upon his Guddhee, and the King of Delhi who had been duly informed of his magnanimity and valor, was so pleased with his conduct, that he invited him over to his capital, and maintained a close intimacy with him, which was only interrupted by death. As for Kallicomar, he was reduced to penury and want, and in the evening of his days, become a dependant upon him, who was once the object of his hatred.

TO MY CHILD ; ON HER THIRD ANNIVERSARY, 30TH APRIL, 1844.

BLESSINGS be on thee, my darling child !
 Soft be thy slumbers—and thy life, a long
 Long summer's day ; and should the horizon
 Of thy fate, with clouds be overcast,
 May they be April clouds,—short and refreshing,
 Teaching thee, that in this passing scene,
 There is nothing purely bright and happy,
 But God and Heaven ;—to them, thy thoughts direct !

My only child—most gay and artless,
 Winning affection from all that see thee—
 Pleas'd with thyself ! whom every hour
 Some new delight beguiles ; from care and sorrow free !
 Could'st thou but thus remain, unchang'd !
 Could thy young heart be always young !
 Then would'st thou be happy ! But alas !
 I know not what I ask. Thy joy-sparkling face,
 Thy untutored ways, no reward from men
 Would gain ;—from men, on innocence who prey,
 And stain with guilt the heaven-directed heart.

Now thou art young, my child ! thou can'st not know,
 The anxious cares that round my heart-strings cling,
 For thee as in the dim future I behold thee !
 Now, are all things to thee with beauty cover'd,
 All things give happiness ;—“ thy cup with bliss runs o'er ”—
 Not sweets alone, but bitter drops will be thy portion,
 For such is the lot of erring, sinful man.
 But God in thy distress, will surely help thee.

I have a wish—a wish I fondly cherish,
 'Mid all my sorrows—and they are not few ;
 That when thou hast ripened into womanhood,
 And the lineaments of thy character
 Are well defin'd and clearly marked—thou wilt be then,
 My solace and my comfort. On thy guileless bosom
 I will recline, exhausted with life's struggles.
 From thy love, I will receive comfort—balm
 That this pained heart of mine will ease.
 And from thee will I derive all solace
 At the close of life—the evening of my days ;
 And when my sand of life has nearly run,
 I wish that thou would'st watch my death-bed,
 And close my dying eyes.

Even now, my fond child,
 I have a foretaste of the bliss that must be mine,
 Should God but grant my wish. Thou art *one of three*
 Whom I call mine—my darling children.
 Thou dost fill my aching heart with joy !
 Tho' I once thought, when death thy brothers seized,
 That then “ my house was left unto me, desolate,”
 Yet hast thou repaired in some degree my loss.
 When cares assail me, and my heart bleeds with pain,
 And all things I feel dark, cold, and dreary,
 And I fain would lay my head in 'dust and die,—
 Thy mirth, thy laugh, thy pleasure-lighted eyes,
 Thy smiling face, all sorrow from my mind dispel,
 And I bless my God, for thee.

Live, my heart's treasure—live, and learn to live,—
 Learn to love that God, who gave thee to me,
 And so strive to act and walk, that when life's journey's over,
 We both will meet again in Heaven !

J.

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RANDOM NOTES ON CALCUTTA.

JOB CHARNOCK chose the site of Calcutta on account of the attractions of the village of Sootanutty and a large, shady tree. It was, at that period, a pestilential swamp, and subsequently proved a New Orleans to many of the inhabitants. The name is derived from a temple of Kali, situated near where the Ganges flowed in former times. The character given of the founder by Captain Hamilton is, "Mr. Charnock reigned more absolute than a Rajah, only he wanted much of their humanity; for when any poor ignorant native transgressed his laws, they were sure to undergo a severe whipping for a penalty, and the execution was generally done when he was at dinner, so near his dining room, that the groans and cries of the poor delinquent served him for music." Mr. Orme, the historian, says of him, "Mr. Charnock was a man of courage, without military experience, but impatient to take revenge on a Government, from which he had received personally the most ignominious treatment, having been imprisoned and scourged by the Nabob. The sense of such indignity was, perhaps, one of the reasons for his severe usage of the natives." Mr. Charnock built a bungalow at Barrackpore, and a flourishing bazar arose under his patronage before it was decided on to have a settlement at Calcutta. He died January 10th, 1692. The early residents built garden houses along the river, with fish ponds, containing "carp, calkops and mullet." In 1717 Calcutta was a straggling village of mat houses, the surrounding country formed a mass of jungle and swamp, the abode of the tiger, and lurking place of the dacoit. Yet amid this misery and the poverty of the natives, English luxury was on the increase and formed a subject of frequent remonstrance from the Court of Directors. In 1731 "the foppery of having a set of music at his table, and a coach and six with guards and running footmen" is made a ground of charge against Mr. Deave, the President, and "some of inferior rank," and it is broadly hinted, that "whenever such practice prevails in any of our servants, we shall always suspect, that we are the paymasters in some shape or other." In 1737 Calcutta had "opulent merchants; gold was plenty, labor cheap, and not one indigent European in all Calcutta." The construction of roads was recommended by the Court of Directors at an early period, in order, as they said, "to see through your bounds into the country of the neighbouring Zumeendars, who attacked you some time before, as to facilitate the march of your soldiers when necessary to support your outmost guards, and prevent private robberies." For many years after 1756, the old Fort and Clive Street included the whole of Calcutta, Clive Street being the place of all business. The destruction of Calcutta by Surajah Dowlah contributed to the benefit of the city as much as

the great fire of 1666 did London. Within forty years from that event Calcutta numbered 500,000 inhabitants, and had some commercial houses, which were supposed to have dealings to the amount of two crores annually.

At the period of the great famine, in 1770 the Hugli at Calcutta became loathsome and corrupt from the number of dead bodies cast into it: the fish in the river sometimes proved fatal to those who eat them; cart loads of dead bodies were plunged daily into the river without any funeral or religious obsequies. In 1784 considerable portions of Sunderbund land near Calcutta were cleared by a Mr. Henekell; this contributed to lessen fever; but a reformation which took place in the manners of the people, tended much more to that purpose. One of the first acts of the Marquis of Wellesley was, in 1799, to enlarge and extend the Circular Road; in order to effect this the celebrated "Bythna Kanna" tree was cut down; it formed the place of assemblage for native merchants from the earliest period. Through the exertions of the Lottery Committee, the river bank was cleared for the erection of ghats, and the Strand Road made. Gladwin mentions in a translation from a Persian work, "In former reigns the climate of Bengal, on account of the inclemency of the air and water, was deemed inimical to the constitution of the Moghuls and other foreigners, and only those officers who laboured under the royal displeasure, were stationed there, and this fertile soil which enjoys a perpetual spring, was considered as a strong prison, as the land of spectres, the seat of disease, and the mansion of death." It is said, that about thirty years ago, a Calcutta Undertaker on retiring with a large fortune, demanded an extra sum of 2,000 £ for his business, if it were sold *before* the month of August, as he regarded that and the ensuing four months as the most profitable of the whole year. The average level of the soil is from three to five feet above the average high water mark. The strata consist of loose sand, blue and yellow clay, alternately, with here and there a stratum of peat; bones have been found at the depth of 357 feet, and pieces of decayed wood lower down. The lowest level in Calcutta, above the Salt Water lakes, is 8 feet, the highest is 22 feet.

Allipore contains the favourite villa of Warren Hastings. The elevated upright front of some parts of the river's bank at Howrah indicates, that the deep channel of the Hugli formerly flowed that way. The temperature is lower in Chowringee than in Calcutta in consequence of the great extent of evaporation from trees; a country covered by trees emits one-third more vapour than one covered by water. The number of respectable wealthy native householders is decreasing in Calcutta; the great native families in Calcutta are *parvenus*; there are hardly ten who possessed wealth before the rise of the English power; they form a commercial aristocracy created under England's ægis. Twelve thousand abortions are annually procured in Calcutta by the abominations of the Kulin Brahmans; 1,200,000 rupees are said to have been spent by a head writer of Warren Hastings for the Shraddhu of his mother. The Bengali music in Calcutta has been compared to "the noise made by cows in distress, with an admixture of the caterwaulings of a feline congregation, and the occasional scream of an elephant." On an average taken for six years, the annual deaths of the Hindus of Calcutta amounted to one in 17½, while in the better fed and better clothed Mahommedan portion it was but one in 38½, the proportion of Hindus to Mahommedans being as 2½ to 1.

RAISING THE WIND.

THERE are more modes of raising the wind than generally enter into the philosophy of the world. Necessity the fruitful source of all shifts, prompts many a step and device, which those not labouring under similar pressures dream not of, and these records will disclose a novel mode of clinching the wherewithals.

Rammohun was one of that numerous class of young men, whose misfortune consists in that noble infirmity of generous minds, to wit, contracting more debts than they can ever hope to clear, except by the convenient besom of the Insolvent Act. He professed not to see the uses of a college education, unless it added to his enjoyments—corporally as well as mentally. The alleged supremacy of the soul over the body he did not quite understand, inasmuch as the latter was composed of organs and members felt, seen, palpable; whereas the former was *vox et preterea nihil*: and why that *vox* should be more attended to, than soothing and pampering the organs of the body, and especially those of the gastric regions, was a problem which he solved by triumphantly pointing out Wilson's or Pigot's establishments. Hence either through arrogance or waggersy, he assumed to himself that comprehensive titular distinction "The Abdomen Philosopher." Digging into the mines of truth he admitted to be an enjoyment; but he wondered how digging into the bowels of a pie came short of that delectable employ. To do him justice he scorned that narrow-mindedness which in affairs of the body, denounces every thing but the chrystal spring and the wheaten cake. He was an advocate for diluting the stream, chrystal as it was with something not quite stronger than 95, or adding some spicy condiment to the simple cake. He applauded Shakespeare for holding out Heliconian draughts, and tolerated the manna which Bacon presented to the mind; but in all that no reason was seen why draughts from a less poetical source, for instance W. W. Robinson, or the manna, from one who understood Bacon so well as DAINY DAVY, should not be occasionally indulged in:—for beslrew that education, which gives substance and imparts brilliance to the mind, and yet would write "half starved" on the human face divine. No, Rammohun depending upon Degumber his father-in-law, a gentleman, with his antediluvian notions in all matters, for support and sponging, was above the run of such paltry ideas. As Degumber, who had the honor of bestowing his only daughter in marriage on our hero, was of the old school, eat when hungry, grew fat without asking any one's leave, &c. prayed when it was evening in due orthodoxal style, he could not help contemplating the youth's conduct and sentiments with some anxiety. Not so that hopeful personage, if one may judge from the endeavours he made to teach the old ideas of his father-in-law to shoot, in unison with his own new fangled views, but with the obstinacy of age, averse to new habits of thought, he shot clear of them. There was disinterestedness in the attempt, if one might judge from the hints occasionally thrown out anent certain bags of silver, which he had observed the old man entrust rather unnecessarily to Brahmah's particular Patent, but which or least the lion's share of it, the youth thought should be devoted to the titila-

tion of the palate, and the preservation of the organs of the body by good and wholesome aliment in the form of liquids as well as solids. Degumber either thought his usual rice and vegetables quite sufficient for the purpose, or he was hard of hearing; for it was never known that these epicurean sentiments ever made any permanent impression upon him to the great indignation of his son-in-law, who properly considered a portly paunch symbolic of a protuberance of intellect; and a carbuncled nose the badge of a sparkling mind. It so happens, in this world of ours, however, that views so enlarged are not always carried out into full effect and practice, for want of that, which the penniless are fond of terming rather contemptuously "the yellow dust."—"Yes," said Rammohun to himself, "Yes, accursed gold, thou takest thy abode with the witless and the worthless, while genius mourns thy absent smiles," a thought in which poets of every age and clime have indulged, from Chaucer of the "*Canterbury Tales*" to T. B. L. of the *TENDER BLOSSOM*.

With thoughts like these he was found one day gazing upon certain castles and trees and sheep, lithographically traced by way of ornament, no doubt, on bits of paper which had very much the appearance of Wilson's bills. "Ha, these are the results of those bills of fare, which I have nocturnally studied," said he to himself, with the air of one who, with a wrong directed education, was anxious to unlearn what, with watering chops and smacking lips, he had learned at those savoury colleges, the chop houses. The plain prose of the matter is, he desired the sircar to call to-morrow for the amount of the bills. To-morrow, that paradise of fools,—that bugbear of tradesmen, the watchword of the lawyer—the hope of suitors—the solace of the sick—and the refuge of all who, like, our hero, allow their inclinations to get the start of their finances, yes, that morrow came, went, came again, and it was to-morrow still. The fact is that Rammohun, like all men of genius, was a little pushed for money; and as soon as the sircar suspected which way the wind blew; he began to erect his hitherto obsequious crest, and to indulge his tongue with a little holiday, to the tune of "Baboos eating veals cutletts and drinking champagne when they can pay for neither." This was an unkindly cut to the sensitive mind of the youth; but the unkindest one was in the threat to stop future credit, at which he heaved a deep sigh as with moistened eyes, he glanced at the gastric regions with a glance full of pathetic expression. He appeared to digest the venom of the sircar's spleen, as he beckoned the fellow towards him, offering to return the ominous bills. This done, our hero's elevated foot by some mishap, described that mathematical figure commonly called a *posteriori*, enunciating his Q. E. D. in the following fashion:—remember from this day forward, *or from tomorrow, if you like that more better*, that I can always afford to pay for insolence, however I may be in arrears for "veal and vine."

CHAPTER II.

PRAY, who is that Hindoo youth sitting in yonder yard, intensely pouring over a huge volume, occasionally making notes on a paper lying by his side?" Observe the contracted brow—the *speculating* eyes—the flushed face—that gentle leaning of the cheek on the palm of his left hand

while the night is unwittingly and spontaneously elevated and depressed as if keeping pace and time, with the internal workings of the mind—with musings deep and thoughts profound. And then listen to those words of solemn import, which escaping his lips, tremulous with emotion, travel to old Degumber's ears, and.

“ Make his two eyes, like stars start from their spheres
His knotted and combined locks to part
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

What mystic words could he have uttered, what spell could he have exercised to produce such an effect upon an old Bengallee's marble-like frigidity of soul? Approach reader, approach—stretch your elongated auriculars—judge for yourself. “ I feel the folds which thou, oh ruthless Hindoism hast drawn round me—I feel the chains which thy shasters have forged for the benighted mind—one effort, and I shall stand emancipated—and then—yes, then enlist myself—under the auspicious banners of the Religion of the West.”

From the prevalence of missionary zeal, the spread of Christianity was much dreaded by Hindoo zealots at that time, which together with the rebellious spirit, always exhibited by Rammohun, filled the old man's mind with alarm and grief. The probability that he would, by turning Christian, send his grey hair with sorrow to the grave, and darken the days of his dear daughter by consigning her to a virtual widowhood for the rest of her life, was a little too much for the philosophy of the old man. The misery which his fears painted in perspective occupied his mind to the exclusion of cool and calm reflection. He need not have thus alarmed himself however, as the whole was a mere trick—device—to turn his fears and fancies to the best account in a pecuniary way. In short, it was an emanation of Rammohun's genius, which some might be inclined to designate a piece of genuine Jeremy Diddlerism. The solution of the Phenomenon might be found in the Sircar's *a posteriori* affair, who held in his hands certain unpaid bills, all which entitled him to the kindly notice of Messrs. Brietzke and Russomoy, who by their usual missives, showed their attachment towards him, and politely requested the honor of Rammohun's company at a certain time and place. He felt a painful anxiety for an exemption from the same honor; but where were the means—the *rhino*? echo answered where! To pretend a bent,—a leaning—a conscientious inclining towards Christianity was just the thing, as he knew old Degumber would rather die than see him a christian, and that he would not scruple to buy him off with something substantial, from biases of so dangerous a character. Hence, reader, the intensity of the study—the up-lifting of the eyes—the scowl of abhorrence which he cast on his *poita* (for he was a brahmin) and the other pantomimic exhibitions already alluded to.

“ Oh Rammohun,” cried the old man, in his simplicity, “ what wicked word this you say my son?” “ Truth,” exclaimed the youth, with the air and devotion of a martyr, “ truth!! father—truth!!! and is she not the jewel—the—” “ No, no, I say she bery bad girl,” replied the old man, not knowing exactly what he was uttering; and probably confounding truth with some girl or other, towards whom his hopeful son had in some by-gone day shewn a leaning.

"Truth, truth is the jewel, the inestimable prize for which every thing should be sacrificed."

"I think you make all foolish thought, that no more jewel than brass lota."

"And that truth dwells with the christain alone!" resumed the youth with enthusiasm.

"Tut! Hindoo got all same; and more better than fine!"

"But what can you know of it whose heart is in his money bags?"

"Money bags!" exclaimed Degumber, with the air of one who wondered in what else a man's heart should be.

"Truth, father—truth, is to be preferred to money-bags."

"That all humbug."

"Humbug, father?" interrogated Rammohun, as he made an effort to resume the mock-heroics with which the conference commenced; for the ludicrous was struggling hard for mastery within him.

"Aye, all bam-bam—bamboozle. From the Gobner to Police Sargen, all like the monies, and that my son is TRUTH!"

"No! no! you must not suppose every man's heart is in the money bags," was the languid reply. Whether there was any thing in the tone or manner which belied his professions, or led the old man to see the whole affair in the proper light, he rejoined with some glee. "Money bags! oh you raschole, I see, I see, you want the monish." This answer led Rammohun to throw a deeper veil upon his motives. "Money," cried the indignant youth as his eyes glowed with offended dignity; and whose voice and feelings swelled higher and higher at each repetition of that baleful word, "Money!" said he, "money!! money!!! I scorn your base insinuation," and then modulating his voice to the tone of a martyr, he continued, "Oh truth! for all the outrage done to my feelings, I love thee still." Degumber was unprepared for this out break, and felt; what certain dealers in slang would say, flummoxed, flabbergasted. His whole object was now to draw his son-in-law to the peaceful paths of Hindooism; and it is marvellous how strong appeared the impressions, powerful the convictions, conscientious the dictates and satisfactory the evidence, which Rammohun ushered in battle array before the confounded old man. After having run the gauntlet of sham and show for sometime the young man adroitly and condescendingly allowed himself to concede that "father's powerful arguments had much weight on his mind." He added, however, with a verbal postscript, as if that, were a collateral and not his main object, that for some extensive purchases of books which remained unpaid, legal proceedings had been taken against him; and that he would call upon some reverend gentleman for a little pecuniary aid rather than even allude to or hint at Degumber's money bags, as his motives and feelings were likely to be impugned.

Here ensued a conference, which ended in the old man's advancing him about 150 Rs.; and in grateful return for which he flung to the winds with a nonchalant air those fine flights and zealous devotions to truth—agreed with the old man that the Missionaries were all humbugs. And, such is the besotted mind of some Hindoos, that from instances like these, they conclude they can outroot the love of truth, and erase the stamp of principle from the mind of the sincere follower of what ennobles and refines our nature.

CHAPTER III.

RAMMOHUN had now established to himself a pretty tolerable source of relief from the pressures, in which indulgence in "veal and vine" occasionally involved him. Whenever he thought his ruse was likely to prove abortive, he affected more than ordinary scruples—dwelt on the tenderness of his conscience, and with a lover's rapture descanted upon the charms of truth. This "over doing" excited something more than the old man's suspicions. Accordingly one evening having disguised himself as he well could, he privately followed his son-in-law (who pretended to go to some meeting where religious discussions were held) in order to observe the haunts where he picked up the crotchets, rattling in his head. He soon traced the hopeful youth to Stone's Chop House, where meeting with a few congenial spirits, they sat down around the festive board with bouquets of flower and pots of mustard before them. Degumber in the mean time ensconced himself outside—near a window, from which he could hear and see every thing—determined to shift the affair to the bottom. The liberals glanced joyously at the glasses and plates, and playfully examined the sharpness of the knives on the tables, which interesting fact having been ascertained "Well, Rammohun," said one of the choice spirits "and how did you manage to get the dibs out of the old gent this time?"

Here something like a groan was heard from the direction in which the old gentleman had taken his station.

"Why, the old trick," replied his son-in-law; "I was afraid if I did not buy some good books in favour of Hindooism, to nip in the bud my mania for a foreign faith, I should have a relapse—and ha! ha!! ha!!! the old fellow came down again pretty handsomely to the tune of some 80 Rs. or so, jingling at the same time the silver in his pocket, the sound of which was as grateful to their ears, as the savoury steams from the kitchen were to their olfactories. "Ha! ha! joined the whole in a chachinatory concert, dashed with a touch of regret on the part of Rammohun's friends that they were not themselves the veritable sons-in-law of good old Degumber. "But," resumed that youth, "I'll make a hole in his monish yet."

"And my heart in the money bag observed that thief," uttered the old man to himself, as he heard every word, struggling to repress the overflowings of his wronged spirit. He mentally vowed however to make a hole on the "rash-coles" head at the first convenient opportunity. "Well now," interrogated our hero "what will you have, veal cutlets or crumbed chops?"

"I'll break your chops," muttered Degumber.

"Aye," rejoined one of them, with a smack of his lips, that spoke more than words of the water that had collected in his mouth at the prospect of the fare, "aye call for both, with a bottle or two of sherry."

"Waiter! waiter!!" roared Rammohun, "chops and sherry."

"Oh the thief!" exclaimed Degumber to himself, as he mistook the sound, "he call *waiter* to bring the meat:" in fact never having dined at a place like this, he did not quite understand what a waiter meant.

"Waiter! waiter!!" roared Rammohun again, "the sherry and chops, I say."

"Ha, he call for maiter again ! I neber more eat with him."

At length they set to, in right earnest to do the mastications. From the skilful way in which they plied their knives and forks, one would have thought they were used to these useful implements from their earliest infancy. No set of hungry Custom House Officers could have handled them better ; and had Cervantes beheld the scene, he would have certainly favoured the world in his own inimitable style with the exploits of these knights of the knife and fork. The glasses were filled and emptied—the toasts various, from success to the Schoolmaster Abroad to confusion to the "old gent" "the bigotted dupe," "the miserly codger" at home, to the special gratification of Degumber, who, poor fellow, was, out of his own "money bag," contributing to their mirth and pleasure. When they were engaged attacking the meat and the drink as if for a wager, the old man's anger was considerably commingled with ludicrous ideas, particularly when he thought, how sparing and abstinent his dear Rammohun was at home when the simple "jhole and rice" were placed before him, instead of that cormorant-like voracity, as if half a score of tigers had found lodgment in the philosophical abdomen of this "abdomen philosopher !" The contrast was ludicrous, but then to be called the "old gent," "the miserly dupe," nearly transported him to the utterance of curses loud and deep ; which would have certainly betrayed his eaves-dropping and materially interfered with "this feast of reason and the flow of soul." The young men resumed their social converse, by one of them enquiring of our hero, as to the nature of the next shift with the old fool.

"Shift !" repeated Rammohun, as if musing on the subject.

"Shift," thought the father, "why you shall shift for yourself my Jupiter."

"Shift," repeated Rammohun, "I think I'll jig on to the old tune."

"No go, my boy, no go—you may jig on, but old Degumber not pay the piper."

"I'll tell you what," said one of the friends, "I've a book on prophecies which proves the white man's faith. Had you not better play off a page or two of that same?"

"Capital," replied his friend, "that will do."

"Do? you not *do* me this time. Spit my face, my father's face—and his fathers' too—if prophecies do," thought Degumber with some mirth as he began to prophesy revenge for the tricks hitherto practised on him.

The jolly set then struck up with some *eclat*, the song—"We won't go home till morning," to the great dismay of the old man, who was nearly chilled to death with the cold of a December night. The bill was, however, soon after called for, the blunts forked, and as they jingled on the plated salver, Degumber's spirit jingled out into something like a curse. When half seas over, they adjourned from their revellings ; and nearing the native neighbourhood, they roared out "Rule Britannia" (to shew their loyalty to the English dishes they had done their devoirs to) and other airs, popular with tailors' wives and reporters, when in the chirping mood ; while these cool, calm, philosophers knocked about their heels right and left, just to shew that not only in their mind, but on their very throats and legs may be traced the "Roman hand" of education.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY say a female bosom is the most unsafe custodian of a secret, and that with the exception of her own age nothing lies safe in that Irish depository of odds and ends. Not so Degumber, altho' frequently tempted to lay the whole tissue of his discovery, before the youth in words of fire, and wither him with accents of scornful bitterness, he managed to confine the flame of his indignation within the Etna of his own bosom, while he presented to his family a cold and icy exterior. Chops, wine, christianity, money, prophecy were strangely huddled in his mind. The ferment and commotion of such a heterogeneous compound had very nigh dislodged the secret, but for the strong efforts he made to keep it down, until the recurrence of the prophetic ruse, would enable him to flash with effect. A sigh would sometimes escape him at the degeneracy of the educated youth of the city, which out of sheer charity he was inclined to tolerate; had it not involved a diminution in the contents of "the bag." At the same time Rammohun happily ignorant that his hopes were "past all surgery," was dreaming his moments away on the means and appliances to make another attack—to levy another contribution thinking that the recollection of his "last go" was in the "sere and yellow leaf" of the old man's memory (conveniently oblivious that every loss of money with a native almost makes memory itself immortal) the youth began the performance of the formula and ritual appertaining to Hindooism, with scrupulous exactitude by way of smoothing and cheering his father's heart. He had nearly banished suspicion therefrom, but for an old proverb sticking in the fag-end of that same immortal memory, which translated into English, runs somewhat to the following effect;

"To uncommon devotion inclined,
Is certain sign of a theivish mind."

He had not forgotten those anecdotes in the Toteenamah and other profound works that had formed the study of his younger days, that the visit of every man of uncommon sanctity to the temple, was somehow always followed by some *minus* or *hiatus* in the jewellery and trinkets of their idols. Yes, he had learned to fathom the depths of every devotee's holiness from the extent of his self inflicted penances; and the number of missing jewels never failed to bear due proportion to these same penances. Hence the daily increasing scrupulousness of Rammohun's sanctity, began to send a doubtful odour to the old man's nostrils; at length, much to his satisfaction, appeared he one day with a huge folio under his arm. "That the book of prophecies I think," said the old fellow, now that the prospect of a crisis began to send its sweet excitement over his soul; "I settle, the rascal's tricks this time ha! ha!! he got more learning now in the arm than eber got in the head—and I try what more hard, my old knuckles or his young head. Ha! ha! now my turn to laugh!!" He was in the best possible humour. The certainty of revenge is too sweet a morsel not to drive away even the wrinkles and asperities of the oldest man. Rammohun in the mean time selected a conspicuous place in the yard, where seated he rolled the leaves with a look of thoughtful sapientcy which called for a correspondent look of thoughtful vigilancy from the other. As he dog-eared a leaf here and there, the fingers of the old man itched to wring the youngster's ears of flesh and blood, at which he looked as wistfully as

a wolf does over a sheep yard. Then the student's lips curved and curled with slight whispers, as if the weight and pressure of the mind there found vent and relief, while the old man longed to give relief to himself by a blow to the same lips, or fixing by way of ornament somewhere about the eyes a good *black* or a pensive *blue*.

Having eyed Degumber askance, the younger anxious as usual to excite the alarm and curiosity of the elder, gave expression to that very original sentiment, "that there is nothing new under the sun."

"I believe not," was the reply of the elder, who appeared as cool as a cucumber, as he determined to stand out the brunt of the affair in a becoming manner.

"The mind of man is ever agitated with doubts."

"No doubt," was the answer accompanied by a waggish wink of the eye.

"Although it is the boasted seat, the home of 'convictions,' resumed the younger with the air of a tragedy queen.

"A seat for you in the house of correction, I think," said Degumber, a smile playing on one cheek, while a mock gravity lingered on the other.

"Yes, correction of religious errors should be our object," replied he, savagely twisting his *poeta*, "but where is the man who for truth will give up gold?"

"Truth! wont I this time!" The sound of truth forms the *only music* observed the younger.

"Then jig to that—I not pay the piper," was the whispered answer.

"Yes she is lovely as the stars—as bright as the Moon."

"And tasty as the chops, Mr. Moon struck;" added Degumber, giving his lips a smack, as he cleverly rounded the period for his son-in-law.

The answer was calculated to excite unpleasant feelings—to recall past enjoyments dashed with a little of present bitterness, but as he considered it a random hit, an unmeaning outbreak; he resumed his flourishes, exclaiming he was about to *put* all barbarisms out of his mind.

"But," exclaimed his kinsman with some glee, "the old But not pay for barber or barbarism this time, ha! ha!! I believe you got de profeecy under the arm?"

An observation so derogatory to his sincerity, enraged our hero who paced the yard in a tragic style, leaving it questionable whether he was walking or dancing; a phenomenon by no means calculated to act as a sedative on the old gentleman's mirth. "Ay," he said maliciously, "I see you want to jig, who pay the piper this time, eh Rammohun?" "You are certainly mad this morning," answered the son determined to say something, were it only to keep his spirits up.

"Oh to be shure, we wont go home till morning—till morn—ing—," drawled Degumber in a sing song tone, struggling hard to repress his own risibilities at the confusion of the youth.

"I dont understand the whole or any part of this affair."

"Berry plain—only a hole in the monish—eh Rammohun?" Enough transpired to give the latter an inkling of Degumber's full possession of the secret, a fact by no means calculated to support him in the part under enactment, so that he begged his father as a particular favour to be a little more explicit.

"Explicit? what you call that—I suppose split the purse.—All very plain—I 'The miserly dupe'—'The besotted codger'—good."

All this Rammohun pretended was unintelligible to him, when in order to clear his mental vision the old gentleman gaily tripped over the yard patting his gastrick regions, smacking his lips, holding up his curved thumb to his mouth significant of past libations and playfully hinting he was the "abdomen philosopher." Here was solution eno' for the dullest. To avoid future misunderstanding they came to the mutual agreement that should Rammohun ever find himself oppressed by any unholy longing for "veal and vine" he should substitute kid from Kally Ghaut for the former, and liquid bang for the latter; and should reminiscences of the past render his inclinations outrageous, why in that case to—to—do the needful: provided truth prophecies—consciences et hoc, are not resorted to. Whether Rammohun ever acted up to his agreement may be easily conceived, when it is stated that he never alluded to the *tenderness* of his conscience, without his being silenced by a wink, as his father significantly enunciated the word "monish."

THE AGHOREE JOGEES.

PERHAPS few, if any, of the readers of the *Maga* have heard of the above class of itinerant beggars, much less have any acquaintance with their character and habits. I believe they have no fixed place of residence, nor acknowledge any particular head, or Gooroo, as is the case with other tribes of mendicants. The Aghorees consist of men of all creeds, who choose to join them. The habits of these beggars are disgusting to an extreme, and their morals the most depraved; for they subsist upon filth, and commonly feed on the flesh of human corpses found on the banks of the rivers.

The Aghorees do not appear to be a numerous tribe, and large parties of them are, therefore, seldom or never met with. An Aghoree is generally seen straggling along the river side in search of a corpse to satisfy his craving for human flesh, perhaps also to escape observation in his revolting banquet.

An *Aghoree Jogee* was once taken up and tried for the violation and murder of a girl. He had, as he confessed, decoyed away, the poor creature who was about eight or nine years old, from Lucknow, or some other native state; and, after wandering with her for some weeks, came to the determination of destroying her, and feeding upon her flesh. With this view, he first forcibly violated her; next struck her a blow on the head, which knocked her down, and deprived her of her senses for some time, and burned her in different parts of the body, preparatory to making a meal of her; when her cries attracted some travellers, by whom she was immediately rescued from her fate. But their assistance proved of little avail, for the unfortunate victim of lust and murder died subsequently; but survived long enough to give a clear, concise and distinct account of the treatment she had experienced from the *Jogee*.

The criminal declared, in his defence, what he was by profession, and

stated, that he had enticed the girl away from her parents by promises of good treatment, and that he had not actually deceived her, until the longing he felt for human flesh returned upon him; that his class were accustomed to live upon filth and human flesh; that they generally gratified their appetite for the latter by feeding on the corpses they found on the river side; but that being so unfortunate as not to meet with one for a long time, and being, moreover, unable altogether to overcome his craving for human diet, he was urged by necessity to attempt to eat the girl. The latter part of his statement was fully corroborated by the evidence of the travellers, and the case having been referred to the Western Superior Court, for final orders, sentence of death was recorded against the criminal, who was accordingly executed in few days.

N.

A CHAPTER ON SMALL POETS.

SMALL poets are an innumerable race! They are countless as the sands of Lybia or the withered leaves that strew the brooks in Valambrosa. What a swarm! There are your short people, and your tall people, and your clever people, and your ignorant and your ugly men, and your handsome creatures, and what not besides, all jumbled together in one incongruous shapeless mass, travelling along a common causeway! Who has not been a poet in his day! Who has not dreamed away an idle hour in the regions of fancy accompanied by the fairest of all nymphs, the heavenly muse and mounted on the best of all ponies—Pegasus. Aye—even such is human nature—that at a certain period of our lives (it is just when we are in our teens) we get a sighing and a sobbing—and foolish and sentimental—appearances which generally make known themselves in a sonnet or a stanza.

A small poet is always a hero,—at least he thinks himself one,—and his rhyme has thus a beneficial tendency on his moral character. He endeavours to act up to the part of a hero on every occasion. He is always polite,—seldom a bully,—sometimes courageous,—and often good for nothing. So much for his heroism. A small poet is seldom observed to speak abruptly or break off in the midst of an oration. His sentences are invariably well chosen. He weighs them in his mind before he gives them utterance. You may know a small poet by his talk. You may too, if you are a shrewd observer of human nature, know him by his look. He is thin,—thin, and straight somewhat like your walking stick. He is emaciated and pale—without a streak of colour on his cheek or his temples. His forehead is open and expansive. In the formation of this part of his frame, however, art seems to have afforded as much aid as her sister dame nature. In plainer words, a few straggling locks that had the overbearing impudence to verge on and overshadow his forehead, seem to have been wrenched off by torturing irons to give it an air of greater expansiveness than house-wife nature in her frugality had deemed proper to bestow. His eyes are dark and piercing—at least in his own imagination,—and he rolls them up and down to impress the passing observer with

the idea that they belong to a poet, and are, therefore, moving from earth to heaven, and from thence back again, in a fit of sublime frenzy. His hair is dark or greyish as the case may be. If the former, they cluster about his head in elf-like locks, redolent of oil, and pomatum and dishevelled to a degree that would make one question whether there was a comb or a pair of scissors in all Christendom. If the latter, it is arranged backwards and the lock that grows on the front of the cranium are made to retreat backwards and cluster there. So much for his general appearance. Now for his dress. A small poet's dress is generally slovenly in the extreme. Some strange idea seems to have got into his head,—that clever men are invariably careless in their attire. His collar is thrown open *a la* Byron. His coat has no buttons. His shirt has got dirty, and breathes rankly of perspiration. His gloves ditto—his stockings are tattered and torn, and his shoes are covered with a thin coating of dust. There is, however, another species of this same genus. A rarer indeed but one not less remarkable. Our readers will be at no loss to conclude that we allude to the foppish small poet—A personage with the same fiery glance of the eye—and the same Roman aquiline bend of the nose. The most prominent parts of whose appearance are,—the *nonchalant* air with which he handles his snuff box,—the thin rapier dangling by his side, the appearance of spruceness and trimness all round him, from his well powdered locks down to his well varnished boots bound with silver buckles on which his eyes are ever so fond of resting, his dancing and uneven gait, and to sum up all the polite salute with which he greets you, in which he inclines the head as well as every other portion of his body, in a manner that would make one question whether it was an accidental slip which endangered his person or something meant to compliment you. But we have been steering into the regions of fancy ourselves, without, giving the reader an idea of that which forms, or ought to form the subject of this essay, viz. a small poet's poetry.

A small poet's age varies between 14 and 20. This circumstance determines the themes of his effusions—most of which descant copiously on the hazel eyes of Sophy Thomson, and her rival in beauty the fair Cynthia,—the bright orb of night which roameth over the blue heavens, followed by a troop of clouds that are comparable in the eyes of the small poet to his own rival following in the train of his beloved. His effusions are well garnished with such expletives as *dos* and *doths*, and interlarded with constant phrases of *crisping wave*,—*bright eye*,—*silver halo*,—*glorious radiancy*,—*cerulean beauty*,—*blue lightning*,—and a host of like others, of which time and tide suiting, we may hereafter make mention. As such phrases are by no means uncommon, and as a host of them may be easily found without fear of detection by looking for them in the obsolete magazines and annuals, it is no wonder that small poets are so numerous in the land, and that the word poet should have consequently degenerated almost into a term of abuse. So as now-a-days if you call one of your friends merely by way of compliment—Poet, you may depend upon your being quits with him for ever.—“Sir, let me see you and your face no more,” as Pope says, will be the tune he will sing to for ever and ever till the natural duration of, one or both of your lives has drawn to a close.

Even I myself who am ordinarily a cool and well tempered man as most of my friends will avouch, and who pride myself on a sort of stoicism in such matters, am apt to fly into fits of pettishness and anger, when some intermeddling friend performs the good office of calling me poet or bard (which is worse of the two) before an assembly, whose good opinion I value or am desirous of acquiring. On such occasions the colour mounts to my cheek, my ears tingle with indistinct noises—getting all the while as red as the best beet-root procurable in October,—and as hot,—as a place hotter even than Calcutta. Nay, I even feel some fond inclination to give him who thus innocently applies the epithet a sound thrashing for his pains—Even in the words of the poet,

Though a peacable man unwilling to brawl,
I thirst then with ardour to horsewhip them all,
Who by such odious epithet had me dared to call.

Every man's common sense will convince him that it is somewhat unjust thus to make the term of poet now-a-days more an abuse than any thing like commendation. To call one a poet, I may repeat, has become little better indeed than to tell him—"go fellow—you are fit for nothing else but stringing rhymes." This indifference and contempt for all those who take to lisping rhymes in their infancy has been most extraordinarily aggravated by the ill success of so many followers of the muse,—by men who to use the words of the elder Mr. Osbaldistone, of the great firm of Osbaldistone and Tresham, have failed even in the beggarly trade they have chosen.

Every small poet consequently without the least reference to his skill, his knowledge, or his natural capabilities, is branded now as a fool in ordinary society, in the reviews and magazines, and in short in everything, with which he comes in contact.

We need hardly mention, so well is it known, that Lord Byron in early life was castigated by the first of all reviews in a manner totally undeserved by the youthful poet, and that the reviewer went so far as to assert that his lordship had better desist from his verse-making, as he had no turn for poetry. Still better known is the punishment that Woodsworth received from the same reviewer, who commenced his article on the present laureate's poem called the *EXCURSION*, with the quaint sentence of, "this will never do." Examples like these might be adduced without number if it were necessary. But these are enough to show that the system of discouraging youthful poets not quite approvable in their letters in age, as it often serves to hinder genius in its course, and stems the current of many ardent and enthusiastic minds that might have done wonders if left by themselves.

Should on the other hand, the youthful versifier be found to have no genius for poetry in this case, also there is no necessity for disturbing his practice as it can do him but little harm. The language of a country is best learned by being familiar with its songs — whether it is, that the melody of versification has a greater charm for youthful auditors or that those airy conceptions that abound in poetry have more attraction for them than the dull details of prose, it is certain that a foreigner, or a native either, becomes master of the language of a country with greater celerity,

if a poetical book of instructions is placed in his hands instead of a prose work ; for as Pope justly remarks,

What can a boy learn sooner than a song ?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue ?
What long and short—each accent where to place
And speak in public with some sort of grace ?

Thus by the exercise of his power in the construction of verse, the young student may be easily made acquainted with numerous words in a language whose meanings would otherwise have been wholly hidden from him, such words being only used in poetry. It is evident too that by the same practice he may also and with as little difficulty be familiarised with the ordinary principles of music, with the power of shuffling, arranging, toping, and “marshalling” as Lord Bacon says, his ideas and sentiments,—and with a true preception of the beautiful and the grand in the works of nature. The lurid lightning, the playful Zephyr, the tremendous ocean that rolls its billowy bosom to the skies, and the stupendous mountains whose tops look down on the clouds gathering slowly beneath them, “Like giant shapes in snowy shrouds,” become at once different things in the eyes of the young observer as soon as he begins to versify. They are transformed into gold in a single moment by the wand of the alchemist. They inspire deep and philosophical thoughts. They are no longer things to gaze on merely with childish wonder. They live and they breathe. And seem even more beautiful than before, by being clothed in the shadowy and indistinct garb with which poesy veils them. We do not mean to say that he looks on nature with a poet’s eye himself, for we now consider him only in the light of a versifier. But it is our opinion that he imbibes poetical impressions from others—from many of the true sons of genius. The constant practice of imitation engendered by versification makes other people’s ideas as familiar to him as his own : and it is those ideas that throw the lucid veil—the airy loneliness over hill and mountain, over field and grove. By the constant practice of constructing verse a youth is also soon taught to discover good poetry from bad. He becomes an excellent critic. He pays more attention to the thoughts of other poets and disrobes them of the glittering mist of words in which they are enveloped, and discriminates the true from the untrue. The barrenness of poets whose versification might have otherwise lulled his senses, and won undeserved praise by this means becomes apparent. And the comparative roughness of metre of others becomes concealed by the nobleness of their thoughts and imagery, to which if not himself a poet in some degree he would have paid no attention. He sees too, how many poets surmount the difficulties which he himself has been unable to get over ; he sees what living ideas and breathing words through the pages of others, while he himself is unable to wring forth from his brain a single effusion equal to the worst of their pieces ; and thus feels the full value of poetical productions.

By this commendable practice he also facilitates the act of prose writing, which is in truth more difficult than writing bad verse, but which is made peculiarly easy after the student has got over the difficulties that lie in the way of metre and rhyme. It would not therefore be a bad rule were all young persons to commence their studies with writing

verse, which practice might be advantageously continued till a considerable degree of facility is attained, when it might be left for the more difficult exercise of writing prose essays. It cannot however be denied that were this practice of verse-making carried into excess, it might cause injurious effects on the practiser himself by making him incapable of attending to the business of every-day life. It might also fix him in a position from which neither money nor fame could be earned. For it was truly observed in the old maxim which says, that no man can be made a poet, he must be born one. A truth which bars at once success both in the line of the *poet* from which fame might be gained as well as in the line of the man of business which is the sole source of money-making. Rhyming therefore must be practised only for a certain time. No man should rhyme after that period who has not true genius—for otherwise it is but a waste of time which might easily be spent in more profitable occupations or more delightful, pastimes. But practised for a certain time, and as a means of learning the language of a country, it cannot be questioned but that exercises in the construction of verse is exceedingly laudable. Few men we suppose will be inclined to dissent from this creed.

We end this article as we commenced it, although not much in our usual vein. We began with a caricature of the English small poet; we conclude with another of the Anglo Hindoo bard. This extraordinary being is a pale-faced young fellow of an yellowish complexion, and a figure rather below than above the middle size, leaning to what the French call *En bon Point*. His hair is clipped in a curious way, being made to hang on the hinder part of his pate down to the shoulders in one uncounbed massy lock; his eyes resemble those of his English brother, his nose has the true bend; it is the roman aquiline—and his dress—but——— what a dress has he! A *Dhotee* with a blue facing, a *chudder* tied belt-like round his waist, and a short jacket complete his accoutrements. His shoes are thread-bare and are worn as if for the inconvenience rather than the comfort of the wearer; being borne about rather as an incumbrance retarding the motions of the smock-faced youth, than something which he has paid for as an article indispensable to his “cratur comforts.”

But we must not tire our readers, (if they have not dosed over and over already in their chairs) with so minute descriptions of the personal appearance of our hero. Sir Walter Scott, the mighty wizard of the north himself, it has been wisely remarked has one defect in his writings, which not even his greatest admirers have been able to overlook, and that is the minuteness of his details, sometimes indeed this minuteness becomes a beauty instead of a blemish—in as much as it gives the mind a distinct idea of the thing intended to be represented. But on the other hand it is equally undeniable that this particularisation is often the cause of much prosing and tediousness. To avoid falling into this error, from which even such a man as Sir Walter has suffered, we should therefore say as little as possible on the score of appearances. Suffice then that the Anglo-Indian small poet has been well bred, and well fed, and, we may add, well oiled! He is a kind and sober youth, and writes poetry by the bushel and mile. But alas and woe! to the sober

critics, his poems abound with all the defects of his English brother, with the additional one of being defective in Orthography and Syntax. Hush ! or we will be reduced to powder. Do but see how his eye-balls roll in anger. We hasten therefore to point out his merits. In all his poems English ideas are *assciated*, we had almost said *jumbled*, with native ones. The lily and the lotus ever bloom together. The lark and the kokil sing on the same branches. Summer is always delightful ; winter is cold, and icy and cloudy. How all this is in conformity to the real state of things we are no judges of. Let the reader determine that for himself. We have done our duty, if we but lay before him a specimen of our Anglo-Indian-small-poets' verses—so here goes the

LINES ON MORNING.

I love the hour—the pleasant hour,
 When clouds peculiar colours catch,
 When roses perfume ev'ry bow'r,
 When open is each window latch,
 And bulbul trim his sweet lay sings.

When larks their morning lays do trill,
 When dew bespattered is the grass,
 And from the mountains bounds the rill,
 And in her pail of shining brass,
 Some uncombed nymph the liquid brings.

When bees from flower to flower do rove ;
 When linnets from their slumbers wake ;
 When yellowish light adorns the grove,
 And yonder sun from the east doth break,
 Slattering his light o'er earth and sea.

When shepherds with their flute and crook
 Beside the Nim trees laughing stroll ;
 And sheep beside the grumbling brook
 In harmless peaceful mirth gambol (bole)
 Or graze or snore upon the lea.

When from the antique mossgrown Church,
 The aged bell so loudly rings ;
 And from beneath yon spreading birch
 The village maiden hoarsely sings,
 Or weaves a *roomal* on her knee.

At such an hour oh ! who would not
 To tender emotions give way ;
 The peepuls by the vines that rot,
 Rejoice—and say good day !
 Although so old they be !

ALIAS.

THE MAHAPOOROOSS OF ALLAHABAD.

As a brief account of the *Mahapoorooss* of the 'far west' may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Maga*, I beg herewith to furnish it for their perusal and amusement.

About the time that the *Mahapoorooss* made such a stir, raised such a clamour, and drew such crowds of devotees or worshippers after him at his temporary residence in the house of a certain wealthy native at Kidderpore, or shortly after his sudden disappearance, a man apparently between thirty and thirty-five years of age, set himself up as a *Mahapoorooss*, at Allahabad. The former was reported to have been accidentally discovered submerged in a *nullah* in the Soonderbuns; but no one knew, or could tell how and whence the latter came. He was a person well formed, regular, and even handsome in his features, robust and athletic in make, and his general appearance indicated a strong and healthy state of body.

I had observed this man for some days seated on a mound of earth raised in front of a garden, and passed him both in the morning and evening on my way to and back from office, without, however, taking any particular notice of him, mistaking him for a common *jogee* or religious mendicant, with whom the Upper Provinces are quite overstocked. But I was subsequently informed that this personage laid claims to the character of a *Mahapoorooss*; and that, in support of his pretensions to it, which were of course admitted by the natives without question or dispute, he lived without food and drink. It was further stated, that though, but unknown to him, he was closely watched, no one had seen him supplied with subsistence, and that it was, therefore, generally believed that he really existed without it.

It was, however, remarkable, that though his pretension to the character assumed by the above individual were universally acknowledged, it did not seem to create any great sensation among the inhabitants of the place; for he was always found alone. He was not attended by a single follower or disciple; no crowds of admirers gathered around him; and no presents or offering were laid at his feet to propitiate his favor. He did not affect to be so deeply buried in mental abstraction as to be wholly insensible to all external objects or circumstances; nor did he preserve a dogged and an obstinate silence; but freely conversed with those who felt any curiosity to visit him; he did not pretend to possess the gift of divination, for he never attempted to perform a miracle, nor did he seem to be held in such profound reverence, as to induce any one to wash his feet and drink the water, as if impregnated by that act with a peculiar virtue. In short, he appeared to be a solitary recluse, contented with making some noise, and attracting a little admiration for a time.

Such was the account furnished to me of the *Mahapoorooss* of Allahabad, whom I unhesitatingly pronounced to be an impostor. I communicated my suspicions to my informant that the pretended *Mahapoorooss* was secretly supplied with food at night, and that I would not believe that he lived, or could possibly exist without it, unless he would consent to submit to

a trial I wished to put him to by way of testing his pretensions. It was to this effect that he should come to my bungalow and allow himself to be locked up in one of the rooms without food and drink; and that if, at the expiration of a week, no visible change was perceived in his general appearance, I would candidly acknowledge my incredulity, and freely admit his claim to the character he had assumed. But the man was too cunning to agree to the proposed arrangement, and positively refused to comply with my request. At the same time, he sent me a message in return, that, if I did not choose to put faith in his statement, I might, if I wished, in order to satisfy myself of its truth, come and watch him myself, or employ people for that purpose. I sent him word, in reply, that his proposition was an absurd one, and of itself sufficient to convict him for an impostor. Here all further communication between us finally terminated, and shortly afterwards the *Mahapoorooss* made his exit, and was never more heard of.

K.

THE COLONIZATION OF INDIA.

THE diversities of the human race are seen by every eye. Not only do we perceive mere differences of color and stature and conformation of the face; not only do we mark a variety of customs and manners, peculiar to each country; but we also find great diversities of moral and intellectual character. This inequality of the capacities and susceptibilities of the great family of man, precisely measures the degree of civilization, to which he has attained. Now, if we deduce the benevolent intention of God, that man should live the friend and brother of man, from the general features of the soil which he inhabits, from the fact that to every country Nature has given peculiar blessings, that the superabundance of one soil will supply the niggardly produce of another. If it be a legitimate conclusion, that the differences of rich and poor, which are observable in every civilized community, have been ordained, that the surplus possessions of the rich will clothe, feed, and support, the necessities of the poor; then, as certainly and legitimately may we draw the conclusion, that the diversities of moral and intellectual character which are to be found in the world, is intended to knit men more closely to each other, to bind them with a stronger tie, by ordaining, that the more civilized and improved inhabitants of one country will enlighten the ignorance and cultivate the moral, intellectual, and active powers of the less favored nation. That such is the actual intention of the great God himself, may be gleaned from the history of the human race, as it is to be found in the Bible. In that Book, we read that soon after the creation of man, one of the sons of Adam became a workman on brass; another, invented musical instruments. These gifts were not bestowed for the enjoyment of the possessor alone, but it was, without doubt, intended that they should be communicated and distributed to all mankind. We read of Abraham being commanded to leave his own country and seek the promised land, and settle in it. His residence among a strange people, who had forgotten God, would awaken this important knowledge in the hearts of the Canaanites, would teach

them to live according to His directions, and thus set them a bright example of prospering piety in his own person. The dispersion of mankind, while building the tower of Babel, is another instance of this intention of God, that men should assist each other, learn from each other, and emulate each other's example. Had they been permitted to proceed with their work, they would, no doubt, have raised a large city, and by congregating in it, their improvement would become stationary, vice, and impiety, and licentiousness would pollute the citizens of Babel. These evils were prevented by confounding their language—thus raising a wall of separation, dividing mankind from each other, and leaving them to settle in the various parts of the earth, and follow those pursuits which the soil, the situation of the country, and its products would irresistibly impel them to do. The blessing which God has pronounced on the posterity of Japhet, that they will dwell in the tents of Shem, and which is being continually fulfilled in our daily experience, clearly proves, that this "enlarging of the dwellings of Japhet" was wisely meant to further the improvement of mankind, in their secular and eternal concerns. The never-to-be-forgotten command of our Saviour to his Apostles, "Go, teach all nations," is the crowning argument to all which has been adduced from the Pentateuch. We must instruct our fellow creatures; we must communicate the stores of our blessings to supply their wants.

"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do:
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues. Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence;
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use."

The great advantage to be derived from the study of History, is the knowledge we acquire of the customs and manners of other nations, and the expediency and feasibility of carrying out this knowledge into full practical operation. Every fact mentioned in the Bible, is pregnant with sound and important instruction; and hence, the facts which we have already adduced, should not lose their direct influence upon us. We cannot but appreciate the easy, expeditious, and efficacious method employed by God, to civilize man, and develop the resources of his moral and mental natures. The question which most forcibly arrests our attention is, whether India might not be civilized in this manner, and whether it has been her good fortune to be subject to so wholesome a system of discipline? The question of Colonization, or enlarging the dwellings of Japhet, is very important, and it is our province to enquire, what are the likely advantages that would flow to India from its Colonization of the English. There can be no question of its sure advantage, and paramount importance; but we pause to ask has this been done? Have facilities been made for encouraging the emigration of Englishmen to this country? Have encouragements been held out to invite foreigners to settle in this country and communicate to it all their knowledge? The answer must be in the negative. It is true, that the British sailed to this country with the view of extending their commercial speculations. But no sooner had they put

their foot in the land, than they were engaged in hostilities into which they were dragged for self defence and protection of property. They were, to use the words of Sir Robert Peel—words displaying great profundity of thought, they were urged by an irresistible force to take away the kingdom from the barbarians. The natives of this country did not appreciate commerce. They were not extensively engaged in it. It did not constitute one of the sources of their wealth. The poor had devoted themselves to agriculture, and the chiefs acquired all their possessions by plunder and oppression. When the British, therefore, settled in this country and carried on their commercial pursuits, the cupidity of the reigning Nabob was excited, and he seized upon the veriest trifle to levy a heavy contribution on the British. Such repeated draughts were not palatable, and the British being once obliged to fight in their own defence, and recover the property of the Company, which had fallen into the hands of the Subhadar of Bengal, they found themselves unable to stop, or “curb their high career.” The sword, being once unsheathed, has not yet returned to the scabbard. The circle of hostilities is continually increasing, and every campaign adds a new territory to the immense possessions already acquired by the British. Their condition calls to mind the warring condition of the Israelites in the land of Canaan. It has been said by Bishop Heber not without beauty and truth, that, the Government of the country was given to the British, under God’s mysterious providence for its benefit; and have the British regarded their conquest in this light? What are they now doing to meliorate its condition, and raise it to the rank of a great political and civilized power. Alas! we do not see any efforts put forth by the Company to benefit India. Colonization is not encouraged, and the improvement of the country is thus thrown back many degrees in the dial-plate of Time. We will notice the causes of this cold indifference, this ineffable contempt, for the happiness of India. We will, in conclusion, as briefly as is consistent with perspicuity, consider the great advantage to flow to India from the colonization by the English.

A great check to the improvement of the country may be traced to the mercantile character of the Company. This is the root of all evil. In this, one may discover the source of all the mischiefs that afflict this benighted country. The great object of the Honorable Company is, to accumulate money to pay the dividends of stock, and in the eager pursuit of this object, they forget the high responsibilities which they have imposed upon themselves. The moral and intellectual enlightenment of the country, the construction of steam-boats, the excavation of canals for inland trade, the building of bridges, schools of art, societies for learned purposes, all these are not heeded by them. For these purposes, the Company will give nothing; or if they do, it is indeed with a very niggard hand. All retrenchments are approved of, all expenditure condemned and strictly prohibited. The line of conduct which is at present pursued by the Company, is marked with an infatuation, which bespeaks a weak mind. A private enterprising individual is ever watchful to seize and adapt the improvements of art, to encourage the study of science, to employ men of probity and character, to give a premium for such estimable qualifications, and by developing the resources of the country, whence he derives his support, he is certain of soon becoming rich. But diametrically opposite

to this course of conduct is that of the Company. Nothing, which requires an outlay of gold and silver is encouraged. They seem to labor under the delusion, that this country abounds with gold and silver, and that their servants have nothing else to do, than to pile them up, and transport them in ships, to Leadenhall Street. So narrow are the prejudices by which they are actuated, that they hug close to their bosoms, the monopoly of the trade of this country, and will not permit others of their countrymen to participate in its profit. We have already seen how God has preserved the knowledge of his WORD among men, and by what means he has endeavoured to disseminate it, so as to bless mankind. Instead of following this clear and simple road, the Company fancy they will reach the goal of their earthly happiness by cutting across the road, and running away in an angle from it. Such search will be fruitless. Who ever profitted by opposing the course which nature has pointed out. It is by co-operating with the laws of nature that 'all the beautiful results of man's industry and knowledge are obtained. The Company should do the same; they should encourage Colonization, or the emigration of their countrymen to this country and we purpose to shew next number, the advantages that are likely to flow from permitting the posterity of Japhet to dwell in the tents of Shem.

Under the present form of the Government, the condition of the Ryuts is as deplorable as it was under the Mahommedan rule. It is a just remark of Goldsmith, that men, who are remote from power, are rarely affected by those changes which throw power into the hands of adventurous chieftains. The great men of a community, must undoubtedly suffer, but the poor are left to themselves. "Nil in tant pauperes, prater nomen domini," and this is truly applicable to the helpless and wretched condition of the Ryuts. The torrent of the Mahommedan sway, and the resistless fury of the British standard, have not affected them, in the least. They continue just where they were. The same scanty food, the identical coarse clothing, the very wretched huts, are still their bitter portion. They have not made one step in the march of improvement. Those who have visited the Mofussil, and who possess bowels of pity for their fellow-creatures can bear ample attestation to this statement. If ever there was wide-spread misery and wretchedness, in a land, it is in India.

The Government of this country has it not, in its power, with its present means, to better their condition. The handful of magistrates that is now sprinkled over the land, has not the opportunity to know the situation of the people, who are oppressed, in every way, by the officers of justice. Supposing a Darogah is in want of money, he applies for assistance to a man, whom he believes to be wealthy. The request is not complied with, a dead body is thrown into the area of this man's house, and the next morning, his house is surrounded by the Police, who immediately fasten upon him, as the murderer, and will not be satisfied of his innocence, until he has paid off his guilt by a sum, double in amount to what was at first demanded. Witnesses, without number, are procurable at a rupee a head.

What will change this state of things? We answer, nothing but the colonization of India, by Europeans. The resources of this country are rich and varied enough to attract the adventurous spirit of the British.

Their sojourn in this country must bring them in contact with the poor Ryots of the Mofussil. Compassion alone, if there be no other more powerful and honorable motive, will induce the British to espouse the interest of the oppressed and the helpless. The exertions of benevolent men in England will be aided and strengthened by facts, transported from this country. The attention of Parliament will be drawn to the subject, and as the Court of Directors and the Board of Control are dependant on the British Parliament, organic changes will be made, which will redress many of the grievances of the poor, will remedy existing evils, and cause the sorrowing heart of the wretched and the helpless, the widow and the orphan to sing for joy.

CALCUTTA AND ITS SUBURBS—GENERAL REMARKS ON GEOLOGY AND ON THE FORMATION OF THE GANGETIC DELTA.

IN our last article on this subject we showed, that there is nothing in the Mosaic account of the creation which does not fully agree with the discoveries of geology, and that therefore we may safely speculate on the various wonderful facts which its researches develop from day to day, without the fear of compromising our belief in any part of scriptural Theology. On the present occasion we shall, in the first place, enter upon a few explanations on another important fact recorded in the sacred scriptures; viz. the Deluge which is intimately connected with and forcibly bears on the researches of Geology.

It is not our intention here to enter upon any proof of an universal Deluge from the concurring testimony of all nations, whose traditions establish the truth of this great event with a degree of force which precludes from every unprejudiced mind the least approach to doubt on the subject. All we shall say, with reference to this unanimous testimony of every portion of the widely scattered family of man is, that even if the discoveries of geology had led us to scepticism on this subject, and we were not disposed to take any data from the sacred history, yet common sense and sound judgment would require assent to the well-attested fact of an universal Deluge.

We shall now proceed to notice a few of the leading discoveries of geology, which establish the fact of the Deluge; and here we cannot but refer to the lectures of the Revd. Dr. Wiseman on the connection between science and revealed religion, from which we have largely drawn for the materials of these our essays. Among other proofs which the learned Doctor brings in support of the great catastrophe, is the denudation of valleys which every where appear to have been scooped out of the same mass by a violent rush of water, such as can never be acquired by any river of partial inundation, and that in parts where no rivers exist, and at heights to cover which an universal Deluge must be presupposed. The deposition of immense beds of sand and gravel, intermixed with huge rocks, deposited at the gorges of these valleys are further proofs of the action of water in violent movement over these elevated parts. The following extract

from Dr. Wiseman's Work cannot fail to inform, as well as interest, the reader :—

"Dr. Buckland has minutely traced the course of quartzose pebbles, from Warwickshire to Oxfordshire and London, in such a manner as to leave no doubt, that they have been carried down by a violent rush of waters from north to south. For when we first meet them, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham and Lichfield, they form enormous beds, subordinate to the red sand stone. Thence they have been swept downwards, chiefly along the valleys of the Evenlode and Thames mixed with fragments of rock existing in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, but no where in situ near the places where the pebbles are now found. The quantity decreases in proportion as we recede from their original bed : so that in Hyde Park, and the Kensington gravel pits, they are less abundant than at Oxford. But these transported pebbles, being found on the heights which line these valleys, it would appear a natural conclusion, that the same cause which brought them hither, also excavated the valleys : though according to the learned professor's supposition rather in its retreat than in its first advance. The sufficiency of this one action to produce all the effects, affords surely a strong ground for adopting his hypothesis.*

"De la Beche found on the top of Great Haldon hill about 800 feet above the sea, pieces of rock, which must have been derived from lower levels. "I there found," he adds, "pieces of red quartziferous porphyry, compact red sand stone, and a compact silicious rock, not uncommon in the grauwacke of the vicinity, where all these rocks occur at the lower levels than the summit of Haldon, and where certainly they could not have been carried by rains or rivers, unless the latter be supposed to delight in running up hill." Dr. Buckland collected in the county of Durham, within a few miles of Darlington, pebbles of more than twenty varieties of green stone rock and slate, which occur no where nearer than the lake district of Cumberland ; and one block of granite in that town cannot have come from any nearer place than Shap, near Penrith. Similar blocks are found also on the elevated plane of Sedgfield, on the south east of Durham. The nearest point from which these blocks and pebbles could have been derived, is the lake district of Cumberland, from which they are separated by the heights of Stainmoor ; and if it be thought too great a difficulty to suppose them brought thence, the only choice is to give them a Norwegian origin and suppose them transported from beyond the present sea.

"Mr. Conybeare has remarked, that it would not be difficult to collect almost a complete Geological series of English rocks, in the neighbourhood of market Harborough or in the valley of Shipston-on-stour, from the rolled fragments and boulders which there occur. Professor Sedgwick has observed that the boulders accompanying the detritus, or gravel, in Cumberland must come from Dumfriesshire, and consequently have crossed Solway Frith. Still more striking is the discovery of Mr. Phillips, that the deluvium of Holderness contains fragments of rocks not only from Durham, Cumberland, and the north of Yorkshire, but even from Norway : and similar fragments of Norwegian rocks are said to exist in the Shetland Islands. The same writer gives a singular phenomenon of this sort. In the valley of Wharfe, the substratum of slate is covered with a stratum of limestone on the top of which 50 or 100 feet above, we, find huge transported blocks of slate in great abundance ; further on the scars, to an elevation of 150 feet, the blocks are still more numerous. They appear to have been driven up at a particular place, by a current, towards the north and afterwards carried along the surface of limestone.† So that have we have a

* "Reliquiæ" p. 249.

† "Geol. Trans." vol. iii, p. 13

manifest deposition of limestone upon the slate, and then a violent transportation of blocks of this rock, over the surface of the deposit.

"On the continent precisely the same appearances are observed: in Sweden and in Russia large blocks occur with every evidence of their having been borne from north to south. Count Rasoulmouky observes, that those between St. Petersburg and Moscow, come from Scandinavia and are disposed in lines from N. E. to S. W. The Erratic brocks from Duna to Niemen, are attributed by professor Pusch to Finland, lake Onega and Esthonia, those of Eastern Prussia and part of Poland belong to three varieties, all found in the vicinity of Abo, in Finland.* In America appearances are precisely the same, Dr. Bigsby describing the geological appearances of lake Huron, observes, "the shores and bed of lake Huron, appear to have been subjected to the action of a violent rush of waters and floating substances rushing from the north. That such a flood did happen is proved not only by the abraded state of the surface of the northern mainland and scattered isles of the Manitouline range, but by the immense deposits of sand and rolled masses of rock, which are found in heaps at every level both upon the continent and islands; since these fragments are almost exclusively primitive rocks and can in some instances be identified with the primitive *in situ* upon the northern shore; and since moreover the country to the south and west is secondary to a great distance, the direction of this flood from the north seems to be well attested."†

"The boulder rock, called *Pierro Martin*, contains 10,296 cubic feet of granite; another at *Neufchatel* weighs 38,000 cwt. At *Lage* is a block of granite called the *Johannistein*, twenty-four feet in diameter. An enormous boulder stone on the shore of *Appen*, in *Argyleshire*, has been described by Mr. Maxwell, as being a granitic compound, of an irregular form but having its angles rounded with a vertical circumference of forty-two feet and a horizontal one of thirty-eight. Numerous other granite boulders occur in the same part of Scotland, but no granite is there *in situ* from which it can be derived."‡

From the foregoing particulars two points appear to be clearly established, the one that there has been an universal deluge, and the other that the waters of this deluge proceeded chiefly from the north to the south. Hence it would be natural to suppose that some disturbing cause in the northern polar regions must, by elevating the land at that point, have driven a large body of water with great force over the regions situated in the south of it.

Let us now see how far the present appearances of India, which is immediately the subject of our comments, support this hypothesis. A large body of water comprising part of the northern ocean rushing forwards from the north would in the first place cover the plains of Siberia, Russia, Tartary and the other level countries situated to the north of the Himalyan chain of Mountains. Arrived at the base of that elevated barrier, the rushing torrent, struggling to make its way southward, would at first accumulate against the sides of that chain, and then bursting over its heights it would in a thousand cataracts pour down on the low lands to the South of those Mountains. In their first almost perpendicular descent, the mighty cataracts would by the irresistible force of the fall scoop up the earth near the southern base of the Mountainous chain, and then spreading in sheets of immense breadth, pursue a quieter and comparatively sluggish course over the continent stretching from the base of the Himalya towards the Southern ocean in which the superfluous waters would at

* "De la Beeche, *ubi. sup.* Buckland" *Reliquis*," p. 192. *seqq.*

† "Geol. Trans." vol. i. p. 205.

‡ "Geol. Trans." vol. iii, p. 496.

last find a natural level for repose. Thus the country would again emerge from the waters of the Deluge. But the immense quantities of matter which the fall of the cataracts from the tops of the Hymalyas, would scoop out from its Southern base, could not be borne along to any very great distance, after the stream had lost its impetuosity by spreading over the plains below. At least the larger rocks mixed up with earths of all sorts would soon be left to accumulate into a secondary system of Hills, and thus form what we now see in those lower chains of earthy heights, fit for the growth of vegetation; and therefore quite covered with it, viz. : the Nepaul Hills. Whilst the peaks of the lofty Hymalayas denuded of their softer coatings by the action of the torrent would present naught but barren rocks of the primitive class, fit only for the reception of eternal snow.

It is obvious that the Deluge from the north would first seek to find its way from every possible opening in the mountainous barrier opposed to it, and those formed by the vallies of the Indus and of the Burhmaputra, would be the passages through which the largest masses of the water would escape to the south, and in its course scoop out immense vallies, until meeting on the plains of Behar, Rungpoor, &c. the united stream would fall into the basin of which the Bay of Bengal is now the remaining portion. The moving water, having become sluggish over these extensive plains, would deposit silt sufficient to bury the largest forests which might before have existed over the plains. Of this we shall in the sequel have ample proofs. But at present following the course of the Natural History of these tracts, as indicated by their geological aspect, let us suppose the disasters of the mighty catastrophe to have ceased, the waters once more confined within the lowest parts of the globe, viz. : seas and oceans, the land again basking in the sunshine of its primeval diversity, the seasons resuming their course, the snows collecting on the tops of the mountains in the winter, and forming streams and rivers by melting in the heats of the summer, the periodical rains re-established, and the whole order of nature again in full operation. Rivers and the partial periodical inundations caused by them would now carry on their gradual work of diluvion and alluvion, rounding and polishing the rugged heights of the hills, and filling up the valleys scooped out by the rushing torrents of the gone-by catastrophe.

During the progress of these gradual and slow changes the Europeans arrive in Bengal, and find the River Hooghly deep enough to admit of the largest ships up as far as Chinsurah and Chandernagore, where the Dutch and the French establish convenient factories, unmindful of the natural causes in operation since the Deluge, and which must, in the course of a century, or so prevent such ships from reaching even the better selected site of the English Factory at Calcutta. The alluvial increase of the Sandheads, as we observed before, is still in progress, and another hundred years will require to the south-ward another seaport for this metropolis of British India.

Let us now examine the internal structure of the soil on which this city is built, and see what proofs that affords in corroboration of the facts we have alluded to;—viz. that not only the site of this city but a large tract of country around it was once a part of the ocean. We have been personally engaged in digging tanks in the Suburbs of Calcutta, and

before giving the result of the experience of others, we shall from our own notes give a brief account of the various strata which succeed each other in most parts of the Gangetic Delta :—

“First.—The uppermost stratum, which bears the present race of the vegetable kingdoms, consists of a mixture of a clay and fine sand, well adapted for the nutriment of plants of all kinds, and for various useful purposes of domestic economy, such as making bricks, earthenwares, &c. This stratum extends to the depth of about six feet.

“Second.—A bed of about four feet in thickness, composed of fine sand, occasionally mixed with sands of a coarser grain. It is in this bed that the rain water, after it has penetrated the surface, generally lodges, and through the pores of which the fluid, obedient to the well-known laws of hydrostatics, moves from place to place, filling all excavations made to the depth of six or seven feet, even in the fair months of December and January, when the surface of the country is perfectly dry and free from moisture.

“Third.—This stratum is composed of a harder earth evidently impregnated with the red oxide of iron, and forms a bed sufficiently coherent to prevent the further sinking of water, which as observed above, gathers in the sandy stratum just over it, and causes all the phenomena of dampness and humidity so prevalent throughout those parts. In this stratum are to be seen numerous pieces of gravel, all of which exhibit palpable indications of having been at some antecedent period exposed to the action of an agitated fluid, and having acquired their present forms by attrition. The depth of this stratum is seldom more than four feet.

“Fourth.—Is another stratum six feet deep of the same kind of soil as the first ; but much finer, better adapted for the artificer's use, and free from those foreign substances which occasionally occur in the first. This is the last stratum to which the native brick-makers of Bengal descend : for below it no soil fit for their purpose can be found within a depth to which they can manage to penetrate.

“Fifth.—Is a dark rich and exceedingly tenacious loam ; difficult to dig out ; unfit for the manufacture of any article, on account of the brittle quality which it imparts—and uncongenial to the growth of plants, the roots of which cannot penetrate the hard and consistent masses formed by this clay. On drying, it assumes a lighter color, and increases in hardness, so as to resist to a great degree the dissolving power of water. It is therefore used by the people in repairing the sides of tanks, in parts which are to remain under water, and in forming the beds of drains which are thus made to last almost as long as pukka drains. This loam extends to the depth of some eight feet.

“Sixth.—Is a narrow stratum of three feet ; but the most interesting of all, to which the tank and well-diggers usually descend. It is called by them ‘*Pandabporah Mattee*,’ or the earth formed by the burning of Pandab. When dug out fresh, its color is a dingy black, interspersed with brownish hues, and small shining particles, which also occur in the stratum just above it. It is impossible on the very first inspection to mistake one of the substances of which this earth is composed. On separating a lump of it into two or more pieces, you at once discover fibres of leaves, branches, and other traces of vegetation closely laid one upon another and forming most curious and partially decomposed remains of vegetable matter. From the thickness of this stratum—three feet, and its peculiar character and appearance, it is evident that this deposit of vegetable matter could not have been brought hither like the substances which form the other strata, by the action of water ; nor that it could have been formed here in the space of five or six years, which is necessary for the growth of most trees : a deposit of compressed vegetable remains, three feet in thickness, must have required a great number of years for its formation. The uninformed and superstitious natives are obliged to admit the fact of a great forest having existed below the surface which they now inhabit ; but from the blackness of the loam, they are led to add that this forest was con-

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sumed in a great burnt-offering which Pandab, a demi-god, made to propitiate the Supreme Deity. Hence the name '*Pandabporah Mattee*.'

"Seventh—is the last stratum reached by the Tank-diggers of Bengal, which has come to our knowledge. It is formed of a whitish consistent earth, which at present appears to be too hard for the free growth of plants; but it contains throughout roots, trunks, and even branches of trees, many of which are found in such a state of preservation as to be identified with the *soondry*, the *gran*, and the other indigenous trees of the Gangetic Delta. This is evidently the bed of earth on which the Forest whose leaves compose the Stratum just described must have stood."

We shall conclude this subject with the following extract from the Report of Lieut. B. Smith, of the Engineers, on the structure of the Delta of the Ganges, as exhibited by the boring in Fort William, A. D. 1836-40 :—

"After penetrating to a depth of 10 feet, through the artificial surface soil, a bed of blue clay, close and adhesive in its texture, was entered. As the bore descended, this was found to become gradually darker in colour from the admixture of decayed vegetable matter, till from 30 to 50 feet, large portions of peat were brought up with the clay. Both on this and former occasions branches and fragments of the trunks of trees in a state of decay were found, and Dr. Wallich has identified such of these as were red coloured with the common Soondri of the Sunderbuns, while he considered the yellow coloured varieties to be the roots of some climbing tree resembling the *Briedlia*. That the stratum of peat and decayed wood was formed from the debris of forests, which at a former period covered the entire surface of the Delta, as the existing jungles of the Sunderbuns cover so large a portion of it now, admits not therefore of a doubt. In truth, the whole of the present site of Calcutta was, in 1717, covered with dense masses of forest vegetation, and even so late as 1756, Fort William and its Esplanade formed part of a complete jungle, throughout which were scattered extensive salt lakes and marshes. As the town of Calcutta extended, the jungle was gradually cleared away, and the stagnant lakes filled in or drained; and we have now in these boring operations laid open the beds which the debris of these forests, accumulating for centuries, and consolidated by the intermixture of mud and silt from the water under which they were so liable to be submerged, have contributed to form. Similar peat beds have been found in excavating the Circular and Entally Canals, at the respective depths of 25 and 9 feet, thus shewing the surface of the ground to have been slightly undulating. It is much to be regretted that in the solitary instances in which bones were found in this stratum, at a depth of twenty-eight feet, they were destroyed by the workmen before any means could be taken to identify them. A most interesting opportunity of acquiring some information relative to the denizens of these vast forests, and of comparing them with those now inhabiting similar tracts throughout the Delta, was thus lost. In 1813 a quantity of bones was discovered in digging a tank in the vicinity of Dum-Dum, at a depth of 18 feet from the surface, associated, as were the above, with Soondri-wood, and thus being satisfactorily shewn to have belonged to inhabitants of the then existing Sunderbund forests and swamps. Dum-Dum is surrounded by shallow salt water lakes, and it is stated, that many of the names of the adjoining villages indicate that the whole neighbourhood at one period consisted of a series of islands; but we have no authentic record by which to estimate the growth of the Delta in these places, and hence it would have been doubly interesting to have been enabled to assign an epoch to the above remains. It would be useless to attempt doing so with the imperfect information recorded, but their great size led the officer by whom they were found, to conclude, that they did not belong to any of the animals now inhabiting the Sunderbunds."

* * * * *

" Underlying the bed of calcareous clay in which the kunkur first occurs, there is a thin bed of green silicious clay, extending from 60 to 65 feet in depth. The clay then loses its colour, and continues to a depth of 75 feet, the lower portion of it furnishing nodules of kunkur. At 75 feet a bed of variegated sandy or arenaceous clay commences, and continues to the depth of 120 feet occasionally traversed by horizontal beds of kunkur. Beneath this a stratum of argillaceous marl, 5 feet in thickness, is found, and succeeding it, there is a bed only 3 feet in thickness of loose friable sandstones, the particles of sand being held loosely together by a clayey cement. Argillaceous marl, 20 feet in thickness, follows the sandstone, terminating at the depth of 150 feet, when it passes into an arenaceous clay* intermixed with waterworn nodules of hydrated oxide of iron, from which metallic iron was procured by Mr. J. Prinsep. Withered mica slate is found attached to the clay of this bed, and throughout the entire range of strata penetrated, scales of mica have always been abundantly met with. At 175 feet a coarse friable quartzose conglomerate occurs, composed of pebbles of different sizes, though none are very large, cemented together by clay. At 177 feet, this conglomerate becomes smaller grained, and at 183 feet 3 inches, it is found to pass into indurated ferruginous clay, which continues with but little variation to a depth of 205 feet. Here another layer of sandstone, soft in its upper portion, but becoming more indurated, and assuming the lamellar structure as it is passed through occurs; the thickness being, however, no more than three feet. Ferruginous sand with thin beds of calcareous and arenaceous clay prevail from 208 feet to 380. Kunkur with minute waterworn fragments of quartz, felspar, granite, and other indications of debris from primary rocks, are met within the lower parts of this sandy deposit, where also are found those fossil bones which have given to these boring operations so much additional interest and importance."

Of one of these fossil remains Mr. James Prinsep speaks as follows :—

" The bone is not thoroughly fossilised, for when heated by the blow-pipe it becomes slightly charged, and emits a perceptible odour, but the animal matter left is exceedingly small, and the whole loss on heating a portion of it to a white heat was only seven per cent., the greater part being mixture from the hydrate of iron with which it is impregnated. The greater part of the phosphate of lime remains, with a portion of the carbonate; the specific gravity is 2.63, the same as that of a fine specimen of polished ferruginous odontolite from the Himalaya; it requires the heat of a Oxygen blow-pipe to fuse a fragment of it per se on platinum foil."

The interesting account of Lieut. Smith is then continued :—

" At 380 feet, there occurred a thin layer, only two feet in thickness of blue calcareous clay, thickly studded with fragments of shells, and at 382 feet this was succeeded by a layer of dark clay, composed almost entirely of decayed wood. The appearance of the clay was precisely similar to that of the black peat clay found at the depth of from fourteen to thirty feet from the surface, and formerly described. From the lower portion of it, several fragments of coal, of excellent quality, were brought up. The specific gravity of these curious and interesting specimens was 1.20, and they exactly resemble the rolled pieces found now in the beds of mountain streams, and which have always hitherto proved the means of leading to the discovery of the coal "in situ." Underneath this stratum, and in the gravelly bed which immediately succeeds it, there were found several other fragments of fossil bones. One was considered to be a small caudal vertebra of a kind of lizard, and the rest were fragments of turtles. These were discovered at the depth of 423 feet, and were associated with large rolled pebbles of quartz, both white and amethystine, felspar, limestone, and indurated clay. At 460 feet in depth two other fragments of fossil turtles were found, and associated with them there was a rolled fragment of vesicular basalt. Again at 46½ feet, and still in the same, a fragment of rolled lignite, similar exactly to specimens now obtainable in Cuttack, was discovered; and shortly afterwards the anger brought up a mass of decayed wood, rounded on the edges as if rolled in a stream, but not in the least carbonised, and being like in all respects to the fragments found in the Sunderbun alluvium. The gravel composed entirely of the debris of primary rocks continued to the depth of 481 feet,

where the bore was checked by the auger becoming jammed at the bottom of the iron tubing in such a way as to foil every attempt made for its removal, and to force the officers superintending the operations to bring them to a final close in April, 1840."

This account of Lieut. Smith's is certainly the most interesting of all, as regards the Geological structure of the soil on which Calcutta and its Suburbs stand. The boring operations in Fort William reached the depth of 481 feet below the present surface, and yet even at that depth every indication of alluvial formation was found. It must therefore be admitted that at one time the ocean rolled at the depth of some 500 feet below Fort William, which is evident from the remains of Turtles being found at this depth. It will also be seen, that at the depth of some 382 feet there was a layer of dark clay composed almost entirely of decayed wood, in appearance precisely similar to the black pit clay found at the depth of from 14 to 30 feet from the surface. Deposites like these cannot result from water bringing along with it quantities of vegetable matter and leaving it to form a stratum of several feet in thickness. This must have originated from the existence of a forest at the depth of 182 feet below Fort William. Here then we have evidence in the first instance of the existence of ocean at the depth of some 500 feet below Fort William, of the waters of that ocean having receded and allowing a forest to luxuriate at the depth of 382 feet, of waters again covering this forest and depositing on it successive strata of various sorts of alluvial matter, of another forest springing up at the depth of some 30 feet below the present surface, and after existing for a number of years of again being covered with water, which having deposited on it several other layers of alluvial soil, has prepared that surface over which at present Fort William and this city of Palaces stand, and rule the destinies of the British Indian Empire

The ocean which rolled at the depth of 500 feet below the present surface of the Gangetic Delta might, as we have before stated, have reached even to the foot of the Himalyabs, and if in course of time changes of such magnitude have occurred, is it to be wondered at if after the lapse of some ages we may find almost the whole of the Bay of Bengal filled up, and adding extensive territories for the occupation of the generation that may then exist.

We have now, we hope, satisfactorily shewn, in the first place, that the discoveries of geology are not in any way subversive of the sacred scriptures, but on the contrary that they support it; which is a great step towards a free inquiry into this interesting science, by all those who regard the scriptures as of Divine origin, and secondly we have attempted to explain by our own, as well as by the observations of those who are better informed, some of the natural changes to which the site of our local habitation has been subjected. This we have done, it will be seen, not only by a reference to general causes which have affected the whole globe, but also by local appearances, both external and internal, of that particular portion of the globe which we inhabit. And having thus brought this subject to some sort of close, we leave it in the hands of others to discuss it, and to correct the errors into which we may have fallen in treating of the various ramifications into which we found ourselves obliged to enter, in order to give a full and comprehensive view of the whole,

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CCELEBS ASSISTED, IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

INTRODUCTORY.

Marriage is a Lottery.

THERE is not a man, whether he be whig, tory, or radical, who will not assent to the truth of this proverbial saying.

What, then, are we the sport of chance? In so momentous a concern as that of *settling one's self for life*, as the phrase is, is one to be absolutely without the guidance of a higher principle? Reason! philosophy! can ye afford no aid to mortals in this most important point? Civilisation! march of intellect! of what avail are ye to man if ye cannot assist him in *choosing a wife*?

We, occidentals, methinks, might take a lesson from the orientals, our neighbours, in this matter of matrimony, even if we put our philosophy to the blush. We leave our young men, inexperienced in the ways of the world, inexperienced in the ways of women, to select for themselves their partners for life. We acknowledge the seductions of fine eyes, imposing busts, beautiful arms, pretty feet; we throw our youth, in the high fever of their age, into the midst of snares; and yet we blame them for being captivated by an ogler or a coquette, when they should have looked for the charms of the mind and the accomplishments of life. They, wiser, keep the charmers out of sight, and employ wise heads, old cronies, toothless beldames, to look out for suitable companions for their youth, people capable of estimating at their true value the beauties of the person, the accomplishments of the mind, and the more essential advantages of fitness for the management of domestic affairs.

The most learned doctors of the east pronounce the eastern system of choosing a wife by deputy, to be perfect.

The philosophers of the west ridicule that system; but—what a world of argument in it! they offer us no better. Nay, they declare the custom of their own quarter of the globe, the custom which they delight to follow, to be so fraught with mischief, that one man in a hundred only can hope for that blessing, a good wife. This is poor consolation, you will say, most gentle reader, and herein we are agreed. But you expect, perhaps, that I will recommend it to you to break through the custom? no: I will be oriental enough to advise you to stick to the custom of your fathers, and to take your chance in the lottery.

DESCRIPTIVE.

When happiness comes to us, its first visits have an overpowering

effect. We enjoy our good with avidity, we hug it as if it would never leave us, we determine not to lose one drop of the pleasure in view; and truly, that is the best we can do in our circumstances!

But behold the march of events. We get as accustomed to our happiness, as we are to bread and butter, or curry and rice. Our happiness then becomes too common-place to let us rest without wishing for something beyond it.

Augustus had now been some time with his respectable mother, after a long separation. Where he had been, or what was the cause of the separation, it is immaterial to you, O reader, to know, how anxious soever you may be on those points, at least, it is nothing to the purpose I have in writing this most veracious history. Augustus had got into employ. A sectioner, perhaps? just that, be it said, but *sotto voce*. He possessed the bump of steadiness: as every thing now-a-days has its bump, so he stuck to his business, for no other reason that I (or you, reader!) can discover, nor were his evenings spent at Nouveau's dancing academy or other gay haunts of the young men about town, but in quiet sobriety at the tea-table, in discussions about the last sermon, or the last play, or the last event of the week.

His reflecting parent meanwhile had her cogitations about his future prospects.

"I have an idea," said she, while sipping her tea.

"About what?"

"About marrying you to one of the nice girls that I know."

The idea was not so very repugnant to the soul of a young man, as to fall on him like a thunderbolt, Augustus quietly remarked:

"One of them? you have not fixed upon any one in particular!"

"No, my son. As the wife is to be yours, it is but right that you should have your choice. I have two or three girls in my eye, and I am desirous that you should see them successively, and then decide which of them will be most to your liking."

The proposition, which would alarm any of your knowing ones, was received by Augustus as a matter of course. He could not think of dis- obliging her for such a trifle.

A young lady, when examined before a commission *de lunatico enquirendo*, to ascertain the sanity of her powers of mind, defined marriage to be, "church, cake, and favors." Augustus, though perfectly equal to the management of his worldly affairs, had no higher notion of marriage than of eating a beefsteak pie.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

"Next Sunday, then," said Mrs. Mowbray to her son, "we shall spend at Mr. Timms's, at Allipore, and you will have an opportunity to see and admire his daughter, whom you will certainly find to be a very nice girl for you."

Sunday came, and mother and son set off in a brownberry. Alighting from the vehicle, they proceeded on foot towards the house, which was hid from view by the turnings of a narrow lane. As they neared the house, a gust of wind blew off Mrs. Mowbray's bonnet, and carried it

straight towards the tank. Augustus ran after the flying bonnet. Augustus had good legs, but he had only two. Another individual, who had also gone in pursuit of the head-dress, had four. That other individual was a white dog, of large size and great strength. He outran Augustus, and caught the bonnet in his mouth the moment it was about to roll into the tank. Delighted with his acquisition, the animal wagged his tail in triumph, crushed the bonnet into pieces, and took to flight with the swiftness of an arrow.

All this while, Mrs. Mowbray, with her head bare, tossed about her arms in despair.

"I could not help it," said Augustus, when he approached his mother, quite in a sweat, "my antagonist was too formidable to be attacked. But what are we to do now? Will it be proper for you, in the plight you are in, to go to the family to demand the hand of the heiress?"

To this Mrs. Mowbray made no reply but to proclaim her fixed resolution to poison all white dogs whatsoever.

"Suppose we go somewhere in the neighbourhood to borrow a bonnet for you."

"That is not to be thought of."

So she made an extemporaneous toilet by the side of the tank, where like Eve she might have taken a view of her looks, had she been at all careful in that respect. It was of no use to lament the lost bonnet; so she bid her son admire the fine property of Mr. Timms, which lay before them, adding by way of enhancing its value, "All this will be yours."

"What! am I to put the old sergeant and his wife out of doors?"

"No, my dear boy! I mean only that all this will belong to you when Mr. and Mrs. Timms are dead."

"So, then, I am going to the house of the good people, only to wish for their death. I have no relish for a fortune that will smell of the church-yard."

"But, my son, in the course of nature—"

"It is not the course of nature, nor the course of marriage. The poor people have amassed a little money by every means they could; and because they have a daughter to dispose of in marriage, the intended son-in-law is to be told, 'When these people are in the grave, whatever they possess will be yours.' And when the youth thinks of his prospects, he must, by the force of association, connect his plans of happiness with the death of these simple fools."

Augustus had hardly uttered these words, when his mother was surprised to see him seize a large stick and run into the court-yard of the Timmses.

"Augustus! foolish boy! what are you up to? Wait till I introduce you to the family. What a singular way of entering a respectable house! The mother without a bonnet—the son with a club in hand! But what does that horrid noise mean?"

She ran into the court-yard, and saw Augustus engaged in a combat with the white dog that had scampered off with her bonnet.

The white dog was redoubtable for its force and its ferocity, and made prodigious bounds, while he displayed his mighty jaws armed with a formidable array of teeth. Castor was the terror of the place and of a league round it.

But Augustus was not to be deterred. He had commenced the engagement with a hard knock on the head of the brute, and easily guessing the force and ferocity of his adversary, he defended himself with all the expertness which the science of pugilism could give him. If Castor advanced his jaw, he received a knock on the jaw. If he attempted to use his paws, he received a hard hit on the paws. In a short time the bonnet-snatcher had his dose. The arrival of the good people of the house contributed also to bring hostilities to a termination.

Mrs. Timms and Miss Timms came out of the bathing room, their arms bare up to the elbows, covered with soap suds in lieu of mits. From another side Mr. Timms made his appearance, holding in his hands a goose of his own rearing, slaughtered the evening before, the feathers of which adhered to him on all sides.

"Mrs. Timms," he cried, "there's that dog of your nephew's again. If domestic tranquillity is not respected, it were better to go to the end of the universe."

"But—"

"That's quite enough for the present," replied Mr. Timms, "I have said that the dog is a nuisance, and if I were to lose my head for it, I would maintain it."

"What's the matter," said a stout young man who issued at that moment from the bathing room, "what has my dog done?"

He took the animal by the neck and chained him up in a corner of the yard: that precaution taken, he came up to Augustus and pushed at him:—

"Why have you thrashed my dog, you Sir?"

Augustus replied by giving him a blow which shut up his eye, and added quite politely:—

"Because your dog ran away with my mother's bonnet."

The people present interposed.

"Robert," cried the serjeant, "if you make my house a field of battle, you had better leave it at once. Why will you insult this young man, who is come here, as you know, for an important reason?"

"Why has he put out my eye!" growled the savage.

"Because you attacked him."

"But, uncle—"

"That's quiet enough for the present. Go to the bathing-room. I will send for you when dinner is ready. Meantime let us make our acquaintance with Mr. Augustus. Let us embrace."

Mrs. Timms, with her hands wet with soap suds, kissed Augustus tenderly on the cheeks and eyes.

Mr. Timms placed a chaste kiss on the forehead of Mrs. Mowbray, every thing wore a pacific aspect in the house, even to the dog, who, with his fore-paws stretched out before him on the straw, quietly munch-ed the remains of Mrs. Mowbray's valuable bonnet.

"You see, my dear young man," said Mrs. Timms—

"That's quite enough for the present. Mary, get us a bottle of beer. Mrs. Mowbray, my venerable friend, accept my arm."

Mr. Timms, whose right hand held a half plucked goose, offered his left to Mrs. Mowbray, and thus they entered the house.

"I can't sit down, Mrs. Mowbray," said Mr. Timms, "because I am

all over covered with feathers, and am afraid of spoiling the furniture. But come let us have a glass of beer. Ah, Mary, how is it that you have come into the hall without wiping your shoes?"

"Papa, it is because—"

"That's quite enough for the present. How do you like the beer? It is genuine Allsopp's—bottled off in my own godown. But, let me see, I must finish plucking the goose. Mrs. Timms, Mary, do the honors of the house, that is, if you can."

He left the room, but not before he had gathered up the feathers which lay scattered on the floor.

"Ah! there's a chatterbox for you! who will speak for an hour together about nothing at all. I should like to know if you cared to be told that the beer was Allsopp's, or where it was bottled off. Only think, since six this morning, we commenced a great washing up of our fineries. You can't do those things where you live—ah! where is that? Nay, don't tell me, for I now recollect. But come Mr. Augustus, help yourself to a glass of beer. Mary! don't be thrusting your fingers into your nostrils. But as I was saying just now, we commenced our washing. I thought we should have done before you came, for I know that you, fashionables of the town, never move before twelve. But we lost some time in getting things together, and were just getting through when we heard the noise occasioned by your arrival."

"Well," thought Augustus, "she is a greater talker than her good man. I have half a mind to tell her that's quite enough for the present."

"Come, Mary, don't be picking your ears with that large pin. That's a very bad habit, you have learnt, I cannot say where."

"Ah," said Miss Timms, "you forget how you hurt yourself with using a match stick for the purpose. That's a worse habit still. But mamma, you are drinking beer as if the Doctor didn't tell you that it made you bilious!"

"Beer is forbid to your papa also, chatterbox! Yet that did not prevent our being obliged to take him to his bed last night. He is a funny man, my husband. He will not let us speak, he will not let us drink; and he is the whole day employed in drinking and jabbering."

To be at leisure to take another glass without exposing herself to the prying eyes of Miss, she sent her daughter to look after the fineries which formed the object of their morning's amusement.

"How do you like my daughter, Mr. Augustus? Is she not a fine girl. Ah, she is as careful as her father, and as a good a housewife as her mother. We had some thoughts of marrying her to our nephew Robert, but he is fond of drinking a little too much, and is besides not worth a pice, and Mr. Timms is determined—"

"That's quite enough for the present," said Mr. Timms, abruptly entering the hall. "Where is Mary?"

"Mary is looking after the tippets and collars."

"Very good, you had better look after the turnips and cabbages. The stuffing of the goose is not yet ready. Come, we must be active. It is nearly four, and you have to dress for dinner. I can't say if you are like me, Mr. Augustus: I hate to be slow about a thing. Since I left you, I have plucked a goose, put aside the feathers, and dressed myself from top to toe."

While Miss Timms went after the tippets and collars, and Mrs. Timms was studying the stuffing, Mr. Timms showed his grounds to his visitors.

"You are surprised that my garden is not walled, and you would say that the boys about the place will eat up the fruits when they are in season, and indeed it is impossible to describe to you how much they do walk away with. But I'll tell you what it is. There are no walls it is true; but do you see that hedge? and what do you think of it? Though only a few inches just now, in six years they will be some eight feet high, and will effectually keep out the rogues from my garden. Come now, look at my radishes, I am sure the governor has none like them at his table; and if I could send them to the exhibition at the Town Hall, I feel confident that I would astonish the weak minds of the horticultural folk."

"You have a delightful garden!"

"I see you have a relish for horticulture. I shall run to take a look at the goose while it is roasting; meantime amuse yourself with looking at the cabbages till dinner is ready."

While Mr. Timms went to survey the goose, Augustus gave vent to his thoughts.

"We shall spend the day very prettily, I foresee. What a set of talkative, tipping, wearisome people we have lighted upon. But I shall serve them a trick—I shall make both husband and wife drunk."

Dinner was served up—the soup, the goose, and its accompaniments. The conversation languished, for hunger was sharp and the goose tough. Mr. Timms drank sparingly because his wife had her eye upon him. Mrs. Timms was equally moderate, from a similar cause. The nephew had one eye blackened, but cast very expressive glances with the other at Miss Timms, upon whom they appeared not to be lost.

The master and mistress of the house soon threw off their mutual constraint. The few glasses of Allsopp's they had taken, inspired them with sufficient hardihood to venture boldly on larger potations. The Timms family, including the nephew and the heiress, came soon to be in the condition expressively termed *half seas over*.

"It is time," said Mr. Timms with great judgment, while striving to conceal the effects of the beer on his voluble tongue, "it is time to speak of business. Mrs. Mowbray, what do you intend giving the young man on his marriage?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Timms," said the worthy dame thus called upon, "I mean no offence, but it was not I who proposed Augustus for Mary; on the contrary, it was you who proposed Mary for Augustus: so it is for you to say what your intentions are."

"Enough for the present, I beg pardon, you never speak too much. I shall do what you wish. But let us have something to drink. We shall die of thirst, all of us. Ah! in giving my daughter in marriage, I shall furnish the house for her; but her husband must buy her a toilet-glass, for she has none, and a few other knick-knacks."

"Furnishing the house is not enough, Mr. Timms. But come to the point, the ready money. What sum do you intend as Mary's dowry?"

"I am a man of my word. I have promised Mary, that on her wedding day I shall get her a landaulet and pair from Hunter's to go to church in. I have promised her that, and I shall not fail. After that, I do not see how

any further demands can be made on me, though my liberality is very well known. But you don't drink, Mrs. Mowbray. I am not more niggard of my beer than I am of my money. And Mrs. Timms, pray produce the cherry brandy. We must kill the fatted calf when we marry our child. The goose was rather tough, I think."

Mrs. Timms brought the cherry brandy from the cupboard, but, in placing it on the table, said :

"Timms, you know, the doctor has forbid your taking cherry brandy."

"That's quite enough for the present."

"The cherry brandy?"

"No, but your words. Come Mrs. Mowbray, let me fill your glass for you, and then we shall resume the subject of our discourse."

The cherry brandy rapidly disappeared, and Mr. Timms made a swift ascent to the region of vapors.

"I shall not be sorry to have my daughter married—aye, and my wife too, if any one will have her—I would then be single again and go to the wars. Forward! charge! Soldiers, forty centuries—the pyramids! Ah, I must go fetch another bottle!"

Mr. Timms made an effort to rise, but he sunk gently under the table, where he slept profoundly.

Mrs. Timms, like a woman used to such accidents, got up, not without some difficulty, and put a pillow under the head of her husband.

"This is the way he gets on three days in the week. He must needs drink, although he is upset by a glass of wine and water. It is well there is a mistress in the house. Mary, Robert, the tippets and collars must be looked after. Meanwhile I will speak about this affair with Mrs. Mowbray, and to better purpose than that drunkard, I hope."

Robert and Mary were out of sight; and a few moments after, Augustus, who began to feel rather queer, also left the hall. He lighted his cigar, and set about philosophically to smoke in the moonlight. Thought he, "I must pay off these people for the tiresome evening I have passed."

But Augustus's attention was fixed by a light which he observed in the bathing room, on approaching which he saw, through the narrow aperture Robert and Mary, his intended, sitting together, with their arms interlaced, and indicating the utmost intimacy.

"A nice marriage my mother has been meditating for me—but I shall be even with you, young folk."

So saying, he kicked open the door of the bathing room and completely disconcerted the loving pair.

They screamed together, and Robert took up a piece of wood to attack the indiscreet visitor with. A kick upon the belly threw the poor wretch backward into the bathing tub, which quite cowed the pair.

On re-entering the hall, Augustus heard Mrs. Timms say to his mother :

"No, we can give no ready-money: we are not going to ruin ourselves to marry our daughter. I shall keep her."

"You will do better," cried Augustus, "to marry her as soon as possible to your nephew, or they will not wait for your consent."

"What, do you mean to insinuate—Timms," said she, addressing her

husband under the table, "here's this fellow insulting the honor of your family."

"That's quite enough for the present—don't disturb me."

RESEARCHES IN ANOTHER QUARTER.

Notwithstanding the signal failure of her late attempt, Mrs. Mowbray was still set on her project of giving her son a wife.

The next Sunday, accordingly, due preparations were made for a visit to Mr. Cornish, a retired apothecary, who lived at ease at his villa, at Pulta.

Mr. Cornish was on the wrong side of fifty, a good easy man, who had retired from active duties as soon as the rules of the service assured him a pension, which, with the savings and windfalls of a life not without adventures, made him passing rich.

Although habituated to an idle sort of life when in public employ, he was afraid that the number of hours which Providence every day places at the disposal of men, would be too much for him. He, therefore, created employment for himself. He reared turkeys, fattened fowls, purged himself every now and then, and was ready to take a hand at cards. These were his ordinary means of killing time. But the worthy Cornish went beyond these: he had inoculated himself with a passion for shooting wild ducks, purely by way of occupation for his idle hours.

Turkeys, fowls, and Seidlitz powders, were calculated to make the ex-apothecary's time hang less heavy on him; but a passion absorbs and carries away a man, and makes entire days appear less than minutes. Cornish was certain of not dying of *ennui*.

For five years he had overrun the country around Pulta. Nothing could stop him in the midst of his researches. He let the rain fall on him and the storm blow on him with heroic calmness. He had often endangered his limbs by falling into snares intended for jackalls and polecats, and other destroyers of poultry; but nothing could deter the great soul of Cornish.

Mrs. Cornish, his wife, was a gentle but enormously fat creature, who managed her house diligently, loved her daughter extremely, and respected her husband supremely even to his passion for shooting wild ducks. But unfortunately she had a fixed idea which five years' experience did nothing to shake. Though she had lived there for such a time, during which the country around her was immovable and still, and nothing whatever occurred to favor her idea, she fancied every moment that the powder in the magazine was about to explode and to toss up in the air Pulta, its houses and inhabitants.

This terror appeared very natural to Cornish for the first six months of his residence at Pulta; and as, at that time, his passion for wild ducks had not attained its height, he offered his wife the choice of living at some other secluded spot. But with the inconsistency of her sex, Mrs. Cornish, who never trod the ground without fear and trembling, obstinately refused to change her habitation. Cornish declared it was nothing else but a species of monomania; and that the frequent alarms she felt would

have a tendency to excite the circulation of the blood in her, and prevent her from feeling the dullness incident to a retired mode of living.

If the wind happened to bring a roll of drums vividly to her ears, or if a carriage happened to rattle by louder than usual, if a servant upset a chair or let fall a plate, or if Mr. Cornish, who was liable to frequent colds from continually scouring the fields and the woods, sneezed a little too loud, it was enough to make Mrs. Cornish jump up with the cry of "there we go! there we go!"

Twenty times a day were such scenes of terror acted. The splendid health which she enjoyed was not affected in the least. Her friends and acquaintances at last concurred in the opinion of her husband, that her terrors were necessary to the play of the blood and the organs of the enormous Mrs. Cornish. So they let her tremble and shriek without giving themselves any concern, or asked her for a pinch of snuff, which she distributed with great good nature.

Laura, the heiress of the house, was a good looking, well made girl. She had been brought up at one of the fashionable schools of the town, and had left it a year ago after having acquired all the fashionable accomplishments. It is not for me to say what she had actually learnt; but it is undeniable that she well knew that love was a chimera, and that the best man for a husband was he who had the weightiest purse. The illusions common to girls of her age did not blind her; she had no faith in sympathy and feeling; she cared nothing for sentiment but only for a handsome income. She envied the happiness of those of her school-mates who had been married to rich merchants, officers of distinction, or civil servants; but she knew that princes and young lords who married poor girls were out of date. The prospect she had formed for herself was to unite herself to some person whom she could inspire with the ambition of growing rich and thereby acquiring a position in society. She murmured at heart against the indolence of her father, which had induced him to retire upon a competence when he might have amassed a fortune.

Except for this weighty cause of discontentment, Laura did not detest her parents; she did not even despise them except moderately, and was in that respect quite a pattern.

The Cornish family were together in the hall when Mrs. Mowbray and her son alighted at the door. Laura took a hasty glance at the young man, and notwithstanding her diplomatic habit of hiding her impressions, she could not help expressing to her parents her satisfaction at his fine appearance.

"Yes," said Mr. Cornish, in reply, "I think there must be some wild ducks now at the river's side."

Mrs. Cornish added, looking at her slippers, "I think I feel the ground shaking."

The entry of the visitors had, however, the effect of rousing both husband and wife from their pre-occupation. They received the party with the usual compliments, and Augustus, observing the comfortable appearance of the interior of the house, and especially the fine figure of the heiress, could not but contrast both with the scene of his recent adventures.

"Ah! Mr. Augustus, I have seen you before, but never remarked before,

as I do now, your fine soldier-like appearance. When I say soldier-like, you will understand that I have been a great deal accustomed to see the military, and even here they are not far off from us."

While Augustus acknowledged the compliment with a bow, Mrs. Cornish exclaimed :—

"How provoking it is to hear you constantly speaking of the military and the artillery. I can't say if you are like me, Mrs. Mowbray, but I am much afraid of gunpowder, which you will not wonder at considering the peril we are in here of being some day blown up with the powder magazine. But as this is a fine day, Cornish, suppose we take our visitors to walk in the fields."

"A good idea," said Mr. Cornish, darting at his duck gun. We shall go out as far as the Major's—that will give us a good appetite for dinner."

"Is not that near the powder magazine?" asked Mrs. Cornish.

"At least half a mile off," said the lover of wild ducks.

"Come then, let us be moving."

Mr. and Mrs. Cornish and Mrs. Mowbray walked together, talking of business, so as to give the young people an opportunity for a *tete-a-tete*.

"You are come to propose for me!"

Yes, Miss, if I am so happy as to entertain the hope that my humble homage——"

"O leave alone those sentimental things, and let us talk like reasonable people. You know the march of intellect——"

"Ah, yes, the march of intellect! I am quite of your opinion Miss, and shall be happy to place our affairs on the footing of reason."

"What is your character, so far as you have observed its development?"

"Why miss, to be candid, I know nothing of any elopement at all."

"I shall not be very particular on that score, as I am very tolerant. I love philosophy above all things."

"You will, no doubt excuse my weakness, miss."

"Be easy in that respect. You see how ridiculous my father and mother make themselves. I have an uncle, too, Mr. Benbow, the brother of my mother. He is a great brute, but as I have great expectations from him, we must manage not to displease him. I have a little monster of a nephew, another Benbow, whom we must also speak fair. We may expect to see him at dinner"

Augustus, though he felt a rising disgust at the precocious worldliness and want of feeling of the otherwise lovely girl, resolved to humour her, and accordingly promised to be avaricious, to guard against the influence of feelings, and to have no love but for worldly goods. Miss Cornish was delighted to see him promise to become all she wished.

The walk was perfectly agreeable. Mr. Cornish fluttered some wild ducks, and Mrs. Cornish heard no noise which could lead her to look for an explosion.—Mrs. Mowbray flattered herself that her son would be quite taken up with the charms of Miss Cornish. Laura was occupied with projects for realising a splendid fortune. Augustus alone gave himself up to the enjoyment of the calm scenes of nature before him.

He was interrupted in his contemplations by the formal announcement

made by Mr. Cornish that it was five o'clock, and that they should return to the house if they wished not to spoil their dinner.

"Let us make haste," said Mrs. Cornish, "for I expect my nephew ; and if he is alone in the house he will break some of the furniture to a certainty. That is a provokingly mischievous boy ; I have not seen one like him."

On returning home, it was found that the nephew had arrived half an hour previously, and had broken nothing more than two panes of glass and the backbone of the cat.

As soon as he perceived the family, he came running up to them, crying "Oho, Oho, I am come to dine with you. If you don't give me something nice, I shall break your plates."

"There," said Laura to Augustus, "is the young jackal whom you must caress."

"That will not be easy," replied Augustus, as he grasped the top of the cane he held in his hand.

"Aunt, I have done a funny thing, I have broken the back of your cat."

"You mischief," said Mrs. Cornish, exasperated, "don't you know that they who use the sword, will perish by the sword?"

"Sword, aunt? I had no sword, but only a thick club.—But, uncle Cornish, do you know one thing?"

"No, my dear what is it?"

"My uncle Benhow says that you are an old goose. He says too, that my aunt is very foolish to think that she will be blown up with the powder magazine, because there never can be enough of powder to blow up such an elephant of a woman."

"My brother is fond of raising a laugh," said Mrs. Cornish in the vain hope of concealing her embarrassment.

Dinner was ready, and the party prepared to sit. While they were arranging the distribution of the company, young Benhow slipped under the cushion of the arm chair of his aunt a blown bladder which he had brought with him.

The good lady when fatigued by walking, and a very little exertion put her out of breath, was accustomed to throw herself upon her favorite seat. She did not fail to do so on her return from the walk, and her immense weight drove the air out of the bladder with a tremendous noise. The detonation was such that it threw every body into amazement.

Mr. Cornish, who despised the monomania of his wife, was deceived by the explosion, and sprung up from his seat crying, "The magazine is blown up ! We are lost !"

Mrs. Cornish uttered a cry, which can be easily likened to nothing, and leaped up with the agility of a body composed of Indian rubber. She ran to the window exclaiming—"We are at least five miles in the air. Mercy ! mercy !—But it is singular—the place has not become topsy turvey at all ! There is that man too beating his wife with his usual coolness !"

She turned again towards the table, and saw the company quietly handling their knives and forks.

"Ah ! what, is nothing the matter ? And the explosion ?—"

"Has been produced by your seat, my good lady," replied Mrs. Mowbray.

"It is you alone who bellowed and bounded; the frightful noise has proceeded from you."

"Dear me, Cornish! would you have the company suppose that—that I—But you know my habits too well—and you know—"

"Well, well," said little Benbow, "a deal of fuss about nothing but a blown bladder."

"What is that you say, you little imp?" exploded Mr. Cornish, seizing an ear of his nephew who sat by him.

"Oh, oh! if you hurt me, I will tell my uncle, and then—Ho ho! what fun! I put a blown bladder under my aunt, who is always in dread of explosions—and then whiz! phiz! puff! Oh, how funny! But give me some soup, uncle, without carrots."

"Laura," said Mrs. Cornish, "I should be very glad if your papa sold off a part of his property to give you ready money at your marriage. We might be put to a little inconvenience by it, but we would not then be obliged to endure a ferocious beast—I should rather say two ferocious beasts, for my brother is at full length what this young tiger is in miniature. Your dowry will cost us dear."

"And I cannot return aught but a barren gratitude," said Laura, with a demure face.

"That's a dear girl," said Mrs. Cornish tenderly.

"Faith," thought Augustus to himself, reflecting on the hypocritical reply of Augusta to her mother, "I had rather marry the father and mother than this young and pretty serpent. Weaknesses are less disgusting than vices."

The company did justice to their excellent dinner, well served up, which gave evidence of the care of a housewife, who knew how to conduct her house and manage her servants, when she forgot the powder magazine.

Young Benbow ate like a starved beast. He wanted every thing, and Laura supplied all his wants with the utmost kindness.

"You are the only good soul in this place," said he. "Were I older, I would marry you myself. Is this gentleman come to marry you? I don't like his looks. Besides he is a sectioner, a low fellow!"

Augustus resolved not to leave the youngster without giving him his dose.

In the evening, Mr. Benbow, the man from whom Miss Cornish entertained great expectations, came inreeling through the effect of his potations of the day. He seemed to take a particular exception to the appearance of Mrs. Mowbray and thought proper to insult her. A box on the ear from Augustus was the consequence.

Mr. Benbow raised his arm like a Hercules, and levelled a blow at Augustus that would have knocked down an ox. Augustus was too well skilled in the science to permit the blow to light on him, and at the same time, attacked his adversary with such good will as to throw him on his back.

Mr. Benbow, furious with rage, rose up slowly, and again attacked Augustus. But two or three blows on the stomach put him out of wind, and a few others on the face rendered that feature of his countenance undistinguishable.

"Wretch," said the victim, wiping with his handkerchief the blood which flowed from his nose, "you hope to marry my niece—you—that you shall not, you villain!"

Although bruised, from head to foot, the brother of the amiable Mrs. Cornish made another step, seemingly disposed to renew the combat. But Augustus did not wish to be the death of the sinner, and contented himself with taking young Benbow in his arms and throwing the nephew at the head of the uncle. This novel species of projectile overthrew the colossus.

"How dare you, Mr. Augustus," said Mrs. Cornish, "thus maltreat my brother?"

"Is it possible," said Mr. Cornish, "that you would venture to spill the blood of one of the family?"

"Could I have supposed," cried Miss Cornish in a piercing tone, "that you would be such a wretch as to raise your hand against a man whom I respect, and whom I love so tenderly?"

"Miss, it is quite odious to witness so much hypocrisy in a girl of eighteen: yes, it is I who have treated your uncle thus—but he has received what he deserves."

"You are a wretch—a beast—an infamous creature!"

"Miss, this indignation gives a fine colour to your cheeks, and makes you look still prettier. But have a care. People will think you have been very ill-bred, and will make game of you."

What more passed between the enraged whimsical family and Augustus and his mother, I shall not undertake to rehearse. But the result of the two enterprises of Mrs Mowbray to secure a wife for her son, was not so encouraging as to lead her to renew them immediately.

SONNET.

OH! breathe no more that soul entrancing air,
 To one whose heart no longer owns its spell,
 Though sweetly on the breeze its numbers swell.
 To me it only speaks of "cold despair:"
 I once had heard it aye, from "lips as fair,"
 Stealing o'er hill and listening forest lone,
 When silence rested on the fragrant air,
 Disturbed by nought save zephyrs fitful moan,
 That time is gone,—and I am all alone,
 A weary traveller o'er life's weary way,
 Then hush! oh! hush, that sweet yet mournful tone,
 Nor wake my early visions with thy lay;—
 Nay silent be,—or else—the truth will out
 I like not songs when troubled with the gout!!

ALICE.

A BRITISH JURYMEN.

THE following case appears to the writer redolent of the kind of interest which enchains the attention of the reader, and hence some remarks are ventured to evolve its hidden beauties:

"At the Gloucester adjourned sessions, last week, a girl, named Adam, was tried for stealing a pint of brandy, a bottle, and other articles, the property of her master, and was acquitted. After the verdict was given, the prosecutor began collecting his property together, and missed the bottle of brandy; search was made for it, when some one present said he saw one of the jury drinking the brandy. Counsel for the prosecution stated that fact, and applied to have it restored to the prosecutor. The chairman said to the jury: "Is that true, Gentlemen? I hope you are not guilty of such conduct!" notwithstanding which another of the jury put the bottle to his mouth, and swallowed the remainder of the brandy—nearly a quarter of a pint. The chairman said such conduct was extremely disgraceful."—*Herald*.

The chairman who denounced the conduct herein presented as extremely disgraceful, shewed as much ignorance of the liberties of a jury as injustice to their claims. Here is ADAM endeavouring to fasten on a poor girl the theft of BRANDY. The charge is preposterous, as Adam had no right to prosecute for any liquid stronger than his own ale; and this probably led to the acquittal of the girl. Hence no doubt it formed a question of some importance, whether the prosecutor should be allowed to go scot-free with his bottle of brandy. If so, he might alight upon some other poor girl, and thus lead to the enactment of a similar farce. To save the time of the worthy chairman, who was perhaps improperly kept from his dinner and to prevent the wear and tear of counsels' gowns, who are proverbially averse to this kind of job, the jury laudably removed the bone of contention. Now a removal is no removal unless it is effectual and beyond the chances of retrieval. Hence it was sent to that bourne—the belly—from which no traveller returns. Properly to remove an apple of discord is to put it to the mouth—to submit it to the masticatorials for the due process of grinding, and to gulp it down to regions where neither hope nor dragging nets ever reach. Here then we see the peculiar propriety of one juror in a quiet way extending his hand to the bottle—another taking a gentle swig, and the third to shew the independence of a British Jury, swallowing the remainder, while the unjust remonstrance of the chairman is ringing in his ear the accents of indignation. If there is any *hiatus* in our criminal jurisprudence, it will be found in the impunity of prosecutors when their charges have been triumphantly disproved. Is a man unblushingly to bring into court, a blushing girl charged with the theft of a bottle of brandy—and when that charge is thrown over board; is he to walk out unblushingly with all his blushing honors thick upon him—to wit the bottle of brandy? And all the while the juror parched and dry from a grave deliberation over the case? Forbid it justice! What more natural than to denude and dispossess the false prosecutor of the spoil and make it on escheat to the Queen. She is by law declared entitled to all men's "shoon" who die minus Kith or Kin, and surely she must by an analogy of argument keep the spoils of the prosecutor who is wrecked in the high seas of the law. Jurymen in the last case form her legitimate representatives. As the Queen is the fountain and the jury the medium through which justice streams to the lieges; all that the sovereign is entitled to by escheat must



by a party of reason roll back through the same medium. Hence the brandy in going down the gullet of the jurors found its legitimate channel; and the attempt on the part of the chairman to divert the flow was any thing but dignified. Conceive the delicacy of the gentleman who *first* boned the bottle. Not a word to denote its whereabouts, until perhaps the flushed face and the pleasant effluvia presented some trace. The chairman (for whose conduct there is ample apology, inasmuch as he was equally *dry* with the jurymen) could not endure the idea of the precedence thus taken of him in the swig. "Is it true gentleman?" he interrogates, "I hope you are not guilty of such conduct." "Why not," was the whisper of the jury, "think that 'ere cove wants his dose?" The writer is credibly informed, although the fact does not appear on the report, that one humorous gentleman so impressed with the chairman's idea of wetting his own whistle, with the "rest and remainder" of the alcohol, that he significantly placed the end of his thumb on his nose and twirled his remaining digits in down right snookishness—whispering at the same time something to the tune of, "don't you wish you may get it." To prevent, however, that same WISH being carried into effect, another gentleman, with the laudable object of putting an end to this unseemly, ungraceful strife, puts the bottle to his mouth and by one good pull drains the remaining quarter of a pint, no mean proof of the capabilities of a Gloucester Juror. In concluding this article, the writer would notify to those whom it may concern, that at the next sessions there is to be a trial for the theft of a three dozen case of claret; and as conviction is not expected from some defect in the prosecutor's case, our jurors had better try to get on the list—for the fortunate twelve are sure to come off with three bottles a piece, if they have in the smallest degree, the gumption so richly displayed by the Gloucester Gentlemen.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE MARRIAGE OF MY YOUNG FRIEND MISS B—
(For the *Oriental Magazine*.)

I BRING no gem to deck thy hair,
No costly trinket, jewel rare;
As parting gifts—but, Sophy dear,
I wish thee well.

Whilst others may with tokens bright,
Congratulate the blushing bride;
I offer thee the widow's mite—
Affection's kiss.

This take—it may prove more sincere,
Than many tokens rich and rare,
Which thou sometimes with pride may'st wear.
I wish thee well.

Go, enter life, and with thee bear
The widow's kiss—the widow's pray'r;
Go—and remember Sophy dear,
I wish thee well.

H. B.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

DESCEND, gay offspring of immortal Jove—
 (By the bye let me here be understood ;
 For some may think and argufy and prove
 That I am trifling. * * * *)
 But I declare by all the Stars above,
 That they will wrong me greatly if they should
 Attempt to cast so foul an imputation,
 Upon my stainless christian reputation.

II.

By Jove I mean no other than the Sire
 Of the Muses—the nine melodious dames,
 In whose bosoms glows the ethereal fire
 From which each rhymmer draws his sparks and flames
 His dart and bleeding heart and tuneless lyre,
 Like G. C. D. and T. B. L. two names
 That have eclipsed a Byron, Moore, and Scott,
 And are not likely to be soon forgot.)

III.

Descend gay offspring of Immortal Jove—
 The Muse of Laughter and of merriment,
 Who hates each shady bower and silent grove,
 All doleful poets and their sentiment.
 Thalia come ! in Eastern climes to rove
 Forsake for once the western continent,
 And oh ! I prithce bring with thee along
 The soul of Swift the king of comic song.

IV.

I want no hero of chivalrous Spain
 To stab our vitals with Toledo knives ;
 Nor yet a gallant of young Charles's reign
 To fright the husbands and to steal their wives ;
 I want a sighing sentimental swain,
 Who mopes in silence while his rival thrives ;
 And takes away from him his beauteous prize—
 His lov'd Amanda with the radiant eyes.

V.

I never was a sentimental fellow,
 And please the stars I never shall be so ;
 I always like to be a little mellow,
 And love my friend and battle with my foe ;
 And hear the dulcet voice of sweet Miss Bellow,
 And kiss her rival Isabella Poe :
 Now this is life and jollity and fun,
 And the most glorious thing beneath the glorious sun.

Why should our life, which is a passing vapour,
 Be made a burthen hard for us to bear!
 Why should our life, which is a glimmering taper,
 Be quenched in tears of sorrow and despair!
 And why not rather drink and sing and caper
 About the world without a thought or care?
 For man, like worms must crawl awhile—and then
 Be crushed to dust and ashes ne'er to rise again.

VII.

'Twas in the merry month of May—when sky
 And earth and ocean all look beautiful;
 When the parch'd earth is cool'd from showers on high,
 And boys and girls trip merrily to school;
 When nature unfolds her thousand charms—(1
 Fear kind reader I needs must rhyme with Bulbul)
 And the sweet warblers mount the air to sing
 A joyous welcome to the blushing spring.

VIII.

The sun had sunk beneath the western shore
 Of Gunga's sacred stream—and the bright moon
 Bent her silver horn and began to pour
 A flood of light that made the night a noon:
 Oh! such a night was never seen before
 Since first her beams she threw the earth upon;
 All lovely sights where'er you turn your eyes,
 Or on the earth or on the argent skies.

IX.

And here perhaps the reader may desire
 To have some knowledge of a moon light night
 In Ind—or some dull critic may require
 A full description of so sweet a sight;
 Reader and critic much as ye aspire
 To wisdom, I must disappoint ye quite:
 This is true freedom when a poet strikes
 His golden harp—he doth which way he likes.

X.

Up rose the moon all beautiful and cold,
 Like some fair virgin with a heart of stone;
 And all the stars were lovely to behold,
 Like maids of honor round Victoria's throne—
 To whom I'd be as loyal as to gold,
 Gold, without which nor friend nor kin we own—
 Sweet be thy life on earth and long thy reign,
 And when thou diest return to life again.

XI.

But to my tale. The night shone as the day,
 And many a maiden and young men were seen
 Strolling along the dirty—dusty way
 All arm in arm “beneath the orb serene”;
 And talk’d of love and pangs of long delay,
 And other things that lovers pass between;
 Of which the Muse will sing some moments after,
 And make you weep or tickle you with laughter

XII.

Far from the noisy throng—within a square
 Whose iron sides the purest liquid bound;
 There walk’d a lovely and a loving pair,
 Without a word engag’d in thought profound
 The nymph I need not say was young and fair,
 Array’d in robes that trail’d along the ground,
 Sweet was her face and sweet her balmy breath,
 And eke her eyes whose single glance was death.

XIII.

Her partner was a youth of browner hue
 And wore a serious—ever thoughtful face,
 And signs of grief were stamped upon his brow,
 Which care had made his lasting dwelling place,
 He seem’d a hermit who had vow’d a vow
 To shun the world and all the human race;
 But having seen one flower therein—his heart,
 From her dear presence, knew not how to part.

XIV.

And suddenly he rais’d his eyes above
 And view’d the silver-lamps suspended there,
 And thought how vain their feeble light would prove
 When shone the day god—through the fields of air
 And thus is seen the history of Love,
 When we with gold the generous flame compare :
 As fade the stars before the morning light ;
 So fadeth love—when glitters gold in sight.—

XV.

“Amanda”! list! thy lover speaks, attend—
 And let my words sink deep within thy breast;
 Thou knowest on earth I have no living friend—
 No kindred blood—no home where I can rest—
 The gloomy youth began—“on thee depend
 My weal or woe in life—then make me blest,
 And from thy heart all other loves expel,
 And constant be to one who loves thee well.

XVI.

Oh! were I monarch of this spacious ball ;
Were all its glories at my sole command ;
Its mines of diamond, silver, gold, and all
The wealth and power we see in every land ;
I'd give them thee—who hold, my heart in thrall
In sweet reguerdon for thy fairy hand :
I ask no more—be witness Heaven above
But truth and faith for true and faithful love.

June 1811.

CHUNDOO LAL, LATE MINISTER OF HIS HIGHNESS THE
NIZAM OF HYDERABAD, OR THE SOOBAN OF THE
DECCAN.

SOMETIMES ago, it was stated in the columns of one of the daily newspapers, that Chundoo Lal, the late minister of the Nizam of the Deccan, had been just deprived of his high office; or, in other words, but which amounts to the same thing, that he had been compelled to tender his resignation of it. From my knowledge of the man acquired by a residence at Hyderabad for a number of years, I can well say, that this event, though unlooked for, must have been beneficial to the people and country at large: for his administration was characterized by any thing but mildness, justice and humanity to the thousands, over whom he ruled with a rod of iron. He was tyrannical and rapacious, and his reign, not a short but long one, was distinguished by terror, oppression, and cruelty.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks on his official character, for in private life Chundoo Lal was a very different person, I am constrained to admit that he was an extraordinary man. By the display of no common abilities, he rose from an inferior grade to the highest post, to which a subject can legitimately attain. When Meer Alum, his predecessor died, and Mahputram was driven from his highness's territories, the choice of a successor was left, agreeably to stipulation, to the Nizam. I say the selection of a new minister to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of one, and the expulsion of another, was left to the Nizam, but it was a nominal privilege only, for the exercise of it was neutralized by the interference of British authority. The stipulation alluded to amounted to this, that if the reigning prince fixed upon any particular individual to fill the vacancy created by whatever circumstance, but whose influence was suspected to be at all hostile to the interests of the British Government, and friendly to those of his own, the former claimed the right of appointing a sub-minister or coadjutor to the Premier, who would be permitted to be elected to the high dignity in question, only on the declared understanding that he should take no active share in the administration, which should be entrusted entirely into the hands of his subordinate without controlment or responsibility.

The Nizam was at first doubtful on whom to fix his choice ; whether on Moonceer ool Moolk, or Chundoo Lal, for both were then competitors for the vacant post, because he was ignorant as to which of them was favored by the British Government through their representative the Resident. But the instant he discovered that functionary's predilection for Chundoo Lal, he hesitated no longer to express his preference of his rival, and accordingly the high honor was conferred on the latter. Had the Resident shewn a little tact, and pretended a partiality for Moonceer ool Moolk, he would have gained his point, for the Nizam would in that case have immediately transferred his choice to Chundoo Lal. But the object of the British Government could not be thus easily defeated, for according to the engagement already mentioned, the Nizam was obliged to yield his acquiescence in Chundoo Lal's nomination to the office of underminister. It was, however, stipulated that he should possess and exercise all the power and authority of a Premier, the shadow of which only was lodged in the hands of his principal, who thus consented to his own degradation, and became a mere automaton to be moved at the will and pleasure, perhaps caprice of his inferior in rank and dignity.

Chundoo Lal, as observed above, owed his elevation entirely to British influence. On the demise, after a long and painful disease, of Meer Alum, the late minister, Mahputram, a Maharatta by caste, was appointed to succeed him ; but the succession not meeting with the approbation of the British Government, he was forced to resign an office, which he had been permitted to fill but for a few weeks only ; and Moonceer ool Moolk ostensibly, but Chundoo Lal actually, was called to take Mahputram's place. The open insult offered to the last, who was a man of talent and spirit, was promptly resented by him. He levied a large and formidable body of troops, composed chiefly of his own countrymen, and overrun his late master's territories, laying waste every thing in his desolating career. His ravages were, however, soon checked, and he was ultimately driven to seek refuge from pursuit in the dominions of the Peishwa, where he found protection from further persecution.

Chundoo Lal, previous to his elevation, held the situation of Peskar, and in that capacity displayed considerable ability in the discharge of the duties appertaining to it. It was in this very humble and subordinate office that he attracted the notice of the then Resident, and gained his good will. The Nizam of the time, who seldom meddled with state affairs, was utterly ignorant of the character or capabilities of his Peskar, of whom he literally knew nothing except from report ; and it was not from caprice, or predilection for Moonceer ool Moolk, and dislike to Chundoo Lal, that he fixed his choice on the former ; but he did so out of sheer opposition to the British Government, who favored the pretensions of the latter. He cared for neither, and would as soon have selected Chundoo Lal to fill the vacant post as Moonceer ool Moolk, had he suspected the latter to possess the confidence of the Resident. That functionary for a while opposed the choice of the Nizam, but at length, worn out by the prince's obstinacy, he consented to confirm the appointment to Moonceer ool Moolk on the condition mentioned before ; to which the Nizam was constrained to subscribe ; or the government would probably have been without a minister, and the country without administration for an indefinite period.

Anarchy, and confusion, pillage, robbery, and plunder would have been the consequence of such a state of things,—had not both parties been luckily reconciled to each other by the gratification of their respective wishes. Had the Nizam been a man of even firmer nerves, his inflexibility would have secured no decided advantage to him; for the British Government, being the stronger party, and possessing paramount influence over all the native powers, would have at last, carried their point and compelled the Nizam to yield to their dictation, or take the alternative, and that would have been one not at all to his liking.

The appointment of two ministers, the one as principal, though only nominally so, and the other as subordinate, was a most impolitic measure, which was attended with no possible benefit to the country; but which, on the contrary, entailed a heavy and an unnecessary expense on it. Mooneerool-Moolk's salary, according to common report, was fixed at a lac of rupees for doing nothing, but only waiting on the prince on public durbar days; and it may be supposed that the services of his coadjutor, but who was, in reality, the active and responsible agent, and in whose hands the whole revenues of the state were placed, could not, in justice to him, be estimated at any thing far below the above sum: so that, it may be imagined, more than a million of money was annually expended in support of an idle pageant in the person of the prime minister, and in not only gratifying the foolish whim of the Nizam, but also in humouring the equally senseless jealousy of his British ally.

Mooneerool-Moolk was a person of no talents, and from the imbecility of his character utterly incapable of directing the administration. Perhaps he was conscious of his inferiority in ability to Chundoo Lal, and, therefore, felt the less hesitation in yielding his acquiescence in the stipulation by which he was only nominally elevated to the Premiership.

Chundoo Lal, though infinitely superior to his principal in every respect, was far from being a popular man: on the contrary, he rendered himself an object of hatred to the community, who, professing the Mahomedan religion, were scandalized, as they imagined, by a man of a different creed;—a creed which they held in contempt and abhorrence,—having been set over them. Neither was Mooneerool Moolk popular; but he belonged to the faith of the majority of the people, and that was sufficient for them. Three-fourths of the population of the Nizam's country are Mahomedans, and were they not overawed by the British power, it is probable, they would never have quietly submitted to the infliction of the disgrace which they conceived was cast upon them by the preference shewn to a stranger. It is possible, they did manifest a feeling of dislike and exhibit symptoms of insubordination on Chundoo Lal's appointment; but that feeling must have been soon checked, and those symptoms repressed by a dread of the consequences of an avowed hostility and open out-break against his nomination and authority. So far, however, from taking any steps to conquer the feelings of dislike entertained against him, and endeavouring to overcome their prejudices, or reconcile them to his government by all fair and legitimate means within his reach; his acts and measures were calculated more to exasperate the animosity of the people, than conciliate their good will.

There is hardly a native state in India, the revenues of which have not

gradually declined by their extravagant expenditure, either to feed the cupidity of the minister, or by the maintenance of a large and useless public establishment. The Nizam's country, from its elevated and advantageous situation, is naturally rich and fertile, and is, therefore, capable of yielding a far greater annual revenue than is actually realized,—on account of its being allowed, for the most part, to run into waste and neglect. No encouragement is afforded to agriculture, and in consequence the ryots feel no disposition, and take no interest in bringing into cultivation larger tracts of land than what suffices to yield them a bare subsistence, and to enable them to pay the government demand.

That the territories of the Soobah of the Deccan were at the time, of which I am writing, and are probably still, misgoverned is a fact that admits of no doubt. The administration of Chundoo Lal was always bad, and unpopular. All native states are alike despotic and ill-governed. Indeed the very nature of their constitutions does not allow of any other but a tyrannical form of Government, and if at any period of the history of Hindoostan, princes have been known to spring up, unlike the generality of their race, and to dispense justice in an even and impartial scale, they must be set aside as exceptions to the common rule, and considered as distinct from their species. It is the prerogative of the sovereign to govern the state by the standard of his will, not in accordance with the principles of equity. His will is law, and where is the subject, who could have the boldness and hardihood to set this law at defiance. If such a person could be found, and should have the courage to come forward and assert his rights, his head would in all probability be made to answer for his rashness. The prince is every thing, and the subject nothing; the former is the substance, and the latter the shadow, which must follow the substance at a humble distance. He has no share in the Government, and his life and property, his wife and children are all held at the disposal of his master. It is the duty of the prince to govern, and only to govern, for his pleasure, without giving himself the trouble to reflect on what principles he ought to govern. He never gives himself a moment's concern in regard to his obligation to promote the welfare and happiness of the governed.

During the administration of Chundoo Lal, countenanced and supported as he was by British influence, the Nazim, owing either to natural indolence, or indifference, or perhaps, a consciousness of his own want of authority, had long ceased to take any interest in the government, which was left to the sole and entire administration of Chundoo Lal, and shut him self up in his palace. Had he been a man of spirit and true independence of mind, he would, in spite of the terrors of the British name, have asserted and maintained his common rights and legitimate authority, rather than have consented to sink into inglorious ease, and become a tool in the hands of his minister. It has been stated, that though Moonceer ool Moolk, the chosen of the Nizam, was the prime minister, he was so only in appearance; for he was not permitted, under any circumstances, to interfere with the measures of his subordinate, or have any share in the administration which was entrusted solely to the guidance and direction of Chundoo Lal, who, in reality, possessed power superior even to that of the lawful sovereign himself.

According to report, Meer Alum made a very popular minister, and discharged the arduous and responsible duties of his post with credit to himself and benefit to the country. He was distinguished for his love of justice and humanity, gave a willing and ready ear to public complaints, and promptly redressed public grievances. He lived respected for his character, and died universally regretted. His successor Mooneer ool Moolk was an individual of a different stamp; ignorant, proud, and haughty; and it was fortunate for the country that he possessed little or no power; or he would have undoubtedly ruined it in a few years; which, however, Chundoo Lal had nearly done, had the evil not been arrested in time, by the interposition, in this instance at least, rightly exercised, by the British Government demanding his retirement from office. But Mooneer ool Moolk's want of authority was more than made up by the unrepressed tyranny of Chundoo Lal, whose oppressive measures were fast ruining the country, and driving the people into rebellion: they would, no doubt, have long ago risen up *en masse*, and pulled the sub-minister down from his elevation, probably sacrificed his life to their fury, had they not been restrained from proceeding to extremities by the fear of the British Government. It was the assurance of support from this quarter that made Chundoo fearless of all consequences, and encouraged him to persist in his career of tyranny. He wasted the revenues of the state, and taxed the people to supply the deficiency. His habits were ruinously extravagant, not in reference to his own personal expences, for in this respect he was very strict; but in the disbursements of his Government. Whenever the revenues were found to be inadequate to meet the public expenditure, he had recourse to a number of expedients for raising fresh supplies. One of his schemes was to invite some zemindar, of whose wealth he took care to obtain correct information from his spies, to the court under the plea of procuring a title of honor to be conferred on him from the Nizam as a reward for his loyalty and attachment to the Government, or showing some other mark of favor, and after he had succeeded in enticing his unsuspecting victim to the city, the latter would be suddenly seized and placed in confinement under some pretext. He would then cause a hint to be conveyed to the prisoner that he might obtain his release by the presentation of a *Nuzzuranna*,* the amount of which, regulated according to the reputed wealth of the party, would be mentioned, and it was never short of lacs. If the zemindar happened to be a prudent person, he did not hesitate to accept the terms and obtain his liberation; but if he proved refractory, he would be told that, unless he consented to these terms, he would be consigned to perpetual imprisonment, his zemindary taken from him, and all his hidden wealth confiscated to the government for his contumacy. A threat of this nature would generally bring the most refractory subject to his senses, and induce him to gratify the minister's cupidity.

It may be asked, why were such acts of tyranny suffered to be perpetrated with impunity, and why the people submitted to them without resistance; and it may be sufficient to reply, that no remedy was found capable of arresting the evil effectually: perhaps a disposition existed

* A *Nuzzur*, is a present, not a gift, offered by an inferior to a superior; while a gift is bestowed by the latter on the former.

for resisting such tyranny; but opposition would have been useless, where not only the ability to offer it with success was wanting; but which would have been promptly met, and completely put down by the interference of the British arm. It is true that the Nizam's government was weak; but its imbecility was made up by the strength of the British government, which had promised its aid in every case of necessity. Had a combination been formed by some of the most powerful and influential zemindars, to resist the increasing oppressions of the government, the latter, unaided by the British, could not, without difficulty, have been able successfully to oppose it.* The disposition for resistance was not wanting, and had, indeed, been often manifested; but it was as frequently put down by prompt and energetic measures, not, however without the employment of the only effective corps in the Nizam's Service, the Russell Brigade, which consisted of two thousand men, all of the Rajpoot caste, and which was accoutred and armed like the Company's Regiments, and officered by drafts from the British Service. The Nizam's other troops composed for the most part of the lowest castes, Dhahes and Chumars, and commanded by native chiefs, were totally incapable of contending with the refractory zemindars, by whom they were often and often defeated.

I have given Chundoo Lal credit for the possession of the requisite talents for government; but they were not of that great and commanding nature, which distinguishes a statesman of first rate pretensions and abilities. As a proof of his talents and fitness for administration, it was said, that on occasions of emergency, he displayed sufficient tact and energy in overcoming the difficulty; and it must be acknowledged that not unfrequently he exhibited considerable ingenuity in extricating the government from the perplexity and disorder into which, however, his own acts of oppression and injustice had plunged it. But such expedients are, after all, nothing more nor less than the offspring of native craft and cunning, not the result of sober reflection and political sagacity, destitute of that fertility of resource, firmness of resolution, and steadiness of purpose, which an able and experienced statesman ought to possess and bring to his aid on every emergency. Chundoo Lal was in truth one of the weakest of men, and at the same time the most despotic of ministers. In all native states, as has been before observed, where tyranny is rampant, and the will of the sovereign constitutes law; where the inter-

* A proof of the extreme weakness of the Nizam's Government is furnished in the case of the siege of Chinoor, a large and populous village belonging to the Ramgher Sircar. The zemindar of this district, in the time of Seeunder Jah's father, having been refractory for a long time, and resisted all attempts at reconciliation, as a *dernier resort*, the minister despatched a large force, with a proper complement of artillery, under an experienced commander, against the audacious rebel. The fortress of Chinoor was accordingly invested; but it could not be reduced on account of its great strength, and the uncommon bravery displayed by the besieged party. At length the zemindar was persuaded to accept of some favorable terms which were offered to him, and consented to accompany the commander to the city, in order to be presented to his highness, and to receive an honorary *khat* and title. The Commander had pledged his word on the Koran that he would be treated with kindness, and that no harm was intended and would be done to him. On the faith of this promise the zemindar delivered himself up into his enemy's hand, and having accompanied him to the city was presented at a full *Darbar* to the Nizam; but that prince disregarding the oath of his servant ordered the rebel to instant execution. Overcome with shame and sorrow, the commander instantly drew a loaded pistol from his waistband, and shot himself on the spot.

ests of the governed are sacrificed to the caprice or pleasure of the governing party, it is not very difficult to guide and direct the reins of the administration ; nor are extraordinary talents necessary for the management of public affairs. Whenever Chundoo Lal was pressed by unforeseen and unexpected necessity, he knew perfectly well how to overcome it, for he never wanted a pretext to rob and plunder in order to answer any sudden call. If the coffers of the state were exhausted either by his own extravagance or by wasteful expenditure on the public account, he had a scheme ready for speedily replenishing his empty treasury ; and this scheme was to impose a heavy mulct on some wealthy nobleman or zemindar for some imputed offence. Thus a systematic course of grinding despotism, persevered in, with unconquerable stubbornness, for years had nearly brought the country to the verge of ruin, and made the government bankrupt ; a fate from which it was saved only by the interference of the British Government.

The revenues of the Nizam were very considerable at this period, and had they been prudently managed would have been found not only sufficient to defray the expences of the administration ; but would have left a large surplus to meet emergent calls. But Chundoo Lal was too prodigal in his disbursements to admit of a surplus being left, and too thoughtless to provide for future wants. He retained a large body of dependents and parasites in his pay ; and lavished immense sums on Brahmins, thousands of whom were daily fed and clothed by him.* Brahmins are every where found to be the drones of native society ; and unused, as well as disinclined, generally, to toil for their subsistence, they contrive to live upon the fat of the land by their artifices in deluding and cheating the poor *Soodrah*.

I believe there is no native prince, who,—though like all others, he may pretend to be independent, and it may be a master stroke of European policy in the British Government to acknowledge this independence,—is more under British subserviency, I had almost said, slavery, than the Nizam of Hyderabad. This state of surveillance may, in all likelihood, have been produced by the moral and political weakness of His Highness's Government, administered by such a man as Chundoo Lal, whom it was his misfortune to have thrust upon him, without the choice or liberty of rejection.

At this time Chundoo Lal was reported to be sixty years old : he was very spare in his make, and abstemious in his habits. He had lost all his teeth and was bent in body, and tottering in his gait. He was plain in his dress, apparently unostentatious in his manners ; seemingly humble in his deportment ; and free in his communications. His eyes were sunk in the sockets ; but they sparkled with a natural lustre that indicated the possession of a considerable share of shrewdness and intelligence. He made but one meal in four and twenty hours, and that was a most frugal one ; so frugal, indeed, that it excited surprise how it could suffice to keep body and soul together. He held his *Durbars* at night ; and after their termination would sit down to his simple repast ; and then retire to rest, which was commonly between two or three in the morning, surrounded by a

* It was reported, that on the occasion of his eldest son's marriage, fifty lacs of rupees were expended by Chundoo Lal. The amount was probably much exaggerated ; but if we suppose that even a fifth of this sum was actually laid out on the performance of the ceremony, the minister was chargeable with a culpable expenditure of the public money, and should have been called to account by his master.

guard of ten or twelve sikhs with loaded muskets and lighted matches. He was an early riser, and after performing his morning devotions would engage in public business, in the discharge of which he was close, punctual, and diligent.

It is not known whether Chundoo Lal is still alive or not. If he be yet living, he must have attained to upwards of ninety years of age; but he must be in his dotage or second childhood.

H. P.

It was under the auspices of the Nizam's and with the sanction and approbation of the British Government, that an enterprising East Indian of the name of William Palmer, set up a Banking and commercial concern in conjunction with a very respectable native of the name of Bunkutty Doss. This Gentleman (Mr. W. P.) is the fourth, (or the eldest natural) son of the late Major General William Palmer, who died in the year 1816. Before this period Mr. Wm. Palmer was in the military employ of the Nizam, and had served his Highness for upwards of twenty-five years, when he retired on a pension, and established a house of business. He is a person of great natural parts, cultivated and improved by a liberal English education afforded at an institution which was owned and conducted, I believe, by a Mr. George.

As the old concern was merely an experimental one, and was found to succeed well, it was closed after a short trial, and a new house founded in its stead on a more extensive scale. To this new establishment the sanction and protection of the British Government was renewed, and it accordingly gave to the firm that stability, and to its commercial transactions that security which they could never have otherwise acquired in a Native State.

The commercial business engaged in and carried on by Messrs. William Palmer and Co., for that was the style and designation which the firm assumed,—was very considerable; but always fair and honest; for even in their dealings with the Nizam's government no concealment was ever so much as attempted to be practised by them. Subsequently at the suggestion of Mr. Russell, the then resident, and of course with the approval of the British government, a branch of the concern was carried to Aurungabad, with a view to afford pecuniary assistance to that division of his Highness' government, in order to enable it to pay the troops with more regularity, who were always kept in arrears,—and not from motives of gain to themselves.

It is not my intention to enter into a labored defence of the conduct of the house of William Palmer and Co., or to inquire minutely into the causes which made them afterwards forfeit the countenance and support of the British government, and led to the ultimate failure and destruction of the concern. But I may be permitted to correct a few very gross errors, regarding their banking and commercial speculations, into which the writer of the article headed 'Hyderabad,' published in vol. 2 of Mr. Rushton's 'Bengal and Agra Annual Guide and Gazetteer for 1841,' has allowed himself to fall. Judging from the *animus* under which the article in question seems to have been dictated and written, the author cannot be acquitted of wilful misrepresentation of facts.

In reference to Mr. William Palmer, he says, that this gentleman was 'tempted by the state of credit at Hyderabad to retire from the Nizam's service, and engage in money speculations, similar to those by which general Martine had amassed so large a fortune in Oude.' What the nature of those speculations, was, by which General Martine was enabled to accumulate his immense wealth, is not explained; but the insinuation of unfairness of means in amassing it, is too palpable to escape notice. Motives of dishonest gain, however, never influenced Mr. William Palmer in establishing an agency concern; but, as he himself stated, at the time, his object in the formation of a house of business was to reduce the exorbitant rate of interest which then obtained, and which varied from three to five, and some times even six per cent, to two per cent. This object was, as the experiment subsequently showed, more than realized.

It was, if I am correctly informed, the native friend of Mr. William Palmer already mentioned, who first proposed to him to retire from the Nizam's service, and join him in setting up a mercantile concern. The state of credit is low under every native government, because there exists no real security for commercial speculation. Long before Mr. W. Palmer had engaged in business, the Soucars and Puttans were in the habit of making advances not only to private individuals, but also to the Nizam's Government, without any other pledge than their own promises, and exacting very high rates of interest because the prospect of repayment was frequently, if not generally, doubtful, without the adoption of violent means.

The writer of the article 'Hyderabad,' in Mr. Rushton's Gazetteer, says, in another place, 'thus commenced the system of advance to his Highness's government, which

ended in bringing it to the verge of bankruptcy and dissolution.' But this is surely an odd, an Irishway of bringing any government into 'bankruptcy.' A physician might, with as much justice and fairness, be charged with trying to bring his patient to the grave by administering medicine to his disease. If the Nizam's government was at any time in a state of bankruptcy, it was so long before Messrs. W. Palmer and Co. commenced their dealings with it. Quack Doctors had been trying for a long time to cure that disease with their nostrums, but which served only to increase its virulence, when Messrs. W. Palmer and Co., like skilful physicians, were called in to try their art on the patient, and their remedies proved so far efficacious that the disease was beginning to be subdued, and the patient was recovering, when their further services were dispensed with, and the unhappy patient had a relapse. In other words, the Nizam's government was accustomed to borrow money from the Soucars and Puttans at exorbitant rates of interest, and this was 'the system of advances' which nearly brought it to the 'verge of bankruptcy and dissolution'—when Messrs. Wm. Palmer and Co., were applied to for aid, and the timely assistance afforded by them was the means of saving 'His Highness's Government from 'bankruptcy,' and preventing its 'dissolution.'

Messrs. William Palmer and Co., no doubt, at first met with opposition from the native capitalists; but they did ultimately succeed in their object of lowering the rate of interest, from three, four, five and sometimes six, to two per cent. They were not, as may well be supposed, flushed with cash at the outset of their business; and as the Nizam's Government held forth no substantial security for advances made to it on any terms, simply for the reason that it was a ruling and a despotic power, Messrs. Wm. Palmer and Co., often encountered difficulties in procuring money from the market, and had themselves to pay twelve, eighteen, and sometimes even twenty-four per cent. for loans. How could they then, in the name of common sense, be expected to make advances to his Highness's Government on terms which would have inevitably entailed a certain and heavy loss on them. As mercantile men, consulting their own interests and seeking their own profits, they could not, under any circumstances, be expected to borrow money themselves at a high, and lend it at a low rate of interest to any party without the certainty of ruining themselves, in the end. It was the rapacity and extravagance of the Nizam and his ministers that helped to bring the government to the 'verge of bankruptcy and dissolution,' and not its connexion with the firm of William Palmer and Co.

The writer further says, that the 'Supreme Government was all this while ignorant of the rate of interest, at which the house made its advances, and while its own ordinary transactions were managed always at 6 per cent. per annum, or at most in times of emergency at ten, was blindly countenancing a mortgage on the resources of its Ally, at no less a rate than 24 per cent.' This is a gross misstatement, and it is impossible to allow it to remain on record uncontradicted, now that an opportunity has presented for correcting it. I was employed in the house of Messrs. William Palmer and Co. for more than three years, and having at all times access to their books and papers, I am able to contradict the statement put forth by the writer of the article in question. The ordinary transactions of the house were never managed at less than 12 per cent. per annum, and frequently at a higher rate. Twelve per cent. per annum was the common rate of interest allowed by the firm to all their constituents, both European and native, and they themselves charged the same. The gains of the house were derived from a variety of sources, such for instance, as sales of jewels and other articles of commerce, and interest on advances to the Nizam's Government, which, until the loan of sixty lacs made to it, was fixed at 18 per cent. per annum. The reason why this ordinary rate was increased from 18 to 24 per cent. was that Messrs. William Palmer and Co., not having funds of their own to the extent of the loan required by the minister, Chundoo Lal,—for their funds were scattered in speculations and in advances to their constituents, and could not be recalled in a hurry,—they were obliged to have recourse to the Mahajuns. The latter took advantage of the necessities of the house, and refused to lend money, unless it would agree not only to give 18 per cent. on the advances asked, but raise the interest on their ordinary accounts from 12 per cent. to the above rate. Messrs. W. Palmer and Co. were thus placed in a very peculiar situation, and felt that they had no alternative but to close with the terms proposed; and no sooner did they consent to them, than the Mahajuns capriciously changed their minds, and declined to afford assistance to the firm, except on the condition of receiving 24 per cent. on the advances now required from them. As the house had pledged itself to make the above advance, they were forced to acquiesce in the new terms, on which the Mahajuns offered to help Messrs. W. Palmer, and I leave it to any reasonable person to say, whether the transactions of those gentlemen with His Highness's government deserve, under the explanation given, to be stigmatised as a 'system' which was calculated to 'bring' that government, to the 'verge of ruin and dissolution.' Messrs. W. Palmer and Co. would either not have made the requisite advance to the minister; or, if they had made it under the above disadvantageous circumstances, have incurred an immense

loss on it; had not, the minister, in consideration of the embarrassments under which they were unfortunately placed by the combination of the Mahajuns consented to give a bonus sufficiently large to cover all risks.

I beg also to contradict the assertion, that the 'supreme government were ignorant of the rate of interest,' at which the house made, its 'advances' to the Nizam's government. The loan was negotiated through the Resident, and it was not until he had referred the matter to the 'Supreme Government,' for orders, and obtained its sanction that the 'advances' were made to the minister. Of course, in his communication to Headquarters, the Resident did, or must necessarily, have explained the terms on which Messrs. W. Palmer and Co. were willing to make the 'advances' in question. How then can it be asserted,—and that too with the boldness of confident truth,—that the Supreme Government was ignorant of that particular point?

The house of Messrs. W. Palmer and Co. was in a most flourishing condition, when Mr. Russell retired from the service, and Sir Charles Metcalfe was appointed to fill the vacancy at Hyderabad. At first the latter regarded the house with a favorable eye, and was, if I am not wrong, on terms of intimacy with Mr. William Palmer, and his European partners—but all of a sudden, owing to some supposed offence given him by Mr. W. Palmer, he changed his tone and behaviour towards that gentleman, and his concern; yet so long as the Marquis of Hastings continued in the country, he did not dare openly to betray his enmity to the firm. No sooner, however, did the noble Marquis resign the supreme government, and Mr. John Adam, by a mere accident as it were, succeed to it, than Sir Charles no longer attempted to conceal his real feelings towards Mr. W. Palmer, and his designs against the house; the ruin of which he had determined to effect at whatever cost, and he found a ready tool for that purpose in his friend John. In this object they succeeded too well; but what has become of our modern *Damon* and *Pythias*! The one (J. A.) fell a victim to an incurable disease, and died in obscurity with all his political sins on his head, unredeemed and unrepented of; and the other (Sir T. M.) is now, it is true filling a high political situation in a far distant land, but completely shorn of his tyrannical power, and incapable of 'playing those fantastic tricks before high heaven, which make the angels weep,' and by which he ruined hundreds of unoffending individuals to gratify his spiteful malice and unnatural revenge.

SONG.

Air—"The spell is broken."

My heart is sad—my hopes are dead,
 And care has mark'd this youthful brow;
 But though my happy days are fled—
 Their light is warm in memory now!
 I feel her soft and magic power,
 Revive this wither'd heart of mine;
 Like dew upon the drooping flower,
 That's left alone to fade and pine.
 Once in the calm retreats of home,
 I dwelt with every comfort bless'd;
 But why did he so cruel,—come
 To mar the peace I then possess'd?
 He gave me tokens of his love—
 The offerings of a *faithless* heart;
 For, though he swore he'd *constant* prove,
 He has acted but too *vile* a part!
 Alas! some fairer object soon
 May beam with brighter smiles on him;
 Whilst I shall tell the midnight moon
 The tale that makes these eyes grow dim;
 All all his gifts I now return,
 Which gay dreams and delusion brought—
 That this cold world may see, and learn
 To pity my unhappy lot.

Calcutta, 9th May, 1844.

LOUISA.

GUIDE TO WEALTH.

EXAMPLE is better than precept. Hints and maxims have not and leave not that permanent effect on the mind which attends their practical and visible operations in every day life. Hence reader direct your attention to yonder couple engaged in deep conference and something may be gleaned for the enrichment of your pocket. The most compendious way to wealth appears to be in the extinction of all the kind and generous feelings of our nature and in the application to the conscience, of the torpedo touch of gain or gold. Few men have become suddenly rich without making a surrender of all that is innobling to our nature, but these remarks divert our attention from the two men in sight; one with the air and gait of a person who has retired with a plum, the other appears to be a candidate for a seat in the temple of wealth. The one advising the other to make money by the most approved means.

“And how is this to be done?” asks Flat of Sharp, as he expects an oracle in the answer.

“Easy eno’, if you don’t allow your confounded scruples to interfere,” answered Sharp as if anticipating feeling, principles, conscience, and all that antiquated kind of stuff, would start up in the way of his pupil. Mr. Flat answered to the effect, that his observations of life and manners had brought him to the conclusion that Gold was the permanent good, that good differed from gold in a mere (0) which after all, was scarcely worth an old song. Why should he, therefore, hesitate about the price to be paid for it?

“Well then,” said Sharp, “buy a lot of rejected Chiretta from the Druggists.”

“Chiretta from the Druggists, Sir! what can you mean?” interrogated Flat, as if the name of that bitter herb had infused a little of its bitterness on his palate.

“Aye, Chiretta! that’s English—isn’t it? what I mean you’ll know by and bye, if you don’t fly out so confoundedly?” Now there was no particular flying out or outrage in Mr. Flat’s simple interrogatory, but as he was the benefitting party, he was of course expected to submit to insolence. Wreathing his lips, therefore in smiles, he promised to be as cool as ice, and urged his friend and adviser to proceed.

“Well, having settled Chiretta, I suppose you know what soap suds are?” asked Sharp with some arrogance.

“Soap Suds! Gad I ought to know it—having for years been apprenticed to my uncle, a barber.”

“Hang your uncle, Sir,” said the purse-proud Sharp, “can’t you give me a simple answer to a simple question, without all this ado about your geneology?”

“I thought there was no harm,” said the chop-fallen Flat, “I’ll thank you to proceed, I’m all attention.”

“Take 40 gallons of water, in which steep *quantum suff.* of Chiretta—add 4 gallons of soap suds, 2 gallons of rum, and a gallon or two of clear molasses to correct the bitterness of the mixture.”

"Yes, Mr. Sharp, I'm all attention;" observed the other, wondering what all this could mean.

"Can't you guess?" exclaimed Sharp with the air of a pedagogue tutoring his pupils.

"Indeed I can't," said Flat cursing his own dullness.

"Ah, fool, don't you see 'tis beer—yes, ripe beer. Bottle it off, stamp the bottle with Bass or Allsopp just as you please, and pack the whole to auction as appertaining to the estate of a gentleman lately deceased; and it goes off like wild fire, at 4 Rs. the dozen."

"Four rupees the dozen! who is to buy?"

"Flats enough in the world, ain't there?"

"But they won't try it a SECOND TIME," said Flat, thinking the means suggested rather questionable.

"What matter if they don't. You make your fortune if fools gave the beer but one trial, considering the population of the City of Palaces."

Mr. Flat was satisfied, and straightway went away to make trial of the shift recommended. The reader is supposed now to glance at another direction in this money-making Babel. Behold two others, the one lamenting his ill luck, whilst the other is boasting his good luck in the scramble for this world's goods.

"Now I should very much like to know your secret," said the unfortunate to the fortunate, whom we shall for convenience, call Sharp and Flat.

"I believe you would," said Sharp, "but who is to pay for it?"

We might as well remark in this place on the almost universal practice of paying for every thing; only the other day an attorney at law refused to return a nod of one of his clients, unless *due* consideration was first made and tendered for it. The important point, however, between these two gentlemen, being settled to their *mutual* satisfaction; which by the way means to the especial gratification of *one party*, Sharp pointed at a number of Pariah dogs, both young and old, large and small, stout and thin running about in an adjacent half-jungly field; and then looked in the face of his puzzled companion.

"What can they have to do with your secret?" asked Flat as it required some genius to connect these beasts with the acquisition of wealth.

"Patience," replied the other, calling up all the gravity of a Free Mason, about to impart his secret to his uninitiated brother; "Get a dooriah, for 4 Rs., catch as many of these stray things. Dock them—crop their ears and comb their hair. When they make a tolerably neat appearance, lot the starved ones for Greyhounds—the stout ones for Bull dogs—the middling for terriers, and those nasty little curs will make admirable spaniels. Do you see?"

"Well," observed Flat, finding his weak faculties somewhat astounded, and averse to give offence to his master.

"Get L'empriere's dictionary."

"Dictionary?"

"Of course, you dolt,—a dictionary—or where are you to cull sweet and classical names. That fellow, with the bull neck, is Hector; the one that limps, call Achilles, from the invulnerability of his heel. Venus, Cynthia, Phœbus, &c., will do for the rest. Put up the whole in proper lots—describe their qualities in a becoming manner, and leave the Auctioneer to do the rest."

"But Mr. Sharp, there is such a thing as conscience, hydrophobia, and—

"And Fiddlesticks," was the enraged answer. "Conscience, indeed! have not people made me drink soap suds and molasses for beer? True they added ginger juice, but that only made it a little hot in the mouth. And as to hydrophobia, why the man who takes a Bengallee cur for an English poodle, deserves to die of it.

CHAPTER II.

The foregoing gives but a faint idea of the curious shifts to which human nature, under the presence of temptations resort; but the reader will, on reference to the store of his own observation or experience find many of a more graphic character over which probably the tear is shed or the laugh indulged. He will have heard or read of owners ensuring their vessel as high as is compatible with legal safety, and then in collusion with an unprincipled skipper, wreck her in sight of some lonely island in the wide ocean. Others taking part in this collusion have ensured chests full of bullion, (first subjecting them to the inspection of the unsuspecting underwriters) and then afterwards clandestinely, removed them, substituting heaps of bullets in their place. Not many years ago a man in Calcutta, ensured merchandize to a large extent which he never put on board, and then attempted to set the vessel on fire by an ill-concerted train, which failed to reach the magazine. These fatuities are nothing compared with those dreadful murders of the young and helpless a few years back in London, just to sell their bodies to anatomists for a few shillings; an atrocity which electrified civilized Europe at the time. Dreadful are the aspects which the love of gain assumes, and disastrous the results in which they frequently terminate. With these remarks the heroes had better be introduced to the reader and as they will, by their conferences, disclose the nature of the plot, he had better erect his ear.

"Hillo, Shark," said Mr. Gain, to a gentleman with a sinister aspect, on whose face nature had, as it were, hung a signboard, purporting, that all "twisting and turning" was done in that shop, "Hillo, Shark, 'tis a long lime since I saw you."

"Business, Sir, business," replied he in the consciousness of his hands being full, "I've attested three wills—passed four insolvents; disinherited two puppies, who used to make fun of me—effected four insurances—proved the death of two—yes, two;" continued he, as he rubbed his hands, "but the best is, that I've got old Double off the bigamy case."

"How did you manage that, Shark, eh?"

"Manage? The certificate of marriage had a flaw in it, over which that deluded girl, the second wife, could not get over.

"You have done a day's work then!" replied Gain, in a complimentary tone.

"You may say that, and not tell a story."

"By the bye, Shark, I've to consult you about a trifle. How do you advise me to invest my small spare capital?"

"Why let me see," said Shark, as if musing on the query; but whether his mind's eye saw ought was not quite so plain. On the contrary his

musings bid fair to continue till the crack of doom. Gain saw which way the wind blew, and to prevent any result like that of the mountain in labour, he slipped a fee into the hands of Shark to insure the speedy parturition of the brain in travail.

"Aye, I see now," said Shark, as if the mists from his vision were only just then dissipated. "You know the Loll Bazar, I suppose?"

"Loll Bazar! well what can that have to do with the investment of my small capital?"

"Every bit, old boy. Can't you be cool and listen? Every shipping season there are a number of jolly looking plethoric, apoplectic subjects clodhopping about its purlieus."

"Plethoric—apoplectic subjects! What can you be driving at, Shark?" interrogated Gain, who was at some loss to discover the connection between subjects of this kind and the profitable investment of his capital.

"Driving? why driving you to the old lady, my jolly," replied he, as if he had alighted upon some fine idea or project which had been folded in the inner leaves of his heart. This allusion to the old lady was any thing but pleasant to Gain, as he was at the time courting a lady on whom two score and ten summers had showered their roses and their lilies—the former flower had taken its place on the tip of her nose, while the latter took a delight to revel in her hair. He naturally felt indignant at the levity—the personality of his friend, who on the contrary commenced, laughing at this dullness of his offended friend, saying there were more old ladies than one, and asked what Gain thought of the old lady—FORTUNE?

"But what has fortune to do with apoplexies?"

"Only this—invite them to your house—replenish their inner man with something tidy, for the only way to a man's heart is his belly."

"That's an odd way of making money," observed Gain, at the idea of treating apoplectic shippies picked from the streets. "Why man," continued he, "they would eat through a deal board and drink thro' a puncheon."

"May be," replied the man of law, but that makes no difference in the case."

"But it surely makes a great difference in my purse—doesn't, it?"

"Allow me to tell you, Mr. Gain," said Sharp a little offended at the cross-questioning, "I am paid to advise, not to be interrupted, and if you don't choose to have my mind in the matter, why good bye"—no he was endeavouring to make off. Gain, although a little impatient was not quite fool enough to forego his money's worth of advice, and that from one who could disinherit puppies and acquit felons.

"Well," replied Gain, in a conciliating tone, you must know better.

"I think I ought though. Well, when those plethorics have been a little won over, just hint in a delicate way, if they don't like to establish themselves as masons or undertakers. They'll no doubt tell you, they understand nothing of these crafts; but it is easy persuading them that, tradesmen and mechanics in this country are all like critics—ready made. No time to serve, but like Minerva, they start into being with artistic perfection. A baker starts a shoe-maker's concern, a printer takes to the undertaking line, *vice versa*, and business goes merrily on. The only *hitch* and *hiatus* will be in the want of funds. Then adroitly hint you will

lend them 4 or 500 rupees if they ensured their lives in your favour: and as they have neither policy fee nor premium to pay, I am much mistaken if they'll not jump at the idea, were it only the business of coffin manufactures."

"Why 'tis the shortest way to manufacture the coffin of my funds me-thinks," exclaimed Gain, alarmed at the idea, not seeing any more than the reader does, the drift of the proposition.

"Not a bit," said Shark, in a confident tone, "when duly insured there are many ways of making them—*hop—the—twig!*"

"Lord save us, Mr. Shark, I hope you don't contemplate murder."

"Murder? to be sure; what a spooney you are. No, no—we do things in a different way. Give them a formal invite to your table, and to the cook a gentle hint to spice the dainties—to high season the solids; and as to liquids make them stick to *Eu de vie* or Scotch whiskey."

"You had better return the fee, Shark" said Gain, highly chagrined at the unpromising nature of the project, "why I've known men live a hundred years on beef and brandy."

"To be sure, with a good Doctor—but upon the least ailment of our apoplectic pigeons, there is Dr. Drug, whose dose is a regular—do."

Old Nick certainly nicks his time to a second. He never forsakes his subjects at a pinch (although he leaves them in the lurch at last), for at this stage the hoarse voice of Drug was heard singing, "I'd be a butterfly." At least it appears, that like old Nick his favourites have the power of appearing when named. Congeniality begets confidence. They mused and conferred and conferred and mused, but as a sufficient price was not offered for Drug's co-operation, he hung fire for a while, until a higher offer brightened his memory and made him reminiscent of certain "pills and potions" which operated, as a regular cure, as the cook said to the gander when he cut off his head. Their shares in the speculation were definitely fixed, and each departed home with the consciousness that the day was not quite thrown away.

CHAPTER III.

Preliminaries being thus settled, these three gentlemen kept a sharp look out for newly imported European sailors, in that most hopeful locality the Loll Bazar, the emporium of those in their griffnage. It is a trait entitled to some notice, that they never attempted to have any thing to do with the canny Scotch. Their attempts were confined to natives of the Emerald isle, and only in case of necessity an Englishman was pitched upon, provided he was not a native of Yorkshire. It was not unamusing to see SHARP and GAIN scan the features of those that passed them by, to see if they could trace there a murphy-loving, devil-may-care Irishman, or a beef-eating bull dog Englander. Some returned sharp answers to their cozening accostments, who were of course passed by as ugly customers, while others appeared too sound in health and temperate in habits to serve as instruments for their purpose. They at length fell in with Messrs. Gull and Dupe who promised a realization of their objects, from the predilection they evinced for a drop. It is right to state, that from the constant

scanning of the features that presented themselves, they at length became no mean proficient in the science of physiognomy; nor is this to be wondered at, when it is recollected, that policemen from having so much to do with thieves and blacklegs, unconsciously attain the faculty of tracing them by their cough or the colour of their sweat. Our griffins were soon drilled through the several intermediate stages of eating and drinking, and they saw nothing in the perspective of the future, but harvests of gold with which they were to return to their respective homes near the old bog.

What, if Dupe understood nothing further than to cultivate potatoes at home and to give his opinion on the strength of whiskey; he felt quite sure in a short time, in the prosecution of his business, as an architect, to build edifices which would shame the government house, and put to the blush the Metcalfe Hall. And GULL if he had not handled any thing more substantial or valuable than the rolls in his uncle's bakery, he was not less sanguine eventually to build cabs and landaulets for the aristocracy of the City of Palaces. It was some time before they became reconciled to the land-lubber dress; entering, however, into a special contract, that they should stick to the sailor's knot, as they could not endure the idea or feel of a cravat. Neatly attired in the best, with which their patrons furnished them, they got into a palky garry for the Insurance Office, accompanied by Shark, their devoted friend; the latter musing on the chances of the speculation, while the former mentally lauded the disinterestedness which was to waft them to fame and to fortune. Insurance Secretaries of the olden days, were gentlemen who never entered with much scrupulousness into cases of this kind. Being honest themselves they never for a moment suspected the existence of this kind of plot, and here it may be observed, that the mind wont to harbour suspicions and to apprehend gross atrocities on the part of his fellow, without apparent or adequate cause, must have been previously steeped pretty deep in demoralization. To the secretary alluded to, the whole was a mere matter of form, the sooner got through the better. Dr. Drug's certificate formed the basis of the insurance, and as the uninitiated would wish to hear some idea of the *modus operandi*, the following is extracted from the archives of the office:—

1st.—Name of the applicant to be insured? Douglas Dupe.

2nd.—How long have you known him? Four years come next Christmas.

3rd.—Have you attended him professionally? Certainly—but he has left me the enjoyment of a sinecure; for my skill was never brought into requisition on his behalf.

4th.—What is the general state of his health?

I believe he has the constitution of a horse,—may swallow clasped pen-knives and digest them in less time than another would cauliflowers.

5th.—Is he subject to any dangerous disease or predisposed to any hereditary disorder?

He is certainly predisposed to a long life, if that be a dangerous disease. The only hereditary predisposition in his case is a pain in the heel, from a fall which the father of the insured, had in his infancy.

6th.—Are his habits sober?

Never drinks any thing stronger than water—when alcohol is beyond his reach!

7th.—Is there any circumstance connected with his health, with which the directors ought to be acquainted?

Yes. He kept company for two whole months with a friend at the Hospital, and altho' inhaling the air poisoned with putrid fevers—the poek—consumption and cholera, he grew fatter and ruddier; so much so, that I was obliged to bleed him to ease him a little of his superfluous health.

8th.—Has he had any severe attacks of illness lately?

A slight pain in the heel to which he is hereditarily predisposed but which is removed by dancing Fisher's Hornpipe. There is also a light swelling of his muscles, which subsides however, as soon as he has licked a native or two.

9th. Do you consider the applicant as having a fair chance of a long life?

As fair a chance as Metäuselah. Nothing will kill him unless it be drinking,—which he abhors.

The secretaries thought, that in a case like this, the insured was entitled to a diminution of the premium, forming, as he did so desirable a risk; but Shark shewed his generosity in not contending for the suggested concession, profoundly observing a risk is a risk, come what may of it. The fact is, he was apprehensive of vitiating the policy by an acceptance of present remission, which might hereafter turn out a penny-wise-pound-foolishism. When returning home they, the dupes, could not help applauding the answer to the eighth query, for said they, "we never drinks any thing stronger than water, when 'the dthrop' is out of our reach."

CHAPTER IV.

The Policy of Insurance safely in the hands of the two, or rather in those of the capitalist, Gull and Dupe were, with very little, coaxing prevailed upon to take up their abode at Gain's, until they had set up in their respective businesses. Their generous and disinterested host anxious to secure every comfort, immured them on the ground floor, which, it must be acknowledged, was somewhat moist and damp; but then it was to ensure coolness in this grilling climate. As the hot winds prevailed, every care was taken to prevent the "play of Zephyrs" from their room; and as a partial darkness contributes much to coolness, no great encouragement was given to what some rather facetiously call Heaven's first-born—"holy light." Dr. Drug often visited the insured in their cell, and laboured hard to impress upon them the erroneousness of the popular impression, which invested light and air with that factitious importance as to make them vitally essential to health and life. "The less," he used to say, "the less a man breathed the air of the torrid zone the better. The atmosphere, through the heat, is charged with poison, the inhalation of which had a tendency to shorten life. As the heat was overpowering it would be as well to mitigate it by keeping the floor as wet and dank as possible, that the vapour might cool the heels, forming as they do the very seat of life." However logical or correct DRUG may have been, GULL and DUPE could not see the utility of the process for mitigating the effect of the climate; and although appreciating the tender care thus exhibited

they very unreasonably thought a little exercise in the open air might do them good—forgetting they were in the torrid zone. The sea, the open sea, they were used to, and however distasteful to their patrons, they were determined to have the run of the town instead of being cooped up within their damp and narrow precincts, until such time as the prosperous prosecution of their intended trades should restrict their wanderings. When the Doctor called next, they, in a respectful manner, hinted their wishes, the communication of which hurt the feelings of this kind hearted man. He observed, that it was not in his nature to impose any restrictions save what subserved the ends of benevolence, but if they were found irksome he would cheerfully relax them a little and hoped they would take precautionary measures to counteract the effects likely to arise from the loose observance of a healthful course: his auditors to whom rain and sunshine—cold and heat—damp and dry were all the same, felt not a little amused at the anxiety expressed for them; and wondered what good deeds they had done to merit such handsome treatment. “Pray Sirs,” said Drug, “abounding in the milk of human kindness, “avoid open places, such as the Calcutta Squares, or the Esplanade, but resort to the native neighbourhoods, where the air is purer from the abstinence of Hindoos from animal food. All this was very good to people who might have slept in a pig-stye without catching any very dangerous disease—so that the whole had its proper effect upon them; but they were a little fond of beef—the better for being salted,—and could not, therefore, bear with much equanimity the deprecatory allusion to animal food.—“Do you see, my friend,” continued Drug, “when you take a stroll, throw off your clothes as soon as you are in a profuse sweat, that it may be checked at once and not gradually dry on your body. Should you be in a fusion, and hissing hot, instantly pour a few pots of cool water on your body and nature is enlivened.” A result so good, and the means so comfortable, were just calculated to hit the meridian of their intellect. What wonder if they should laud the skill of their medical adviser to the very skies; and yet the question would recur—why this overwhelming kindness? That was the problem which troubled them most. In their diet he besought them to eschew fresh meat, as nothing of that kind was good in this country, without its being properly impregnated with saline matter.

“Saline matter” exclaimed Dupe “it’s Irish pork, what you would recommend, Doctor?” “Of course,” replied he, “don’t you see it jumps in with nature. The climate here makes us dry, and food which has the same effect on the system, is just what we should live upon.”

“Quite right, Sir,” observed one of them, the luxury recommended jumping in with his own inclinations, “for unless we were dry how could we drink?”

“Aye! aye!” said the other, “I see. That’s the reason why drink is so cheap and plentiful here.”

“Well, gentlemen,” answered Drug, affecting surprize at their wonderful power of understanding things intuitively, “I protest few have such good sense as you shew, and I need not wish you any thing worse than following it out to the fullest extent.” With sundry other suggestions of this salutary nature he left them, chuckling over the thought of their being clever fellows—a discovery which they thought strange they did

not make long ere this. They had plenty to eat and nothing to do—a kind of life well suited to the fat baboos who loll on their dirty pillows with oily night-caps three-fourths of the day, playing *pucheese* but it was far from being over pleasant to those who require pretty brisk and constant movements of the nerves and muscles to digest beef and brandy. They went about at all hours of the day in pursuit of game, sport, and lark. One evening a ball-room, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bow Bazar, was invitingly open to all who could pay 2 rupees for their admission—each man having the privilege of taking two ladies, that same two rupees giving also the right to refreshments—both solid and liquid to a reasonable extent. Perhaps the reader would wish to know “what reasonable extent” means. They will see it, however, in the case of our friends Gull and Dupe, who unable to resist the pleasurable reminiscences of their penny jigs at home, handed their rupees to a man stationed at the door, who altho’ a Compositor in a printing office during the day, acted as a centinel at the ball-room door at night. Nor are pluralities of this kind uncommon in this country, witness the case of bearded tobacco vendors, who turn minstrels at night. Dupe and his friend entered the hall—made their congee to the ladies. The Company was congenial. The music inviting—the sandwiches savoury—the wine sour—beer doing much credit to the concoction in the first chapter—spirits over London proof. Under the maddening influence of a compound so stimulant, it may be conceived whether they would be sparing of their heels, which were thrown about with a swiftness and violence that won the hearts of half a score of fat middle aged ladies. As if to levy the full value of their money they ate and drunk, and drunk and ate, and between whiles consigned to their capacious pockets sweetmeats and sandwiches partly to provide against a threatened *hiatus* in that department from the mascatorial activity, exhibited by the attendants, which is not to be wondered at, as the greater part of them were preventive officers; and partly to submit them to the analysis of Drug on the morrow. The mania of dancing had so possessed them that in one or two instances, they continued their gyratory and saltatory movements for a whole minute after the music had ceased. The night was far advanced, and Gull in his own bewitching style persuaded a stout lady to join him in a waltz, not that he preferred it (formed as it is of kickshaws and gingerbread movements) but because his fair partner expressed her alarm and horror at the masculine properties of a reel. It is a dangerous thing for a man heavy at the head to go round and round with a twirling, hurling, and whirling in his brain, and the rotatory house, people, lights, &c., circling and moving on their axis; and as the principle of gravity did not sufficiently bind Gull to the rotund Corporation with whom he was rolling in the mazes of the waltz, down he came on the floor with the crash of a four-pounder—with, alas, the not-gently-drawn lady upon him. The fiddlers gave a deeper scrape to the cat-gut, and the company were not so wanting in consideration as to withhold a deafening cheer. As soon as the subsidence of the hubbub admitted of it; “Hillo Ma’am; what are you about?” said GULL, “I hope you are not going to crush me. I’m as flat as a pancake—pray get up.” This was more easy saying than doing; and it was not until many a dangerous suspicion entering GULL’s head, as to the

probable object of the lady's prolonged stay and deposit on him, that she was enabled to get up. Sundry damages were the result, and amongst others, was the nose flattened by the sledge hammer elbow of his partner (in more senses than one,) pressing upon that facial prominence and the commingling of the sweetmeats with the sandwiches in his pocket. Having thus contributed to the general mirth, the couple wended their way homewards, not however without Dupe, taking his friend severely to task for this endangerment to health and life, when poor Mr. Gain was so kind to them, and wondered what the good Doctor would say in the morning; altho' he (Dupe) himself occasionally hiccupped and rivalled his snubbed companion, in describing circles and other mathematical figures all the way to their home. Such is the power of "the rosy" that it makes mathematicians of the dullest.

(To be continued.)

TIME AND CHANGE.

TWO SONNETS.

1ST.

ONE balmy night, of beauty, and of joy,
A bright-eyed maiden, and a dark-hair'd boy,
Stood by a stream, whose small waves, murmuring sweet,
Broke into silver ripples at their feet,
And whispering nothings to the drowsy flowers,
The gentle thing beguiled the moon light hours;—
Yet not more fleetly wimpled it away,
Till in the east it met the brightening day,
Than did the thoughts of those twin hearts that night,
Till like the stream they too dissolved in light,
And soft as music from an unseen lyre,
Holy as sun shine on the hailet spire,
Joyous as spring's first smile o'er valley wide,
Moved, look'd and felt that boy and his young bride.

2ND.

Years roll'd away—years long in life's brief span—
And by the shore there stood a lovely man—
The shore of the ocean vast—and its foam
Dash'd on him unregarded. Like a gnome
That loveth not the light, he seem'd to be
Concentrated in his own dark misery.
On ward into the future never more
That desolate man will look; his store
Of summer sweets, in bleak disorder cast,
Lies withering on the desert of the past,
There is a stream whose melancholy tone
Finds in his heart an echo to its own;
There is a bright eye sunken, cold, and dim,
And if its light be quenched, what sun may shine on him?

Calcutta, 16th May, 1844.

H. M.

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GUIDE TO WEALTH.

THE "to be continued" at the abrupt interruption of any story, be it interesting or otherwise, produces a feeling of vexation akin to that which is experienced, when only a portion or a moiety of one's breakfast or dinner is laid on the board,—coupled with the very consoling declaration, that the rest will follow on the morrow. The one appears as unreasonable as the other, and it is difficult to persuade the excited or rather the disappointed reader, that as far as reason is concerned, there is no parallel in the two cases. Whatever calm and cool philosophers burrowing in seclusion, and out of the reach of temptation, may say to the contrary, it will be found that man is more a creature of feeling than of reason. He is apt to be vexed on being put off with a cool "to be continued," after having perhaps wound up his feelings or raised his expectations to a high pitch. It is a serious drawback on the success of the best writers, who strange as it may appear, have in the present day endeavoured to make it a systematic affair. Dickens himself finds it unsafe—and as to ordinary writers it must prove really disastrous. The reader "hissing hot" is like Falstaff thrown in the stream to cool himself at leisure, which, as may be expected results in many a mental execration on the writer's head. And perhaps by way of retaliation, the reader refuses to resume the thread of the story when, where, or how it may be presented—a piece of poetical justice at which the writer may not complain. But in the present case the *diablerie*, with whom the writer has to deal, snapped the thread of the following piece for want of space. Its resumption in this prefatory fashion, however, might appear strange; but certainly not stranger than that of a divine, who happened to treat on the size of potatoes in Eden, by way of exordium to a learned sermon against incontinence.

CHAPTER V.

The reader surely cannot be ignorant of the sensations experienced in the morning after a night of deep carousal and "nate jollification," as an Irishman would term it. The head is dozy and aching—the brow and lips parched—the eyes bound with lead—fitful the sleep—feverish the frame, and the whole body as if half a score of giants had been trampling over you. The head rests on the pillow for a while, and straight you find as if worms and scorpions had made their lodgment there, through your ears and temples,—who in their reptile way, are as it were, tripping it on the light fantastic toe on your very sensorium.

The beam sent by rosy-faced Aurora and the matin warblings of the chirping brood—nightingale and all—you wish were at the bottom of the

Red Sea, and you were left in quiet and gloom to work the nocturnal pleasures out of your carcase. Sleep tho' oft woo'd comes not;—like the slug-gard you throw your hands on this side and on that, but

“Nature's sweet restorer balmy sleep,”

divests herself of her poetical character and snookishly throws a “no go” in your teeth; and then you try to catch that unmannerly jade by inserting a springy pillow between your legs—and it is no, no, still,—you then try to cozen her with something Shakesperian.

“Sleep! gerfale sleep!

“Nature's soft nurse! how have I frighted thee,

“That thou no more will weigh my eye-lids down,

“And steep my senses in forgetfulness?”

But dissipation has murdered sleep, and you might as well call for the “spirits from the vasty deep,” and yet “spirits” are after all called in, which taken in company with soda, make a rout amongst the dancers on your sensorium. Then follows some clearing of the dust from the eyes—some stretching of the legs and hands and adjustment of the nerves and expectorations of phlegm from the chest—while Aurora's face is not quite so unendurable. Many a screw here and there loose in the body, is followed with sundry contortions of the face as if you were reminiscent of the doses poured down your throat in the nursery. For one moment corporealities are thrown over-board, and “the mind, the immortal mind” renews the same pranks with which the body is oppressed. You try to form your conceptions—to arrange your reminiscences of the doings of the preceding night; and they appear as if “they are palled in the dunnest smoke.” The mind's eye can scarcely “peep through the blanket” which envelopes the entirety of your intellectualities, until the depressed spirit sighs at the idea of your capacity for so much sensualism; the frequent repetition of which might, in process of time, be attended with nearly the extinction of mind itself. The reader may probably shew some impatience under the infliction of these musings, and complain of the apparent want of connection with the fortunes of Messrs. Gull and Dupe. Yet it will appear on the least reflection, that all the above corporeal and moral phenomena were abundantly experienced by them—the statement of which cannot but be german to the subject. People in their situation continue for hours to dose in that half-sleepy state, when all that has been under enactment for the preceding eight or ten hours, pass in review before the mind with a vivid disfigurement and exaggerated portraiture that shows a waking reality. The fumes in their head gave birth to scores of devils, with whom they dreamed they were engaged in dancing the Highland Fling, while Belzebub himself appeared to blow a bagpipe, assisted by one of his coadjutors who amused himself by beating on the kettle drum. Anon, Gull and Dupe sliced off a bit of ham by way of relish to a glass of beer; then the hideous beings, who had so unaccountably taken a fancy to human company, as if in competition, took down the ham bone, together with the mustard pot at one swallow, washing the whole down with a full barrel of alcohol. Then the scene would as if by a kaleidoscopic turn present two stout ladies pressing upon the chest of Gull, who, with polite grins, asked him how he liked waltzing. In short, another edition of the night's doings was presented to the mind, if without improvement, certainly with horrible

disfigurement. All this is followed by a call for Mocha, if the man is any thing above an Examiner in a Government office—the sectioner satisfies himself with simple souchong—and sometimes condescends to use butter milk or cocoanut water, when nature is made straight again ; and he vows that it will be a long time before he so indulges himself. The selection made by Messrs. Gull and Dupe was tea, a *leetle* diluted with milk of a rather brownish hue, and certainly without the orthodox smell.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Drug, with that carefulness which characterizes a zealous and conscientious son of Esculapius, visited Mr. Gain in the morning. On entering the room of his protégés, his vision was greeted with the spoils of the night, which diffused a gleam of satisfaction on his benevolent face, at the idea probably, that all this would tell favourably on their health. To be sure, there was a great deal which entered into the composition of those edibles, which a less scrupulous leech would have quarrelled about—but this overparticularity savours more of the quack. The bruise on the nose of Gull moved his tender anxieties, as the former with twinkling eyes and fragrant breath, entered upon a recital of the exploits of the night. The wine, beer, spirits, such as they were, were dwelt upon with certain quaint comments of the ensured on their respective qualities, which brought up marks of sorrow on his compassionate face, which face bore however, a striking likeness to the mournful traits on that of a legatee when he hears of the bequests left him by some wealthy testator. “Aye, I see,” said Drug, in a playful tone, “people will sometimes be fools do what we may ; human nature is a mingled yarn, threads of all kinds and colour enter into the texture. Well, after all, you were not wrong as some silly people would suppose. The best Doctors advise us to get drunk at least once a month for the good of our health.”

“Indeed, Doctor?” said Gull and Dupe, with that joyous countenance expressive of an agreeable surprize.

“This is an opinion,” answered Drug trying to impress it indelibly upon the minds of his pupils, “this is an opinion I have heard propounded with some surprize, but observation and experience have set their seal on it.”

“Of course, sir,” said Dupe as the length and breadth of the doctrine commenced playing all its pranks on his heart and intellect, as appeared in the brightened countenance, the cheerful rubbing of his hands, and the significant wink he tipped to Gull. Both protested that they had not heard such good sense for a long time. “Well, Gull,” said Dupe, addressing his chum, “dont you recollect long-legged Bob, who served in an apothecary’s shop in his younger days, used to tip us some such notions as these on board the Gunpowder.”

“To be sure ; just what the Doctor says—keep sober one day in every month.”

“Well, that’s reasonable, I say,” observed Dupe, “or the wine merchant is likely to cheat us in accounts, if our heads are not clear at least once a month.” This reversal of Drug’s meaning gave him much pain ; but as he always felt uneasiness to disturb the misconceptions of his patients,

he desisted from the attempt. Having allowed time for the due settlement of the above valuable suggestions, on the unformed minds of the young men, he gazed upon them with the benignity with which a zealous teacher contemplates his hopeful pupils when they have shewn remarkable proficiency in their studies. He then proceeded to give a short statement of the reversal of all nature's laws in this country. "For instance," observed he, "you will at home find in general, that temperance is the best preservative of health, whereas in regard to that awful disease, the cholera, here, none but the temperate fall victims to it. It arises from a chill in the belly, and hence the necessity of chilli as a stimulant, and mustard as a poultice. The man who stores a proper quantum of stimulant within, need not resort to either." "And that's true, by my *Granum's* beard," said Gull, feeling himself much enlightened, "I'll finish a quart before it's half over, and throw the bottle over the window."

"Now that's just it," resumed Drug, "I knew an honest baker who was hard pressed for an heir, but his good wife shewed no signs of fertility. I gave him the same advice—and in six months after that, old Biscuit was blessed with twins. Do you see?"—An effect so wonderful made its due impression on the auditors, and to shew their appreciation of it, they flew to their pen and took a note of it—a piece of docility that warmed and gratified the heart of good old Drug. Satisfied with his morning work, the Doctor whistled his favourite song, "I'd be a butterfly," as he proceeded up stairs to see Gain, who happened to be in a pleasant confab with Shark on various matters, the burden of the whole being how to diffuse blessings amongst their fellow-creatures. As money was scripturally and proverbially known to be the root of all evil, it became a matter of serious moment, whether it should not be carefully weeded out, that the trio might mercifully bear the whole burthen of that awful evil, at least as much as they could hoe out by their united exertions. While the means and appliances of this magnanimous object were in the course of discussion, the whistle of Drug was heard on the stairs and anon they greeted the smiling face of that worthy, who put on looks which a boy does, when his task is about to be finished, or when he has a glimpse of a few oranges which he knows will be all his own.

"Good morning, Drug," said both, "we trust you are taking care of the poor fellows below—they are a little wild."

"And require breaking," observed the Doctor, in a tone which conveyed something more than what met the ear.

"As to that," replied Gain, "we know they could not be in better hands." "Ahem!" said Drug, "Breaking is a process rather ticklish, and must be managed with prudence for any good you expect."

"These fillies," asked Shark, "any chance of their turning out good subjects?" to which some answer was made to the effect, that they were not ever likely to return home in a hurry, a communication containing some hidden meaning, which was calculated to put them in good humour for the whole morning. They separated, however, on the understanding they were to meet again in the evening at dinner, and watch the interesting progress of their hopeful protégés. The dinner table, it is stated, is the best ordeal to which a man can be subjected for the ascertainment of his longevity

One may, with almost a prophetic precision, number the remaining days of those whom he frequently dines with, a science in which no one was better versed than Drug himself.

CHAPTER VII.

We beg the reader will have the goodness to transport himself, in imagination at least, to the dining hall of the rich Mr. Gain, on an evening in the full bloom of rosy May; a month in which altho' fruits and flowers abound with great profusion and nature puts on her Sunday suit, adorned with smiles and sunshine, promising health and cheerfulness—and yet strange fact, the undertaker in making an estimate of his stock-in-trade and good-will affixes a high premium on his business. Yes, there may be the loveliest blue on the skies, with not one cloud to stain its bosom, and if perchance clouds appear, they appear in all their roseate and violet charms—flowers and blossoms diffusing fragrance in the balmy air—and the song of streams and brooks and the *feathery* tribe more musical than in any other month; and yet the tribe of *mutes* look *grave*—busy to give point to their *spades* and *matlocks*, and *pall* themselves in gloomy cheerfulness; *rehearsing* the parts they deem themselves called upon to act at this time of the year—and in hopes of a speedy independence, they will scarcely nod to the clergymen. Yes, in a season like this, let the reader transport himself to the hall of Mr. Gain, and observe the festive board decorated with all that can be got from the art of man or the gift of nature. Bouquets of flowers vying with glittering plate and artificial buds and blossom,—and sparkling chrystal, the whole on a *ground* of white damask, which here and there from its uneven surface, reflects the light from the brilliant chandeliers in the richest spangles. The multifarious viands sending their tempting odours, enough to create an appetite even under the very ribs of death—all flanked by chrystal decanters, blushing with their ruby or rosy honors. Mr. Gain contemplated the display with feelings of complacency, thinking how much he must be envied by his friends and the world—a kind of *grace* nine out of ten rich men mentally indulge in before they take their seat at the head of the table;—and apropos of saying grace, it might as well be remarked that the cook has the best and worst of it. If the palate is successfully reached or touched, the devotional spirit of the *diners* lavish thanks and blessings on him and “Provided in case of failure,” as the lawyers have it, execrations are his guerdon. Mr. Gain took the head of the table, placing his satellites, Shark and Drug on the right and left hand—one representing the incarnation of medicine, the other of law—their combined effect, one might have thought, would have changed the very quality of the dainties. Gull and Dupe were consigned to the part of the table, facing a huge piece of beef, high seasoned with saline and spicy matter, looking like an Olympus in miniature. The fact is—the ingenuity of the trio was engaged making chemical experiments as to the quantum of liquids necessary effectually to keep down every ounce of this Olympian dish.

“A fine country this, eh, Gull,” said Shark, “plenty of good things—but above all I think beef stands prominent. Shall I help you to a nice tit-bit?” and without waiting for an answer the plates of the *ensured*

were loaded with about 2 lbs. each. This "tit-bit" so calculated to call forth a blush on even a cast-iron digestion, made them feel a little abashed, a feeling which was soon removed on glancing at the tempting dissolvents around. A scene so unexpected gave rise to many a humorous and serious thought in these two simple minds, which in spite of the unremitting movement of the jaws, they endeavoured to reciprocate by the mute eloquence of the eyes. In the mean time the trio picked the lighter delicacies with all the zest of confirmed epicurians. In one point, however, they united in shewing their disinterestedness—for regardless—discourteously regardless of each other, they kept challenging none but Messrs Gull and Dupe to join in the drink. The host and his compeers thought that to offer them light drink would be the means of making them light and giddy, and hence to give them a distaste for it, the servants were directed to replenish their glasses with vinegar, whenever they could be prevailed to accept or call for champagne.

"That's it, Dupe, stick to the spirits—try a little champagne tho,' wont you?" said Drug in a tone which richly evinced how much cordiality there was in the offer. The servant filled every glass accordingly with champagne, or at least what appeared to be so, the trio had the genuine stuff and the latter, pursuant to the understanding referred to, merely its semblance, and which truth to speak was nothing more or less than chrystal vinegar. In a trice the sparkling liquid rolled down their throats but like the amen of Macbeth, it stuck in that of our embryo architect and his worthy mate. They left a very large instalment in their glasses unfinished. There was an evident effort to prevent a distortion of the face. It was difficult however to sooth down or adjust the rebellious features. The eyes, lips and throat gave evidence of something that had grated rather harshly on their palate. Each anxious to conceal from the other as well as from their patrons the exquisiteness of their sensations. The fact is they had never tasted champagne before, and wondered what there was in it's sharp acidity to render it so general a favourite. Gull looked at Dupe and Dupe looked at Gull, both afraid to speak their mind for fear of being voted 'low—wondering all the time at the placid countenance of their patrons; who shewed no wincing under what they considered an infliction. Gain politely begged of them to take a second glass, but they appeared to be too busy with the remnant of the saline and spicy—to heed the request. Shark spoke louder to the same effect, when Dupe and his fellow commenced making a tremendous clatter with their knives and forks to excuse their deafness. Drug although no junior counsel followed in the same train, at the very top of his lungs, wishing to know how they liked their first glass. To pretend further deafness would be the height of rudeness. "Why," said Dupe, in answer, "ve—ry well—only a lee—tle—"

"Exactly" echoed Gull, "only a lee—tle"—neither of them for the reason stated would fill up the *hiatus* or conclude the sentence, altho' the idea of a second glass nearly put them in a fever.

"Is that all," rejoined Drug, "perhaps you 'll like the second glass better Dupe?"

"Lord no, sir, 'tis too good to go to a second," answered Dupe with an affected indifference which the sweat on his brow effectually belied.

"Perhaps *you* may try it, Gull?" said Drug, infusing as much *nonchalance* in his air as possible; but Gull who had hitherto preserved a calm exterior, said in a tone whose violence he could ill repress, "I'm blow'd if I do."

At a recusancy so unreasonable, their kind and generous host had no alternative, but to allow them to make deep indents on sprituous liquors, until every vein in their body swelled at the current of fire spreading and ramifying in their heated system. By insinuating remarks and seductive persuasions they were induced to lay in a store of heterogenous luxuries, a compound of which might have produced rebellion in the internals of a piece of flint itself. There is nothing like a wager to quicken the mental and physical capabilities. No body was better impressed with this truth than Shark, and in order to prime and load his protégés to a degree that they may burst, he playfully proposed a wager to the company that each should, after the spell they had already had, take sixty leeches. A kind of semi-demi demur was at first urged by Messrs. Gain and Drug just to put their wards out of guard, which they on second thoughts affected to waive, should Gull and Dupe join in the compact. Dupe swore by the charms of some such name as Judy O'Flanagan, that he was not the boy to balk the gentlemen; so he set about the task with no small alacrity—every now and then nudging Gull with his elbow, to shew a little of the quality which his name denoted. The trio however taxed their skill to the utmost to keep up an appearance of sucktion and mastication of that juicy fruit; the excess of which has not unfrequently been followed by the very disease which Drug so oracularly declared, was peculiar to the temperate. The digestive organs, like conscience, will be unruly at every burden placed upon them, and they were not mute at the striding steps towards the goal. The feat was at length performed by Dupe and his mate, who were declared victors rather than winners, when their worthy host promised them a horse in a few days by way of prize. They were pressed to renew their attacks on the other temptations on the board; but their kind-hearted and hitherto complying protégés excused themselves, saying, that like Capt. Donahoo they had stowed more in the hold than the tonnage of the vessel warranted. The words "tonnage, vessel, &c.," had a sensible effect on the seniors present, who thought it hard people should be so scrupulous as to hesitate over-loading a vessel which had been duly *insured*. To do away with all uneasy feelings, they sang sundry songs, and proposed sundry toasts, the former being on the whole, laudatory of all manner of intemperance; while the latter pointed out in the bright perspective of the future, many a stately house and lofty edifice erected by Dupe himself; and many a railroad over the Hymalya abounding in magnificent carriages, built by Gull's own peculiar craft. It was a season of mutual compliment, not unlike the scene exhibited by half a dozen boarding school girls, who upon meeting together after a lengthened absence, kiss and re-kiss each other, whispering and reciprocating airy bubbles—each complimenting or rather flattering the other with the hope—the certainty of husbands, which a combination of the greatest beauty and rank itself may despair of achieving. Although Gull and Dupe experienced many an internal twitch and stomachic growl; smiles and nods and thanks and acknowledgments of indissoluble obligations flew like sparkles from their lips, as they hoped to shew proper gratitude when the rich and magnificent prospects before them

were eventually realized. Concluding the whole with a song how Pat O'Brien went to bad a beggar and got up a rich man, the couple toddled to their beds not quite in a straight line from some slight infirmity in the legs, which incapacitated them from holding with steadiness the rich burden imposed upon them.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the above gentlemen retired to rest, the trio resumed their conversation in a cosy way all at home by themselves. The part they were acting was tiresome, however congenial it may have been to their principles. The cloak of personation had no pleasantness, except for the soft inspirings of hope—and they determined for a moment to indulge in *deshabille*. This reminds us of the conduct of a native gentleman, who, to shew his taste for European music, used for a fortnight or so to take lessons on the Guitar and Piano Forte, until nature would sometimes assert her power, on which occasions he used to fling the European instruments to the bats and moles, and with a native drum around his neck, he paced backwards and forwards in his own yard, making the welkin ring with something overwhelming, sonorous, but not overpoweringly musical. A feeling like this, unresistingly crept upon the minds of these good people, and they for a moment flung to the winds the painful effort of personation. "I think," said Drug to Gain, "you have gone to some expense in this affair," "Ye-e-ee-s," was the long-drawn but laconic reply, indicative of a balancing of probabilities as to the probable out-turn. Shark, with the wonted acumen of a lawyer, saw the current of his friend's thoughts, and by way of consolation reminded him of the Insurance of Dupe in 25 and that of Gull in 20,000 rupees, and from what they had seen that evening, the lapse of either one or the other might be relied on at no distant day. In this some knowledge of human nature was undoubtedly shewn, as every one knows how a miser in the smallest outlay, fortifies himself with a sight of his bags and chests, as if to draw assurance, that the small price laid out for the daily bread will not entail eventual starvation on him.

"At least," continued Shark, "you may save the expense of the horse promised them. If they can stand this priming and charging without bursting, they are of a different metal than I took them for."

"But we must not be over sanguine," said Gain, "don't you see that for imbibing they are perfect sand-banks, and as to the rest, as craving as the grave."

"Grave!" said Drug, "Grave!" as if he had hit upon some word of which he was long in search. Certainly not less pleased with it than the youthful poet, who having been perplexed for a word to make up the full measure of his line, suddenly alights upon a harmonious expletive.

"There's no knowing, Mr. Shark," observed Mr. Gain, "they appear as if they could eat you up, sans sauce, and not injure their abdomen one whit."

"If they get out of the present experiment," resumed Gain, "I think I'll treat them to a horse. It might make good the old proverb."

"Aye set a beggar on horseback, and—but, as I observed before, I'd better have a few pills in readiness."

"And I," said Gain, "shall bring home as mad a filly as ever deposited a man on the road side."

"And I," said Shark, "shall have ready a draft communication to the Insurance Office, with a blank to fill up the cause of death."

"Tut, man," rejoined Drug, "send them half drunk to the Regatta, which comes off on Monday next. As to the horse it is useless, unless you gave a hint to the syce to buckle on the girth properly—to take care the stirrups are not ricketty and so on."

"Ahem!" said Gain, "instructions shall be given to the syce."

"But what do you say," observed Shark, as if a new light was dancing on his prolific mind, "to set them in some preliminary task in architecture?"

"As how?" interrogated Drug, feeling somewhat envious of the shrewdness of the lawyer, and apprehensive of the glory of his potions being shorn of their bright proportions.

"As how?" replied Shark, "why there are many three-storied houses being built in town, and it would not be out of place to get them to go up and down the scaffoldings by way of practice. It is preposterous for a man to undertake the building of an edifice like the Metcalfe Hall, until he has learned a little of this at least. Some one of these foggy mornings, he might be sent up by way of practice,—and certainly *we shall* be greatly to blame, if the strings and tyings in the higher parts are NOT all firm and right. Yes we *must* mind they *are* all firm and right for the *safety* of our young friends."

"Of course, we'll take care of *that*," said Gain with much kindliness of heart, and wolfishness of countenance.

"But what think you of another shift?" interrogated Shark, his genius being in its very bloom, "suppose we saddle them with a file of the *Bengal Chronicle*, insisting they should get through the Court of Requests and Police Reports in a week. Considering the heaviness of the mass, I'd warrant its being a settler—and then we can *also* bring the *Chronicle* on the marrow bones for manslaughter."

This paper, it appears, had very zealously espoused the cause of the poor woman, who was the victim of the acquitted bigamist in the second Chapter, a circumstance that had stirred the gall of Shark not a little. But this union of the love of Gain with that of retaliation, was not considered quite an orthodox procedure by his compeers; he was accordingly called to order by Drug, who remarked with no little pomposity that little private feelings should be merged in the general good. The excitement having a little subsided, it was settled that excepting the project of the *Chronicle*, one or other of the remaining shifts should be resorted to, the adoption of which was left to the play and pliancy of circumstances. Such superabundance of tender care bid fair to promote the longevity of even one who walks a living death. They, however, appeared a little surprized when on the morrow, they found Dupe and Gull looking as fresh as if they had not dined upon any thing more substantial than chicken-broth or pish-pash, and in regard to drink had not taken any thing beyond simple souchong. This gave rise to a good deal of desultory discussion in which the words "Mad Filly," "Scaffolding," "Pills," "Regatta," "Indigestion," "Chronicle," had a significant prominence. A few more dinners, *minus* the champagne-trick, were tried however without encompassing the necessary result, a circumstance which like hope deferred made their hearts somewhat sick.

CHAPTER IX.

"There Dupe—there's the pretty little mare I promised you," said Gain, pointing at a beautiful animal calculated from its appearance, to set the hearts of a score of jockeys agog. But beauty and grace and symmetry are not to be trusted, or that tempting fruit so attractive to the eye, would not have presented mere ashes to the taste. The bosom of the sea so blue and placid and beautiful only leads to the charnel house within its depths. The moon that silvery bark, which glides on the cerulean of the heavens makes promise of peace and joy, and redeems it by showers of disease and pestilence. Of course Dupe could not read all the dangers allied to his mounting the horse, so that he vaulted on his back whistling "A hunting I will go." The animal availed itself of every shift accessible to its instinct to throw him down without effect; until it ran off with more than a race ground speed. Away went the girths—the stirrups flew ten yards distant and down came he with the reins tightly held in his hands, while his friend Gull vociferated many a bravo.—The rider was not the man to give up a job of this kind in a hurry whatever the danger appertaining thereto, until he rode the beast without saddle, and reduced it to the tameness of a hen-pecked husband. The trio congratulated the rider, and it may be conceived how agreeably disappointed they were at the result. "I thought," said Gain to Dupe, with a spontaneity that was not unpleasant in one, whose soul was so steeped in artifice and avarice, "I thought when the girths broke and the stirrups flew, there were some hopes—pshaw! what am I saying—I mean some fears of you; but right glad am I of your escape." Congratulations followed from the others nearly of the same kind. Early next morning all five proceeded to make experiments in the scaffolding line, and it was marvellous how fast Gull flew from bamboo to bamboo instinctively as it were, avoiding those which were loose and partially unstrung; and here the practice he had of going up and down the ratlins on board ship, stood his friend indeed. They were made to try the Regatta, and although a few sheets in the wind, the boat manned by Gull and Dupe, was declared the winner to the especial gratification of Messrs. Gain and Co. Even those pills and potions which never left their mission unencompassed, took a particular delight to contribute to their bodily soundness, until at length all appearance of plethora and apoplexy was consigned to the shades below. This apparent reversal of nature's laws was an interesting phenomenon to Shark and Drug, who commenced sedulously to make a few other chemical experiments on the crucible of their abdomen. For instance a glass of water iced to the very tip top, was sent to keep company with three or four cups of tea, taken as hot as it could be endurable, the extent of which might be ascertained from the large drops of sweat on their brow. Their pudding had a spice or slice, whichever the reader pleases, of Bengallee soap—their snuff mixed with pulverized minerals not of the most harmless kind—their bed made up with damp and mildewed sheets—their turkey roast was nothing more or less than villainous vulture done up—their winter cloth was made of duck and summer found them in woollens—cool water was given to them under feverish symptoms and warm water when flushed with exercise. But all these and a great deal more of the same kind were by some hidden power overruled to the prolongation of their lives, and

in the regular payment of the half-yearly premium to the Insurance Company. A year had gone by and no symptoms of the expected lapse hove in sight; in the mean time Gull and Dupe did *not* shew any very remarkable backwardness to avail themselves of the melting and perennial generosity of good old Gain. A conference was the result; the upshot of the whole was a determination on their part to turn the two young gentlemen into the wide world, since they were so unreasonable as not to travel into the other. "They have dog's lives," said Gain, "Cat's lives, I believe," said Shark. "Charmed lives, I guess," said Drug, "It would be tempting Providence to go on further," observed Gain; "Certainly," replied Shark, "with the money spent and the time lost, I might have extorted justice from even a Court of Equity by this time; or extracted sunbeams from cucumbers." They seemed to have lost heart and hope, although one of them suggested a renewal of their endeavours to compass their contemplated end and aim by getting the young men married; on second thoughts, however, it was determined that men who had passed such critical ordeals, as they had been subjected to, were not likely to be driven out of the world by the mere possession of wives. The *Chronicle* suggestion was revived, but it was soon dismissed as a sorry joke, until the whole affair was for the present abandoned, and Messrs. Gull and Dupe were to their great surprize and disappointment, required to take a peep into the world and shift for themselves; but they kicked up a tremendous "shindy," as the *Bengal Chronicle* reporter would designate it, stating they were not going to give up their comfortable berths until the one had erected a palace in the exercise of his profession as an architect, and until the other had designed and built improved hearses for the Calcutta Undertakers. It was not without considerable trouble that they were prevailed upon for the present to go to sea. The trio regretted the wear and tear of conscience and the loss and waste of money, consoling themselves however with hopes of better luck next time. It must not be omitted that Gain never heard Drug talk of his pills without turning up his nose; nor heard Shark dwell upon investments of capital without a violent fit of sneezing.

STANZAS.

THE emerald cloud that floats serene,
 'Neath April's changing ray,—
 Now joyous opes its wings of green,
 *Now melts in air away:
 So earthly joys delusive gleam,
 So shine hopes visions fair,
 One moment,—bright as Cynthia's beam,
 Another,—empty air.

ALICE.

THE LOVER.

And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
 But not the breath of human life.
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
 And stung my every thought to strife.—THE GIAOUR.

“Yes”—said I aloud, as I threw myself on the bed in a violent fit of rage—“Yes—I shall surely become a murderer. There are times when the strength of a giant seems to come upon me, and I feel that I can grapple with and destroy and smite to the dust the mightiest of the earth. What if I am attenuated, and have no excess of muscle or flesh, and if in these legs there be no vigor or firmness! ‘I have a heart that rises above the weakness of the body and a spirit that defies danger and death. Yes, thou most treacherous wretch that rejoicest in thy success and gloriest in thy conquest meanly and basely acquired, thou shalt yet writhe in the agony of thy heart. And the memory of him whom thou hast injured shall come upon thee with a remorse and a burning and a torture, unfelt and unknown in the caverns of the damned. It shall come upon thee in the awe and in the silence of the night, and rob thee of thy golden rest; it shall come upon thee in the morning hour and turn thy solemn prayers into mockery; it shall come upon thee in thy hours of refection and enjoyment, and change thy food into poison, and thy mirth into wailing and sadness, and thou shalt moan and howl, and fly from the banquet and the feast as if all the hosts of darkness were behind thee. And I, thine enemy, thine everlasting enemy, shall follow thee with the malice and the venom of a fury, and curse thee with curses at which Heaven shall shudder and hell recoil with horror. Yes, the day of vengeance, is at hand, vengeance, dark and unrelenting and terrible, and we shall meet—ay, meet with the rage and the fierceness of the monster of the forest, and this hand, feeble as it is shall throttle thee, and crumble and crush thy massy frame into atoms and to powder and to dust; and when thy dark spirit is speeding its flight into the burnings and the flames of the lowest depths of hell!—I shall lie beside thee, and hiss in thy ears, and shriek out thy horrible guilt and exult and triumph in thy fall with the laughter and the mockery of a demon.

It was midnight, and I rushed out into the street, and marched along with rapid and fearful strides. The fever of madness raged in my veins, and my brain was on fire, and the bright moon and the silver stars had no charms for me. I hurried on, I knew not where; one object alone engaged my thoughts—one thought alone engrossed my mind, and revenge, revenge, I shrieked out to the midnight air. And I stood beneath her window and she knew it not, and I gazed within the silent room and she saw me not, and I called upon her name, but she heard me not. Oh, Selina! my first, my only love, my beloved and my lost one, where art thou? come before my longing eyes, that I may see thee again; give me but one word, one look, one smile, and I shall return to my desolate home with a calmer breast and a serener soul. But she came not, and I turned away from the fairy ground, and strided on as violently as before. I entered a public square and the cool breeze fanned my cheeks, and I walked on absorbed

in my thoughts. And there came another party from the opposite gate, and they walked in the gravel path, and came towards me, and I raised my eyes and beheld.—Oh that my eyes, were lightning to blast him where he stood. Yes, there was the smiling villain, and he rolled his blood-red eyes and he grinned and bowed to me. And Selina, too, was there and her mother, and our eyes met, and *she* saw and read in them the stern resolution then passing in my mind. One moment more and they passed me by and I saw him whisper, and I heard the loud laugh, and my spirit rose within me, and my blue veins swelled, and the blood mounted to my brain with a fiercer heat, and again I faced them and my brow grew dark, and I grasped him by the arm.

“Have you any business with me, sir?”—said the smiling villain—“I shall feel but too happy if I could be of any service to you.”

“Yes sir”—said I, in a deep stern voice, and with an emphasis, the meaning of which he could not mistake. “I have the business of life and death with you, and the sooner we settle it the better for us all.”

“You forget, sir,”—said he “that the stars of creation are with me and it speaks little for the proverbial gallantry of Mr. Lackland to make himself thus unnecessarily rude before the sex.” And he bowed profoundly to the ladies.

“Traitor,” cried I, stung to madness at the cool indifference with which he spoke—“Traitor, imagine not that I will be thus swerved from my purpose. The time is come and not a step shall you stir till you either vindicate your conduct or receive the vengeance due to your treachery.”

“Sir—I shall do neither one nor t’other” and he made an attempt to free himself from my grasp. “Hear me, ladies”—said I, addressing Selina, and her mother, “and you, madam, especially. I have loved your daughter for these six years. I have been a son to you during that time, and respected and loved and obeyed you as my parent. And you were not unkind, you smiled upon our growing attachment and promised the union of our hands and our hearts. But suddenly you cast me off, you disliked my company and treated me with coldness and indifference, nay, almost with rudeness, and you forbade my daily visits and stopped our correspondence, and finally refused to accept me for the husband of your daughter. I called on you often to demand an explanation, but you would not receive me. I wrote to you but my letters were returned unopened. And now that I meet you, and in company of that man, I shall not depart nor suffer you to do so until you have given me a full and sufficient reason of the change in your feelings and sentiments towards me; and I folded my arms, and awaited her reply. But she made none, and I turned to her daughter. “Selina,” said I, in a softer voice, “by our former love and affection, by the vows we have breathed and the oaths we have sworn, by the hopes we have cherished, and the joys we have tasted, by the blisses of Heaven and the torments of Hell, I entreat you to answer me truly; tell me what has been my offence, my crime; what have I done to merit this unkindness, this estrangement; why have I been thus made a stranger and an alien, and a foe; why am I shunned and avoided like a pestilence?” and I paused and listened for her answer. At last it came, in sweet and silver tones like the voice of a seraph in heaven. “Hear me, Charles”—she began, “and say if we could do otherwise than we have done. You have abused

and slandered us, and spoken of us in terms unbecoming and unworthy a gentleman. You said, that I was ready to rush into your arms, that your feelings towards me were perfectly indifferent, that you loved me not, cared not for me, that you have agreed to marry me, not on account of any affection that you cherished towards me but merely to save me from a broken heart or a violent death—yes, you would marry me, indeed, but you would fly from your loveless home to the arms of another more beautiful than myself, who is ready and willing to share your board and your bed without the sanction of the church and the rites authorized by heaven.” She ceased, and the blood that had mantled on her cheek, departed as suddenly as it came, and she stood all pale and trembling and wiped away the drops that had gathered in her eyes. “What,” shrieked I, in the agony and the madness of my feelings—“are these my expressions? Have I given utterance to them?”

“So we were told”—was the calm reply.

“Your authority, your informant, the source and the origin of the slanderous report?” and I trembled and I shook.

“Mr. Bury.”

“Tis well—and now ladies,” said I—endeavoring but in vain to speak calmly “go home as peaceably as you can, go home alone, witness not the deed that shall be done. There is a period to all things, and there is a point beyond which human endurance cannot pass, there is a time when treachery is unmasked and villany punished, and that hour is now come; the hour of *vengeance*; and the villian shall die. Black-hearted wretch, prepare, said I, turning to him, taint no more the air with thy polluted breath; claim kindred no more with human kind, for they loathe, they abhor, they detest thee; gaze not upon the sun, for it will blind thee and scorch thee; stand not upon the earth, for it will swallow thee; but down, down to the dust and to the dung—to the worms and to the reptiles, to the rankness and to the rottenness and the corruption of the grave, fit emblems of thy filthy heart. And the strength of the madman came upon me, and I flew upon him and caught him by the throat; and he struggled hard, and his blows fell upon me fast and fearfully, and the blood trickled down my mouth and my nostrils, but still I kept my hold with the gripe of a vice and pushed him against the wall, and extricating one hand, I drew out my razor from my pocket and quicker than lightning, the deed was done—and his head fell upon his shoulders; a frightful gash was seen in his throat; and his blood-red eyes glared upon me with a horrible stare. But my revenge was not satiated; I threw down his body violently upon the hard ground, and I stooped down and opened his mouth and cut off his slanderous tongue, and I ripped open his bosom, and tore out his black heart and trampled upon it, and I laughed and I roared with the mirth of a fiend. And Selina and her mother were there; they were lying on the ground, and their eyes were fixed upon me with an immovable gaze—and they beheld my horrible mirth, and moved not, there was no shuddering of their bodies, no quivering of their limbs, and I came up to them but they rose and fled not. I called them by their names, but they answered me not, and I laid my hand upon their bodies—oh! they were cold, they were dead. Yes, dead, my Selina thou wert dead, and I am thy murderer. And I threw myself beside her, and took

her soft hands in mine, and kissed her cold lips, and played with her raven locks. But soon there came the rush and the roar and the voice of a multitude, and men peered at me with their fearful eyes and with ghastly faces, and they threatened and threw stones at me. And I started from the ground and roared with the loudest of them all, and flourished my bloody weapon and ran amongst the coward throng, and many fled and many fell, and were trampled and were crushed, while the crowd rolled onwards away, and I followed, and I shrieked, and I shouted, and I yelled. Ho! ho! that was beautiful indeed. At length three men advanced boldly towards me and my heart failed within me, and my courage vanished, and I threw my razor at them, and turned my back and fled. And the mighty mass rolled towards me and they hooted and they hissed, and shouted for my blood, and I still ran on "unscathed and unhurt." But they came upon me and bound me and took me to the prison house, and locked me in a dark little room, and I found myself alone. Alone! did I say? no, no; there was a goodly company within, a thousand grinning faces stood before me, and they laughed and they mocked, and danced gayly round the room. And *He* too was present, and there was blood upon his clothes, and there was blood round his throat and he stood aloof from all and his cold eyes stared upon me with a stern and determined gaze. Yes, I saw him again, and though my flesh crept upon me, and my blood ran cold, the revenge and the hatred in my heart raged as fiercely as ever: "Out, horrible mocker," cried I, aloud, "dost thou still haunt me, hast thou another life and existence, and art thou come from thy shadowy valleys to poison the earth again—out, out, or if thou wilt—come upon me in thy might and in thy strength—for I am thine enemy still, I still hate thee, with a hatred imperishable, horrible, unquenchable. And I ran up to the fiend with clenched fists and gnashing teeth, and I stopped where he stood and stretched out my hand to drag him by his hair, but it was vanished it was gone—and I sank upon the floor wearied and exhausted and faint.

At length the day of trial came, and the court was crowded to excess, and there were many faces which I knew, and many which I loved, and they were now sad, and were weeping, and I turned away and faced the solemn Judges with a proud heart and a lofty bearing. And they accused me of murder, yes they called it murder, and many witnesses were called, and were examined and dismissed. And the judge summed up all, and addressed the silent jury and they retired and returned to their places in a moment. And the stillness of death reigned in the Hall of Justice, and the foreman stood up and in a hollow voice, that thrilled the hearts of all but mine, pronounced the word—"Guilty." And I heard the word, and my heart leaped within me with a rapturous joy. And they asked me in the usual form whether I could say anything why sentence of death should not be passed against me, and I surveyed the thousand faces that surrounded me, and my fierce blood boiled, and I frowned, and I spoke.

"Death, my lords, has no terrors for me; I lived but for one object, and that has been compassed, and I will not shrink from the doom that awaits me. But you have accused me of murder, and will consign me to the death of a felon, and will enroll the crime and the punishment in the volume of your records. Is this law, and is this justice? That man, my lords, was my friend and my brother, the companion of my early childhood.

We were taught in the same school, and were bred in the same house and slept in the same bed and ate at the same table ; and we read together and played together, and had and did every thing in common. Thus passed our childhood, our boyhood, and our youth, and we stood on the verge and the threshold of manhood. That was the epoch and the season of love—and my feelings were warm and my affections deep, and I loved, not coldly and selfishly, but with all the ardor and the madness and the passion of youth. And he was my confidant, my friend, and I opened my heart to him, and unfolded the mysteries and the secrets and the treasures concealed in its deepest caverns. I told him all, and he saw and he knew, that I could not live, move or breathe, but in her presence. Her smile was my life, her joy was my Heaven, and her sorrow and her 'tears my agony and wretchedness. And the demon entered his soul, and he "conceived mischief and brought forth iniquity." And *she* was now cold, and was distant, and was shy, and she shunned me and avoided me, wherever we met, and she would not see me nor receive my letters, and I felt and I suffered the tortures of the damned. And he walked no more with me ; and he took another dwelling, and courted and loved the betrothed of his friend. And once again we met, and that was the last—and his villany was revealed and his treachery uncloaked, and—he died the death of a traitor. Is this murder ? What, my lords, is the cessation of mere animal breath and motion and existence, compared to the living death and torments he inflicted on me ? He took away from me the breath of my breath and the life of my life, and destroyed for ever my character and name. And is this thrice detested murderer to escape unhurt—this moral assassin to pass unpunished ? I have done, my lords, I am not afraid of death. I am ready and willing to expiate my guilt, if guilt it be, with my blood. I am a stricken man and fallen, and crushed and broken-hearted ; and were you even to acquit and to release me, no eye upon the earth shall behold me again." I ceased and the sentence of death was pronounced against me, and I was remanded to prison. The fatal morning dawned and the sun shone for the last upon me, and my fetters were struck off, and I was taken to the place of death. Early as the hour was thousands were gathered there to see me die ; and I mounted the ladder to the gibbet and a wild shriek rent the air. I knew the voice of my sister and I groaned and hid my eyes. And they covered my face with a sable cap, and put the halter round my neck. The ladder was now withdrawn and the blood mounted upwards to my head, I felt a painful sensation in my throat and my tongue projected out of my mouth and my eyes started out of their sockets and—I awoke, and "*Behold it was a Dream.*"

June, 1844.

THE LAMENTATION OF MISS B. ON THE DEATH OF MR. V.

HE lov'd me not—although for him
My cheeks grew pale—my eyes grew dim ;
He lov'd me not—and still each sun
Found him the same unfeeling one,
So cold his looks and words and tone,
It seem'd his heart was form'd of stone ;
And oh ! I felt—I'd happier be,
If death at once would set me free.
But hope was near and whispering said,
Why weep'st thou pensive maid—oh !
What means this ever-rising sigh,
'The thoughtful brow the tearful eye :
Be patient and the time is nigh,
When he for thee as well shall sigh,
And each tear now thine eyelid's start
Shall melt like wax his stony heart.
'Thus with my griefs I tried to cope,
And still hop'd on against all hope,
And peace came down upon my breast,
And lull'd its fearful storms to rest ;
I knew we breathed the self-same air,
Then wherefore cherish black despair !
I knew we liv'd—one sun beneath,
Then wherefore rashly long for death !
Away ! away ! ye fiends that mock,—
My faith is built on firmest rock ;
Away ! away ! thou canker worm,
Nor further waste this faded form ;
I still will love—though still for him
My cheeks grow pale—my eyes grow dim.

Oh ! let me pause and hide the rest,
These maddening thoughts will burst my breast ;
Now—now sweet peace at once is fled,
And fire-fly hope lies crush'd and dead :
No more—oh ! never more shall I
See aught t' admire in earth or sky,

No more for me shall roses bloom ;
 Nor jas'mines yield their sweet perfume ;
 No more the stars or moon, or sun,
 Shall shine for me.—My race is run ;
 And I am now a blighted thing,
 A wretched soil—where thorns may spring,
 A blasted tree whose boughs shall ne'er
 Again their leaves and blossoms bear,
 But stand apart and stand alone
 Unseen—unnoticed—and unknown ;
 Till death my only friend shall come,
 And lay me in the peaceful tomb,
 Within whose awful solitude
 Nor pain—nor passion can intrude.

QUACKERY.

THE greater number of writers, who have made quackery the professed theme of their lucubrations, or who have glanced at the subject *obiter*, and *par parenthese*, have treated it as an affair of accident, and an episode only in the history of society, and have chiefly confined their remarks to the malpractices of the irregular professors of arts and sciences. This is a false and inadequate view of the matter, leaving out of sight the very pith and marrow of the subject. Quackery is an elementary ingredient in our nature, and common to all human transactions. It is indeed the very mainspring of social order, and the principal lever by which the great machine of government is prevented from coming to a disgraceful standstill. If mankind are more influenced by their imaginations than their reason, and if as a celebrated quack once observed, there are more than ten fools in the world for one of discernment, it cannot be doubted that this vast fund of deceptivity was intended to serve a purpose in the great scheme of nature, as universal as itself ; and that so pregnant a circumstance could not be barren of important and beneficial consequences. As surely as the noses of pigs were made for the ring, and the wide and gaping jaws of the horse for the bit, so surely was a limited capacity for truth implanted in the mass of the species, for the especial purpose of placing them at the disposition of those superior geniuses, to whom is committed the task of stirring up society with a long pole, and providing a succession of materials for tragic poets and historians. Quackery, therefore, is *Jure*

divino ; and to reason upon its uses from its occasional abuses, is to regard the matter *con la veduta corta d'una spama* ; or, in plain English, not to look beyond your nose. To make this point the clearer, pray listen to a story. There lived, in the time of the Regent Orleans, an honest charlatan, of considerable vogue, who gave out that he was in possession of a wonderful secret for prolonging the duration of human life, provided that the patient joined to the use of his medicine a constant and strict attention to regimen and temperance. As long as his secret was kept, his patients, submitting to what was plain and clear, in favour of what was miraculous and past comprehension, obeyed his instructions, and were cured of the infinity of diseases which debauchery and excess had engendered. The promises of the doctor were largely realized in a multitude of cases ; and his fame spread through court and city ; and he drove a flourishing trade in his nostrum, which he sold at five shillings a bottle. Unluckily for the good people of Paris, it was at last divulged that these bottles contained nothing but a few ounces of Seine water, flavoured with a little nitre. The bubble burst ; and the medicine and the regimen being abandoned together, death entered again into the full enjoyment of all his rights, and the balance of population was re-established upon its ancient footing. Here, then, is the history of mankind in a parable. It is thus that simple and unsophisticated truth is universally despised and neglected ; and that quackery becomes a necessary agent in sublunary affairs, to teach society on which side its bread is buttered, and to coax men into those arrangements upon which they are dependant for their happiness. Quackery accordingly is more ancient than regular practice ; and is indeed scarcely of later date than Adam's fig-leaves. The most valuable additions to human power may be traced to the most palpable deceits. Chemistry is the daughter of alchemy ; astronomy was born of astrology ; the doctrine of probabilities arose out of the forecast of false prophets, and the cunning of the conducting agents of auguries and oracles. In the early history of the world, the great benefactors of mankind were all more or less quacks. Pythagoras sported his golden thigh to draw attention to the truths he promulgated, and he gave out his maxims in enigma and conundrum, because if he had spoken so as to be understood, he knew that he might as well have whistled to mile-stones. Numa was another of these benevolent empirics, who had recourse to deception when he set about civilizing his savage Romans ; and invented his intrigue with Egeria, because he knew what beasts he had to deal with. Socrates, though by the consent of all the pedants in Europe, the wisest of uninspired mortals, showed himself less than up to the mark when he became the victim of a political intrigue, for want of a little necessary humbug. If instead of being in earnest about his familiar Dæmon, he had turned the notion to a proper account, as a genuine quack would have done, he might have set all the buffoons in Athens at defiance, and obtained the crown instead of the poison cup, as the reward for his preaching. In point of fact, there is scarcely a person on record, celebrated for having effected a change in the destiny of his age and country, who has not paid his tribute to public gullability, and played Punch in time and place, for the edification of the people. It was most probably for this purpose, that the pupil of Aristotle claimed kindred with

Jupiter Ammon : for his displeasure with his instructor, at breaking through the royal monopoly of knowledge by publishing his works, is proof positive that he was imbued with the most refined spirit of quackery, and was indeed every inch a king. Napoleon has afforded a notable example of the necessity of quackery to the attainment of greatness. He was, in the epoch of his political successes, a splendidly irregular practitioner of the art of statecraft ; and he never would have fallen from his high estate, if, intoxicated with success, he had not, in an unlucky hour, fancied himself above all further occasions for humbug ; and brought himself down to the level of his legitimate rivals, by his undisguised tyranny. There is a vein of quackery, as I have said, running through all human affairs, but it is more especially in the greater and graver businesses of life, in theology and its half-sister medicine, in government, law, literature and the arts, that the influence of humbug is extensive and successful. In tangible and visible matters, the world may more safely be left, in some degree, to its own spontaneous judgment ; but wherever speculation and metaphysical aid come into play, quackery is of first-rate necessity ; and incredulity, of consequence, is anathema. From the diplomate, who retires to his closet to waste quills, to the novelist who writes his own puffs in the newspapers, and the dandy who intrigues and finesses his way into fashionable notoriety, every man dabbles a little in the art ; but it is chiefly in the so called learned professions, that the matter is esteemed of sufficient consequence, to require that the monopoly should be fenced by formal laws. To hear the regular practitioners talk, it might be supposed that quackery was abhorrent to their nature, and that a diploma was a brevet for candour simplicity and truth, worthy of the golden age : but a closer inspection proves, that it is the extravagance of imposture alone which excites alarm, and that provided deception be properly clothed in etiquettes and conventional decencies, the charlatanerie is not only innocent, but commendable.

The professed quacks, by-out Herodias Herod, kill the goose for the sake of the golden egg ; and by their too manifest and ill-conducted impostures endanger the permanence of the established delusions necessary to the welfare of Society : and this it is that constitutes their offences in the eyes of their competitors. That it is not the essence of quackery which excites the hostility in question, is clear from a thousand circumstances of regular practice. What is the church dignitary's hat, or the sword and mace before the Judge, but quackish decorations, presupposing the qualities it is assumed to represent ? What is the Judge's tremendous black cap, but a quackish means of adding solemnity to the awful sentence of the law ? or what the jealously-preserved costume of the barrister, but a quackish invention, for coaxing clients into law suits, who would never pay their money for the pleasure of hearing a speech from the most long-winded orator that ever harangued a jury, if he were dressed like an ordinary citizen ? The peculiarly constructed vehicle of the physician, is but a variation of the same tune. Nor is this modified and modest quackery confined to externals. The literary productions of churchmen are mostly mere baits for preferment ; as those of medical scribbles on the fashionable diseases of the day, are traps, and provocatives to nervous ladies and dyspeptic gentlemen. Thus, also, one professor

assumes methodism as an introduction to business ; another fortifies the rear of his illustrious name with half the letters of the alphabet, as a seduction to the multitude ; while a third seeks professional notoriety by hitching himself into every charitable meeting and subscription list, which can be made to serve as a *quasi* advertisement. What also are the multitudinous bottles and boxes of a well furnished apothecary's shop, but sheer quackery, as deceptive and as useless as the coloured fluids which illustrate their windows by night ? What are the *placebo* prescriptions of the physician, and his draughts to be taken every three hours, but inventions "*per far effetto*," and to make the most of a disease ? On the quackery of the law it is less necessary to dwell ; all the world knows, or may know if it chooses, that the entire routine of special pleading, with the multitudinous maxims of common law that are in direct violation of common sense, are quackery, and especially directed to bring grist to the mill. It is not intended to assert that such things are not just and necessary, seeing that they are established ; but they certainly do afford some evidence that professional men have no objection to quackery in the abstract ; and that they only denounce such abuses of the craft as tend to bring the mystery into contempt.

To illustrate the quackery of literature and of the arts, would require volumes. The quackery of the book trade is a perfect science ; No man is now to be found bold enough to bring before the public a straight forward book, in a straight forward way ; or to risk being let in for his paper and printing, by neglecting the most useful of an author's accomplishments. The public have long ceased to read, or to interest themselves in any publication, (no matter on what, or by whom,) that is not regularly trumpeted to the town, by the puff preliminary, the puff allusive, and the puff direct ; and a Raffael might paint himself blind, or a Roscius act himself hoarse, in poverty and neglect, if they could not, or would not tremble for lady's coteries, and had not half the journals of the country feed to announce their monkey tricks to the people. It is perfectly vain for the simple-minded man to attempt making head against such practices, and to rely on his own unassisted merits. If he means to live, he must follow the stream, do as they do at Rome, "*Mentez comme arracheur de dents*," and never blush if he can possibly help it.

THE DYING IMPROVISATRICE.

BY DERETICTUS.

“For ere this world’s still moving mightie masse
 Out of great chaos ugly prison crept,
 In which his goodly face long hidden was
 From Heaven’s view and in deep darknesse kept,
 Love that had now long time securely slept
 In Venus’ lap, unarmed than and naked,
 Gan reare his head by cloths being waked.”—

Spenser.

CONTARINI SEGATI,—a renowned Improvisatrice—lay on her death bed in a miserable hovel, around which the piercing blasts of Heaven shrieked and howled with pitiless fury.

“The wind blew as twad blown its last,
 The rattling showers rose on the blast,
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed,
 Loud deep and long the thunder bellowed,
 That night a child might under stand
 The deil had business on his hand.”—

Burns’ Tam O’Shanter.

Attended only, by a young inexperienced female, the wretched invalid shuddered at the loud roaring of the blast ; at length collecting her energies she called to her attendant—“Margarita, love ! my lute—one more strain to love, and adieu for ever.” The anxious Margarita sprang from her seat, and reaching her the lute, sat herself down close by the rickety pallet, while Contarini Segati after a chort prelude, thus began :—

I.

“Alone and sad on life’s dark Sea,
 I weep and mourn my destiny,
 The magic tints of Hope are fled,
 Life’s loved ones numbered with the dead,
 The bloom from beauty’s cheek is past ;
 My burning tears are falling fast,
 The bright red glare of Love’s fierce fire,
 Tho’ flaming is—a funeral pyre,
 Which burns the Hope that nourish’d it,
 Consumes the soul that cherished it.
 Sweet muse ! permit me then once more
 The tide of loves sweet song to pour :
 May every note, if wild or sweet,
 In every breast an echo meet ;

May sympathy then raise her head,
And on the smouldering embers shed
Her bright and pearly tear of Love;
Drawn from streams that flow above,
Where angels their pinions so joyously lave,
As they sport on the breast of the sweet-scented wave;
Whose ripples disport among rich beds of roses,
On whose petals the angel of Beauty reposes;
Whose banks are perfumed with the thyme,
With jessamine, sweet and emerald lime;
Where cherubims move to heavenly tune,
As lotus buds ope to the smile of the moon;
Where birds of rich plumage their soft notes bring,
And thro' exquisite joy,—those soft notes sing—
That soothed thus in my last distress,
I choose my ground and take my rest.

II.

A dark, tempestuous, stormy night
Has hid the sweet moon's brilliant light,
No star was seen in the wide expanse
Of Heaven; to guide by its eloquent glance
The traveller struck by the whirlwind's howl,
Or the deep hoarse notes of the thunder growl—
The lightning gleams from pole to pole,
And illumines that rock so black and cold,
Which rears its dark and frowning crest,
Beside the Ocean's foaming breast—
But see! is that a mountain sprite,
Clad in a robe so dazzling white?
Or is it the genius of the storm,
Inhabiting that soft, sweet, form;
Which standing on that rock is seen,
With brilliant eye—yet pensive mien?
No—no—it is an earthly form
That revels in the midnight storm—
'Tis Alcmeonæ's lonely daughter,
Whose sighs are wafted o'er the water,
To Athen's dark distracted shore,
For that loved one she'll see no more.

III.

Zara ! thy loved one's dying thought—
 Amidst that fearful strife and slaughter,
 When o'er pale Athen's ghastly dead
 Arose the Moslems' fiend-like laughter;
 Where by Bozarris valor led
 O'er countless heaps of Freedom's dead,
 Swift sped the ball, whose horrid crash
 Thy cup of Love to Earth did dash—
 Her every thought was then of thee
 His hapless lot—thy misery—
 Oh ! could'st thou then have viewed him there
 The ghastly head, the gory hair ;
 The lip compressed thro' racking pain—
 Thou ne'er would'st wish to breathe again—
 Yes, thus it always is in life,
 We fondly think our fate is rife—
 With streams from which true joys will flow,
 And make Earth's hell, a Heaven below—
 But soon alas !—a moment fled—
 We see the torrent's rocky bed ;
 In vain—in vain—the crag to shun
 Each place we try—it can't be done—
 Deceived by Hope's gay, magic dream,
 We madly strive against the stream,
 While winds and storms alas increase,
 We quickly strike—and all is peace !

IV.

“ In thy parents' dome the lamps gleam bright,
 All hearts except thine own are light,
 The dark worm of suspense is there,
 Filling thy heart with fell despair—
 In vain the smile o'er thy brow would flit,
 The demon of woe in thy heart does sit,

This eve *he* promised to come from afar,
 But he comes not yet, tho' the morning star
 Has risen, and meets thy *pensive* eye,
 Thro' the azure depths of the cloudless sky.

At length he comes, the sharp hoofs rang
 On the bridge below. From her seat she sprang
 And with stagg'ring step, and maniac air
 She bounds, she springs down the winding stair—
 Oh! 'tis *not he*!—her brain whirled round—
 A deep, wild shriek and she fell to the ground;
 Oh! why did she wake from that sweet, long sleep,
 For black despair on her soul to creep?
 At length she arose—with a piercing yell
 Oh! where is he whom I loved so well?
 At his feet she knelt, "Thy knees I clasp
 With the desperate hold of true love's grasp,
 Never, oh never, shalt thou be free,
 Till thy dreadful secret thou tells't me,
 I adjure thee by Heaven!—by the torments of Hell!
 Where the damned are ringing thy funeral knell,
 Say will he come to his once loved bride,
 Or—is he a corpse by the Moslem's side?
 O, I'll load thee with diamonds and rubies rare
 To weave in the locks of thy true love's hair,
 I'll give thee my all—nay do not start—
 Say shall I clasp him again to this heart?
 Lady, unwilling, sad news I bring,
 I saw on the turf a lifeless thing.—
 I turned it over, *his* features met
 My aching gaze—in death they were set.

V.

On the topmost crag of that rock; again
 She stood, her eye fixed on the heaving main,
 With shattered reason's gloomy view,
 She gazed on the sky, and ocean's deep blue,
 But nought could she see, save the heaving breast,
 With the dark blue wave and its snowy crest—

She stood, on the verge of that rocky bank ;
 With a horrid leap—in the sea she sank—
 While the seamen sung o'er the heaving billow,
 Her funeral dirge o'er her lonely pillow.

Ere the song ceased, the roar of the elements had passed away, and as the numberless and glorious stars peeped forth again in all their splendor, the soul of Contarini Segati winged its way to the courts of Heaven.

SEIKCHILLEE.

IN a certain village lived a poor old woman, who had an only child, and he was named Seikchillee or Seikchinnee,* on account of the weakness of his understanding, and the mistakes, sometimes of a serious nature, into which he was perpetually falling.

"Mother," said Seikchillee one day to the old lady, "I wish to marry—tell me where I can get a helpmate, and how I shall begin courting her."

"My son," replied Seikchinnee's mother, "go, and take your station on the parapet of the bowree, which is situated beyond our village, and if any young woman should come to draw water, and take your fancy, throw a small pebble at her. If she is pleased with you, she will either smile or laugh out-right, and you may, in that case, be sure that you are not disagreeable to her ; but if she should preserve a grave countenance, or frown upon you, take it for granted that she won't have you."

So instructed, Seikchinnee repaired the next morning to the *bowree*,† and had not waited long, before he observed a very pretty young female advancing towards him. When she came sufficiently near, Seikchinnee, according to his mother's advice, threw a small pebble at her ; but this, instead of producing the effect he had anticipated, made the modest creature blush, and retreat a few steps. Seikchinnee being disappointed at this behaviour, seized a large millstone, flung it at the young woman's head, and killed her on the spot."

"Mother, mother," he cried, as he ran home, screaming with joy all the way.

"What is the matter, my son," asked the old woman, with some surprise. "Have you succeeded in your object ?"

"Mother," replied Seikchinnee, "you were certainly wrong. I did what you recommended ; but the young woman would neither laugh nor

* Seikchillee signifies a person of weak intellect ; but at the same time of mischievous habits. Wicked boys are frequently designated Seikchinnees on account of their mischievous propensities, and the vexatious tricks they play off on adults for sport.

† *Bowrie* is a large well of a square or oblong shape.

frown: so that incensed with her indifference, I took up a large stone, and cast it at her, and she was so pleased with my gallantry, that she stretched herself at full length on the ground, and grinned at me like a monkey. Now, since we are agreeable to each other, you must go to her parents, and ask her in marriage for me."

The old woman was alarmed by her son's account, as suspicion crossed her mind that the poor girl was literally killed. She hastened to the spot, followed by Seikchinnee, and her worst fears were soon confirmed. Without however being angry with her son, or even reproaching him for the mischief he had done, she took up the corpse, flung it into the well, and admonished her son to say nothing about the matter to any one.

At midnight the old woman rose from the mat on which she was accustomed to sleep; and, without waking her son, proceeded to the bowrie. On her arrival she contrived by some means to remove the body from the well, and secretly inter it in a thick and obscure part of the jungle, which skirted the village. She next procured a small sized goat, and strangling it with her own hands, threw it into the well. She then returned home, and without disturbing her son's slumbers, retired quietly to rest.

The murdered young woman, who was the daughter of respectable parents, having been missed, alarm was naturally excited by her unaccountably long absence, and a strict search was accordingly made for her. The intelligence of the loss of the unfortunate girl having reached Seikchinnee's ears, in the simplicity of his heart, he acknowledged what he had done the day before, and led the party to the well. He descended into the BOWRIE; and holding the dead body of the goat with one hand under the surface of the water, asked the people above, whether the girl had a pair of horns.

"Horns," exclaimed one, "what does he mean by horns."

"He is a Seikchinnee;" replied another, "don't mind his silly questions; but answer them according to his folly."

A reply was given in the affirmative.

"Has she four legs," again asked Seikchinnee.

"Perhaps he means both hands and legs," observed a third person.

"Yes! yes!" responded the first speaker.

"Has she two ears?"

To be sure, she has, was the answer returned.

"Has she got a tail?"

"A tail!" a loud fit of laughter burst from the crowd.

"Yes, she has," cried one of the party; "perhaps he mistakes some part of her dress for a tail."

"Hereupon Seikchinnee lifted up the goat with his hands, and exhibiting it to the people above, asked if that was the murdered girl.

Another burst of mirth wrung the welkin, and the crowd immediately dispersed; leaving Seikchinnee to get out of the well in the best way he could; and get out of it at last he did.

A few days after the above occurrence, Seikchinnee's mother desired him to bring wood from the jungle. Away went Seikchinnee to the forest, and selecting a large tree, climbed it, and commenced cutting the very branch on which he sat.

A wood-cutter, who was at that moment engaged in the same occupation, observing Seikchinnee's perilous situation, warned him of his danger; but was abused for his pains. In a few moments, however, crash went the bough, and down came Seikchinnee; but he instantly started up, shook himself, and ran after the wood-cutter, who was returning home with his load. Seikchinnee overtook the woodman at a short distance, and falling down at his feet, implored him as a peer, a saint, a prophet, to tell him when he would die, as, after the accident which had befallen him, he did not live.

To get rid of a foolish and troublesome fellow, the wood-cutter told Seikchinnee that he would die precisely at six on the morning of Thursday. As soon, therefore, as it was dawn, Seikchinnee roused his mother and begged of her to bury him since he was actually dead.

"Dead," exclaimed the old woman; "what has put such a foolish idea into your head. Why, you are no more dead than I am. Go to, sleep a little longer, and you will be refreshed. I fear you have had a restless night, or been scared by frightful dreams about the murdered girl."

Seikchinnee insisted that he was not alive but dead, and to confirm the truth of his statement related to his mother the accident which had occurred to him in the jungle, and the prediction of the wood-cutter about the certainty of his death on that morning.

It was useless attempting any further to undeceive Seikchinnee, and cure him of the conceit which had got possession of his head: so making a virtue of necessity, she accompanied her son to the jungle and having dug a hole with Seikchinnee's assistance, under the shade of the very tree where he had met with the accident, buried him upright, up to his neck—and placed a large pot over his head with a couple of holes in the side to enable him both to see and breathe.

In this strange state Seikchinnee remained till the evening, fancying himself really dead. In a short time, a traveller approached the spot where Seikchinnee was buried, and being wearied with the load he carried, put it down, and sat under the identical tree to rest awhile. Feeling much refreshed, he rose to renew his journey,—but was quite startled by a voice issuing from the pot which covered Seikchinnee's head, and which stood at no great distance from him.

"Would that I were alive," exclaimed Seikchinnee, for then I would help you, good traveller, to carry your load; but as I am a dead, and not a living creature, I can afford you no assistance.

With one kick, the pot was sent flying some yards distance. The traveller next extricated Seikchinnee from his dangerous situation, and placing the load on his head, told him to walk on, and he would follow him.

"But what will you give me for my trouble;" asked Seikchinnee.

"A pice," replied the traveller, "will that content thee."

"Content," answered Seikchinnee, and thereupon he commenced a soliloquy with himself.

"With this pice," said he, "I will purchase a fowl—and when she has laid eggs and hatched chickens, I will sell them, and buy a goat with the proceeds. The goat will give kids, and when they are full grown, I will sell them, and with the money purchase a mare—and when the mare's

young one is grown up, I will dispose of both, and with the profits buy a female elephant—the latter too will breed, and when its young one attains to its full size, I will part with both of them—and with the sum realized from their sale purchase a large house, employ a number of servants, and marry a handsome young woman. My wife will prepare my dinner, and come to me, saying ‘meeah, meeah, come and eat;’ but I will not answer her a word. She will then begin to importune me with her entreaties, and throwing her arms around my neck, try to caress me; but I will push her from me, and fetch her a kick thus.” With this, Seikchinnee suited the action to the word, when the pot which he carried on his head and which was full of clarified butter, fell and was shattered to pieces. The traveller was highly incensed at his loss, and commenced bastinadoing Seikchinnee with a stick; declaring that he had lost a rupees’ worth of ghee.

“Only a rupee’s worth of ghee,” cried Seikchinnee, “why my misfortune is greater, than yours, for I have lost all, my *ghurkurnah* and, my *bucha kachas* into the bargain.”

N.

L I F E.

1.

HOPE, through youth’s sweet April tears,
Has wondrous power to throw
O’er the fields of future years,
Her many-coloured bow.

2.

Only in the dewy time
Of our being’s morning March,
May we build with joy sublime,
Life’s triumphal arch.

3.

One by one the colours show,
In the landscape warm and wet,
’Till complete the glory glow
On the cloud’s far-travelling jet.

4.

River, rock, and tower, and plain,
See! the gorgeous bow embrace,
Glorious pageant! look again,
All is empty space.

5.

'The poet's eye delights,
Some inward vision fair,
The pen he seizes and he writes,
Then looks—it is not there.

6.

The heavenly bow his fancy made,
Has left no trace behind ;
Gone are the chords whereon was played
That music of the mind.

7.

The painter in some happy hour,
Sees in the earth and sky,
Glimpses of glory and of power,
And holds them in his eye.

8.

But when to give them lasting life,
He toils from day to day,
He finds from that laborous strife
The glory pass away.

9.

The graces of the morning hour
Fade into common light :
The sunset, with its gorgeous power,
Dies down into the night.

10.

Alas ! all beauty that has birth,
All splendour that is given,
To cheer, to glorify that earth,
Is but a gleam from heaven.

J. K.

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JONATHAN JINGLE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a glorious day that, when Mr. Jonathan Jingle got the capital prize of twenty thousand rupees—and when he came home at night and received this unexpected piece of intelligence. Oh! what words what language could pourtray the ecstasy—the madness—the wildness of his feelings! TWENTY THOUSAND RUPEES!!! Clod-hopping reader! ponder and cogitate.

CHAPTER II.

Like a boil'd lobster now the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Hudibras.

Aurora hail! et cetera. At the first peep of day light Mr. Jonathan Jingle danced himself out of his apartment into the hall, and throwing himself violently upon an old couch—gave vent to his feelings in the following ever-to-be-remembered and never-to-be-forgotten soliloquy.

“Go thy ways, Jonathan—thy fortune is made—thou art now a gentleman—and canst hold up thy head with the highest of them all. Twenty thousand rupees now call thee master, and surely temptations and vexations will surround thee. Beauty, with her thousand fascinations, will cling around thy neck—and pleasure with her syren smiles will court and invite thee to her snowy arms; but Jonathan be thou cautious and wary and watchful as the hunted hare—shun thou the allurements of the one and fly from the blandishments of the other; for beauty like the rose will fade—and pleasure like the rainbow will vanish in a moment. And many new faces will seek entrance to thy house—and desire to feast and to revel in thy hall; but form thou no fresh friendships—nor gain new affections—be content with those that thou hast and grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.” So saying Mr. Jonathan Jingle rose from his very comfortable seat—and walked majestically towards his hoary-headed khansamah—and giving a dreadful jerk to his flowing beard—he repeated with emphasis—“and grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel”—and without waiting to witness the horrible contortions of the solemn features of the old man—he strided back to his seat and bawled out lustily for a chillum. The chillum was quickly brought and Mr. Jonathan Jingle puffed away with all his might. But suddenly

stopping short and fixing his eyes on the picture of a horse on the opposite wall—he very seriously desired to know what the deuce he should do with the twenty thousand rupees. The party addressed however not being in a capacity to solve the interesting question—or to make any reply whatsoever—he undertook to answer it himself—and by a process of reasoning—which he alone understood—he came to the conclusion—that as he had been a pedestrian up to that period of his life, it was but just and reasonable that he should turn an equestrian for the remainder of his existence—and try his skill at horsemanship—and in the true style of a gentleman pay his addresses to the lady of his heart—whose deaf old parent having, on a former occasion, declined his alliance on account of the triflingness of his income, would now—he was sure—gladly push his daughter into his arms—and his blessing on his head. Having thus settled one point at least to his entire satisfaction, Mr. Jonathan Jingle gave another tremendous pull at his hookah—and withdrew into his apartment; and having performed his morning ablutions—which by the bye did not occupy any superfluous time, in as much as he never troubled his head about soap or brush—he made his appearance again in the hall, and sat down to his morning repast. The love of power and supremacy and sway—observed Mr. Jonathan Jingle, as he buttered an enormous slice of bread—seemed to him to be rooted in every human breast. There was not a cobbler—not a pedlar—not a beggar—but attempted to domineer over another. The old khansamah not being able to contradict the profundity contained in this remark, the young gentleman continued—that as for his part—he was happy no body could call him a proud or an envious man—that he could forgive the cobbler driving his own cab—the pedlar his sauciness—and the beggar his independence—but—here he frowned most terribly as he took a dreadful bite at the buttered bread—for a servant to attempt to lord it over his master! oh! it was monstrous impudence! he could never forgive it—and he took another horrible bite—and looked knives and daggers at the solemn old gentleman—who not comprehending one word of what his master uttered—still preserved an imperturbable gravity and an unbroken silence. That servant—continued Mr. Jonathan Jingle rising in his wrath—who would presume to possess one single atom of substance or quality more than his master—was to him a consummate monster, the very personification of impudence—and if this was true—what—he begged to ask—did that servant deserve—who, maugre the lowliness of his condition and the insignificance of his office—presumed not only to sport a most terrible beard, but even to dare to stroke it with the utmost complacency in the presence of his master—as if in utter derision at the barrenness of his chin! was this to be borne—to be tolerated—to be endured? never! and Mr. Jonathan Jingle struck his hand violently upon the table—and was so transported with the fierceness of his rage, that becoming quite oblivious of the earliness of the hour—he called out in a voice of thunder for a bottle of beer. The beer was quickly brought and having emptied the bottle, Mr. Jonathan Jingle grew dreadfully valorous, and snatching a knife from the table—he attempted to lay violent hands upon the beard of the old khansamah—who not relishing such practical jokes—gave a desperate run into the compound and began trembling in every limb. Thus disappointed in wreaking his vengeance

on the obnoxious beard, Mr. Jonathan Jingle muttered a horrible oath, and thrust his head violently into his hat—and ordering dinner for four, exclusive of himself—he rushed out into the street, and commenced walking quite in a military style—and vowing and protesting all the way, that he would certainly be the death of the impudent old rascal.

CHAPTER III.

Why should he who made address,
All humble ways without redress,
And meet with nothing in return,
But insolence—affronts—and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design.

Hudibras.

It was just twenty-seven minutes after three P. M. and Mr. Jonathan Jingle came home in a merry mood, accompanied by four fierce-looking Africans—who being dressed in complete black, might have appeared to an observer from a very little distance to belong to that class of beings called Adamites. However this be—the first thing that Mr. Jonathan Jingle did, on entering the hall—was to fling aside his glossy beaver—and bowing himself down to the very ground, welcomed the four gentlemen to his “father’s hall”—and called out for a bottle of brandy, that mild beverage being placed on the table—Mr. Jonathan Jingle begged that his very honorable friends would have the goodness to fill their glasses—his honorable friends having graciously complied with the request—Mr. Jonathan Jingle threw himself into an attitude of extreme majesty—and holding the glass in his right hand, and casting his eyes on the ceiling he commenced: “My friends—I conjure you by the invincible love you bear to brandy, to look upon me as a most accomplished gentleman, and a man of money—independent and free—yes my friends, a man of money—possessing twenty thousand rupees—and being the uncontrolled sovereign of this vast and inexhaustible sum—do you think I could bow and cringe to any breathing mortal—no—not for kingdoms and crowns.” Hear, hear”—cried the four Africans by way of applause. “My friends”—continued the accomplished gentleman—“I abhor subordination and obedience, I have just thrown off the yoke of Government—which brought me the paltry sum of a hundred rupees monthly—one hundred to twenty thousand! my friends I leave you to decide the difference.” “Hear—hear,” roared the four Africans again. “My friends—we are here assembled—on—on—on—on an occasion of great difficulty—an occasion requiring great prudence and courage—but before we proceed any further let us drink success to our plot.” The four Africans having drank to the success of the untold plot, Mr. Jonathan Jingle proceeded to inform them—that he was a devil of a fellow among the ladies—he assured them with a terrible oath—that he had already broken a dozen hearts—and that there was not a maid—wife—or widow within twenty miles of his residence—who was not either mad after or dying for him. But—and Mr. Jonathan Jingle heaved a piteous sigh, to which the four Africans responded with sympathetic groans—but where, he wished to know, where was the man—that had not felt the venom’d dart of cupid’s magic bow. Here one of the gentlemen rising to solve

the question—Mr. Jonathan Jingle begged he should not be interrupted—and then continued—that having resisted and resisted successfully the fascinations of all the beauties—he had at last fallen from his high estate, and was now literally a very slave to omnipotent love. They might not believe his statement,—but he begged to assure them—it was nevertheless true—he *was* in love—and that too with a woman of the feminine gender! Here the four Africans looked terribly wonderstruck, at the marvellous nature of the communication. Mr. Jonathan Jingle now begged that his very good friends would charge their glasses again—and they pitying the condition of this victim of love—heroically complied with his earnest entreaty—while the victim continued to inform them further—that he was the most miserable dog upon the face of the earth—that go where he might—do what he would—the fairy form of his heart's beloved was ever before him—perhaps his honored guests might suppose she was dead—no such thing—she was neither dead nor dying—she was neither wandering in a distant clime—nor rusticated in some rural cottage—no—she was still in the land of the living—in the land that gave her birth—in the home she was born—but such was his cruel and relentless destiny—her gates were for ever closed against him—and Mr. Jonathan Jingle was so overpowered by his feelings, that it became positively necessary for him to empty his glass. The four Africans having evinced their sympathy by emptying theirs likewise—the miserable dog observed that he would now possess them with a little plot he had in his head—by which he hoped to be reinstated in the family. The family of which he was speaking—he begged to assure them, was very respectable and highly connected—in short they were a kind of aristocrats—and bore the aristocratical name of Pumkins, and so he hoped that in *doing the thing*—his friends would use no violence. Having acquainted them with the plot, Mr. Jonathan Jingle begged that his honorable friends would name their price for the performance of their part of the duty—his honorable friends being too modest to specify any sum—he hoped they would be satisfied with ten rupees each—no serious, that is to say, no audible objection being made to this reasonable sum. Mr. Jonathan Jingle proposed, that the success of the plot be drank again. No objection being likewise made to this—he informed his friends that brandy was a good, a very good thing indeed for a cold in the head—and that whenever he had a cold in the head—he took at least three quarters of a tumbler of that wonderful *panacea*—and drank off without any vulgar adulteration whatever—and always found himself better after that. Having thus enlightened the ignorance of the four Africans—Mr. Jonathan Jingle proceeded to reduce his theory into practice, and filling his glass almost to the brim and adding a very little water thereto—drank off the whole at one draught—thereby giving his friends to understand, that he had now a very severe cold in the head, and as that quantity of brandy was the only cure he knew, they may rely upon it—that it would go away in a moment. Dinner was now brought on the table—and gave great satisfaction to the *bon vivants*, and immense credit to the master of the kitchen as well as to the master of the house. It is now our painful duty to relate that Mr. Jonathan Jingle—it is useless to mince matters—became dreadfully drunk—and calling the ruffian looking gentlemen a parcel of women—he bade them act like men and drink

like fishes. "Fill your glasses gentlemen—he hiccupped staggering on his legs—we are all of a surety—born—to die—hiccup—Gentlemen, Miss—hiccup—Pumkin's—hiccup—health—hiccup," and this specimen of a man threw his glass on the table—and his body *under* it to see if the table was transparent and soon began snoring rather dreadfully. The four Africans having finished their glasses—lifted the merry gentleman from the ground and put him to bed—then stowing away the remaining piece of a hump in one of their hats, walked off a *little* staggeringly, to the great relief of the old khansamah, who all the while stood on tenter-hooks—dreading in every movement of his master a second attack upon his venerable beard.

CHAPTER IV.

He thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the lady a rencounter;
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician.

Hudibras.

There were about twenty people in all who attended an amateur evening lecture at a house in the Durruntollah—Mr. and Miss Pumpkins had prominent seats and were remarkably attentive, especially Mr. Pumpkins—who being rather deaf—sat all the while with his right hand behind his right ear—his left eye closed—and his body bent forward in an attitude of intense attention. The Gentleman who enacted the amateur opened the discourse by observing that as he had just recovered from a fit of illness, he hoped that his hearers would be a little indulgent towards him. He then named his text which was something to the effect "I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast *and it had ten horns.*" The Revd. Gentleman's exposition of this verse was very learned indeed. He observed—that the beast with the ten horns was decidedly a species of unicorn—and was a native of the Arabian Desert. He doubted not but that his hearers would be greatly surprized at this statement, inasmuch as unicorns have but one horn; but he begged to say, that if they would patiently listen to him for a while, he would endeavour to reconcile this apparent contradiction, and make it clear as noonday. He observed that in the original Greek the word *zœ mou*, or unicorn—signified wonder. He further observed that it was a law of nature that every beast should possess two horns—and every deviation from this rule, was monstrous or wonderful. One species of beast—possessing but one horn certainly was very astonishing—and so the ancients named it *zœ mou* or unicorn; and if a beast possessing but one horn was regarded as wonderful, surely much more wonderful must be that beast, that had ten horns—ergo it must be *zœ mou* or unicorn; and many other remarks were made by the little gentleman, equally learned and classical. Mr. and Miss Pumpkins lived almost opposite the western entrance of a certain square, so after having devoured the lecture—Miss Seraphina Pumpkins proposed taking a turn in it prior to going home, the deaf old gentleman gladly seconded the motion, and arm in arm both father and daughter walked leisurely along—fearless of any insult, unapprehensive of any danger. But they had scarcely made ten paces within the square—when four fierce looking fellows rushed desperately upon them, and seizing the terrified pair by

the arm, whispered very audibly one to another whether it would be better to drown them in the tank or stab them to the heart. This summary mode of proceeding, startled the couple not a little. Drown them or stab them! Shade of Radamanthus! was this justice? or had they fallen among the savages of the Andaman islands?

"Come Snooks—repeat your prayers"—cried one of the ruffians in a dreadful voice—"no humbug now---five minutes you have, so prepare for death."

"In Heaven's name"---implored the shivering gentleman---"tell me what is it you want---and whom do you take me for?"

"What do we want---and whom do we take you for!" exclaimed another ruffian in an equally horrible voice---"we want your blood, sir, your crimson blood---and we take you for old Pumkin the shuffler."

"For mercy's sake"---again begged the deaf man---"do not hurt my child---work your pleasure on me---but harm her not---or the curse of an old man will rest on you."

"Peace, fool, and fall to your prayers"---roared the third ruffian---and they proceeded to haul the old gentleman towards the tank.

"Villains forbear"---cried a voice of thunder, immediately at their heels, and at the same time Mr. Jonathan Jingle stood in the midst with a pistol in each hand---"unhand the gentleman instantly, or by Jupiter I blow out your brains."

"We would advise you not to interfere here, Sir"---cried the biggest of Jonathan's old friends---"Suffer us to take vengeance on this hoary-headed fool for the injury he has done us---or by Belzeebub---and he curled up his mustaches and looked terribly at the chivalrous young gentleman."

"Will you unhand this lady and gentleman, or will you not?"---demanded Mr. Jonathan Jingle---presenting both his pistols at their heads---"speak, for the last time, or by Pluto---I send you to the shades below"---and he closed both his eyes and fired the pistols with a courage and an undauntedness of mind scarcely to be paralleled. The ruffians having scampered off in double quick time---the conqueror deemed it prudent to lengthen his visage a little---and then asked the young lady if the rascals had dared to injure her in the least---vowing that if they had done so---he would hunt them to the utmost pole and from the centre to the antipodes and send their souls to Pluto's gloomy region hell. Miss Pumpkins having now recovered from her fright, thanked the young gentleman very warmly and cordially---and the deaf gentleman recognizing in him the unsuccessful candidate for his daughter's hand, very gladly renewed his acquaintance---and as just that day he had heard a flying report about Mr. Jonathan Jingle and twenty thousand rupees---he very disinterestedly asked him to take a cup of tea and a bed for the night at his house. Mr. Jonathan Jingle at first declared that he would rather sleep in an open heath, than give the old gentleman the slightest trouble or inconvenience, but being assured that his compliance with the request would add to the obligation they already owed him---he very reluctantly yielded his consent---at the same time wondering very audibly at the mysterious ways of providence, in bringing together long separated friends and reconciling apparent enemies---then giving his arm to the young lady---he squired her along as fast as he could. Mr. Pumpkins

kept a very fine table indeed—and what with the toast and the cheese and the jelly and tea and conversation—the evening passed off to the satisfaction of all parties. At eleven Mr. Pumpkins retired—and Mr. Jonathan Jingle having received a gracious smile from his “first love”—walked slowly to his room—and sank gently upon his bed—and dreamt of ten thousand pleasant things—the most prominent among which being a priest and a wedding ring. I need not mention that when Mr. Jonathan Jingle took his leave next morning—he received a general invitation to call whenever he liked—and as that gentleman always acted on the principle of never refusing a good thing—he took good care—that his visits should resemble those of the devil—many and frequent—rather than those of the angel “few and far between”—and thus the slumbering affections of the lovely Miss Pumpkins were again revived and awakened in her breast.

• CHAPTER V.

All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron and the miss;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
The same with those in Lewkner's lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
"Twixt wives and widows of the lakes.

Hudibras.

It was a lovely and a beautiful day, the fifteenth January, 18—. The sun shone brightly yet middly upon the inhabitants of the earth, and every thing looked gay and cheerful as if they knew and were conscious—that it was the wedding-day of Mr. Jonathan Jingle and Miss Seraphina Pumpkins. It will be utterly needless for us to mention—how the brides-maids whispered—and the bride blushed—or how the sponsors joked and the bride-groom laughed. It will be equally useless to describe the dress—the looks—the thoughts—the feelings of every body there present—of the married and the unmarried—the single and the doubled—the handsome and the ugly—the grave and the gay—it will suffice to say that such happy hosts and happy guests are never seen, but on a wedding day. At ten o'clock the whole procession drove off to the Cathedral—and the “sacred knot” was tied in less than five minutes—and the free and the independant gentleman found himself—to his great satisfaction no doubt—a bondman for life. During the performance of the rite—a circumstance occurred—which made a great impression in the minds of all present. When Mr. Pumpkins had “given away” his daughter to the young gentleman—he became so over-powered by his feelings—that he began to blubber and whine most pathetically—every now and then requesting to be informed, who would now sit at the head of his table—and who would wake him at five in the morning—and above all—who—oh—who would go to the stable every day and see that his horse was fed properly. No body replying to these queries—he went on lamenting still—and vowing that he would never beget a daughter again. Mr. Jonathan Jingle on the contrary—when he felt certain that he had become that wonderful creature called a husband—did not utter a single word of complaint—but heroically resolved—that come what would—he would bear his fate like a man. The procession returned to

the house of Mr. Pumpkins in the same order that it had left it—and cake and wine were immediately served up to the guests. One young gentleman—in bursting tights—and flaming waistcoat—when he had received his share of the wedding cake—was very seriously persuading a young lady with a very small mouth—to name the happy day—which would make him the blessedest dog in Christendom—assuring her that matches made on a wedding day—always turn out to be the most prosperous and happy. The young lady—not seeing the philosophy of the thing—but rather considering it as an exquisite piece of witticism—became quite convulsed with laughter—declaring that positively he was the funniest man she had ever seen. No sooner had Mr. Jonathan Jingle taken his sixth glass of wine with the sixth lady—than one of the guests handed a letter to him—observing that the peon was below. Now although no body knew the contents of the letter—nor even from what personage it had come—two very thin ladies and a very fat gentleman—declared, that they saw him tremble very much when he opened the letter, and actually turn as pale as ashes when he had perused it. But very few of the guests believed this—for folding the letter again—Mr. Jonathan Jingle was observed to smile very blandly—and calling the peon up—desired him to give his best compliments to his master—and that he would certainly call on him the next morning—then turning to his friends—he very facetiously observed—that a wedding day is a holiday—and that he could not stir from the house—even to assist a fellow-creature in distress.

CHAPTER VI.

To sum the whole—the close of all.

Pope's imitation of Swift.

The next morning Mr. Jonathan Jingle put his carcase into a palky—and called at the house of Jonathan Jingle, Esq. Indigo Planter, No. 4 Chowringhee—where he was informed that instead of his being the uncontrolled master of twenty-thousand rupees—he could not even command twenty-thousand cowries—and the mistake that had occurred regarding the names—might very safely be attributed to his—Mr. Jonathan Jingle's not making proper enquiry, as to which of the two Jingles was the holder of the fortunate ticket.—Having received this exquisite piece of intelligence—Mr. Jonathan Jingle was ready to cry out like a child—vehemently swearing that he was a lost man.—The gentleman pitying his condition—and as a compensation for the disappointment of his high-cherished hopes—presented him with a bank-note of two hundred rupees—and wishing him a pleasant afternoon—stepped into his buggy—and drove off with the speed of lightning. Mr. Jonathan Jingle pocketed the disappointment and the bank-note with the best grace he could—and going to the nearest clophouse—he drank to his soul's content—and came home somewhat mellow—and kicked up a terrible shindy with his father-in-law—informing him at the same time that he was a complete beggar—and that if such was the pleasure of the old gentleman—he was ready to deliver his daughter to him again. No angry words or reproaches escaped the lips of the old man—he took every thing quite coolly—and bade him not to be down-hearted—but to con-

sider his house as his own—giving him only a mouthful and a little corner for a room. Mr. Pumpkins however did not live to see his "children's children"—but went "the way of all flesh"—a very few months after his daughter's marriage—leaving all his property and substance to Mr. Jonathan Jingle. Mr. Jonathan Jingle was now again in his glory, and kept up a course of balls and dinners—that completely ruined him, and so having at the end of three years—seen the end of all his wealth, is now living right opposite the writer's house—compelled to maintain himself—his wife and two children on only twenty rupees a month, earned and procured by the sweat of his brow. •

F.

PARODY ON "TEACH, OH! TEACH ME TO FORGET."

(*For the Oriental Magazine.*)

I.

Joys depart, and ever leave us
To lament their vanish'd light;
Hopes decay and thus deceive us,
While we sink in sorrow's night.
Who can check the bosoms anguish?
Who the lone heart can beguile?
If you laugh to see me languish,
Teach, oh! teach me, how to smile

II.

Tell me not of days departed,
Nor of sunny pleasures flown;
Leave me now, though broken-hearted,
O'er the past to sigh alone!
None can chase my pensive sadness.
Not e'en Beauty's magic wile
Can impart a ray of gladness,—
Teach oh! teach me how to smile.

III.

One whose fondest hopes are blighted,
Ne'er can feel a moment's mirth;
For the love that has been alighted,
Must to painful thoughts give birth.
Who can check the bosom's anguish?
Who the lone heart can beguile?
If you laugh to see me languish,
Teach oh! teach me how to smile.

EDWARD.

Calcutta, 27th August, 1844.

VOL. II.—NO. X.

NARRATIVE OF A TRIP TO THE GODAVERY.

(Concluded from page 292.)

WHEN the floats arrived at Parnasaula, we left that place, and proceeded on our canoes to Buddrachullum, which we reached the second day after our departure from the former place. Buddrachullum being situated inland, we had to walk to it; but owing to the Rajah's superstitious fears, we were requested by one of his attendants to wait for some time—and we stood under the friendly shade of an umbrageous tamarind tree, until the inauspicious hour had passed away, when we were admitted into the Rajah's presence. He was a stout man, above the middle stature, tolerably fair in complexion, and of interesting features. He embraced each of us; and as neither understood the language of the other, our communications were held through the medium of an interpreter. In order to secure our friendship, a quantity of raw rice was placed in our hands, and the Rajah, after giving a long and full explanation of his right to the Zemindary, entreated us to use our best interests and influence with the Nizam's Government for confirming the possession of the estate to him and his successors, as his claims to it were disputed by the expelled prince, who had taken refuge at Hyderabad, and to whom Chundoo Lall had granted protection. Ishwah Rao, for that was the Rajah's name, feared that the Government would adopt measures for the restoration of his rival. The latter was a relative of his, and according to one account, was the rightful claimant to the Zemindary. Ishwah Rao was, however, the popular man, and on the death of the late Rajah, taking advantage of the feeling in his favor, had usurped the estate, and the young Rajah, who had temporarily succeeded, was obliged to make his escape; or he would, in all probability, have been seized and murdered. It is also probable, that the latter would have been reinstated, for it was currently reported that the Government had promised its assistance to him; but this intention was frustrated by Ishwah Rao buying Chundoo Lall off with a bribe of eighty thousand rupees. In order to enable him to raise the necessary sum, as he had it not in possession at the time, Ishwah Rao, as we were informed, parted with all the gold and silver plates and other utensils, together with all the jewellery belonging to his family; and with the sum thus realized paid the *douceur*.

In the evening, we were treated with more marked attention. As there was no fitting public edifice to be appropriated for our reception, a tent was pitched in an open space; a full *Durbar* was held outside; and we were introduced afresh to the Rajah, who rose on our entrance, embraced us again, and made us sit in chairs on the right and left of him. After an interchange of the usual compliments, we were entertained with a *nautch*, not in the Hindustanee, but the Telingee style. We retired at an early hour, and the whole of the next day was spent in *nautches*, interrupted at intervals only by our conversations, and meals. At night we were again regaled with a *nautch*, and in short, we had nothing but *nautches*, *nautches*, every day and every night, so long as we stopped at Buddrachullum. The people here, as elsewhere, are composed partly of *Telingees* and partly of Goands; the former, considerably exceeding the

latter in number. The *Telinges* are a somewhat civilized race, but the Goonds are still plunged in a state of comparative rudeness, and barbarism. Both of these races are miserably sunk in idolatry and superstition, fancying a presiding deity lodged in every rock and decayed stump of a tree.

On the night preceding our departure from Buddrachullum, after the *naulch*, we received, in accordance with oriental custom, which Ishwah Rao, in spite of his reduced and straightened circumstances, affected to observe, a pair of old shawls and a horse each as presents; the Rajah, at the same time, expressing his regret at the insignificance of the gifts, and his inability to bestow *Khilluts* suitable to his rank and name. Ishwah Rao would not, however, part so soon and so easily with us, and he therefore, accompanied us the first stage on our return to Mahadeopore.*

Shortly after our return by land to head-quarters, from our trip down the Godavery, I obtained permission to pay a visit to the city; and I accordingly proceeded thither. I remained there a fortnight. As R. H. F. had expressed a wish to retire from the concern, a cousin of mine,—(R. P. a pensioned officer of the Nizam's service,) was appointed as his successor. On our way back to Mahadeopore (for R. P. as stated, had once before visited Mahadeopore on my first joining the establishment,) we were again accompanied by Lieut. M. a few marches. In the course of seventeen or eighteen days, we arrived at Mahadeopore, and R. H. F. having been relieved by my cousin, returned to Hyderabad. In a few days a letter was received from R. H. F. addressed to my cousin, furnishing a full account of a serious disturbance, which had just occurred in the city. Two causes were assigned as its origin: the one was, that a tailor in the employ of Mr. R—ll, the resident, had been seized and confined by an order from Moobaruck Moolk, the youngest son of the Nizam—and a most mischievous youth he was—for some fancied offence committed by him; the other, that he had compelled the minister, Chundoololl's eldest son, who was with his father at the time in the *numbarree*, or turret, while passing the prince's house, to dismount from his elephant, and walk on foot past it,—but permitted Chundoololl to retain his seat, on account of his being minister. Chundoololl also offered to descend; but the prince excused him from dismounting, in consideration of the high post he filled.

Chundoololl complained of the indignity offered to his son, whom he was supposed to be training up with a view to supply his place as his successor, on his demise,—and insisted upon reparation being made for so gross and wanton an outrage. The prince was, however, obstinate, and peremp-

* About a year and a half afterwards, on my return from a trip to Calcutta, I understood that Ishwah Rao had died of the *jungle fever*; and being without issue, had left his *Zemindary* to his younger brother, whose name I have forgotten, but who was commonly called the *Rakkapilly* man. However, he was not long permitted to keep possession of the estate; for the exiled prince having obtained an adequate force from the Government, easily recovered possession of it. One battle was fought, and it ended in the utter discomfiture of the usurper, as the *Rakkapilly* man was considered,—and being completely overthrown, he resigned all his pretensions to the *Zemindary* and retired to his former seclusion, for he was a marked person, and though many plans had been laid for his apprehension, yet he had hitherto successfully contrived to elude them; and continued to live in concealment.

torily refused to make the required amends. The resident was resolute in his demand, and threatened chastisement, if the prince persisted in his refusal: but the latter continued refractory; and a company of the Russell Brigade, with a six-pounder gun, was ordered, under the command of Lieut. D—y, to invest the prince's residence, take him prisoner, and convey him to the fortress of Golconda. The prince was not, however, to be taken so easily. Resistance was made; and a shot fired from a carbine by a caffree domestic, killed Lieut. D., and some of the sepoy were also wounded. The prince contrived by some means to effect his escape, and obtained refuge in his father's palace.

The old Nabob at first refused to yield his son up to the resident, and exhibited a disposition to protect him to the last extremity. The resident was alarmed, and sent off an express to Jalnah, where a large British force was always stationed to be called out on occasions of emergent service, like the present, with instructions to march to the city; and removed to Secunderabad, the military cantonment, for protection. The troops at Jalnah had moved out, and were on their way to Hyderabad; but in the meantime, the old Nabob had relented, and delivered up his son to the resident, who forthwith sent him to Golconda to be confined there as a state prisoner. Immediately on the occurrence of the above disturbance, the whole of the Mahomedans in the city plucked up courage, and raised the cry of 'Deen Mahummud; Deen Mahummud;' and betrayed evident symptoms of a general outbreak to expel the English from their country: but the cry was soon hushed; the mob quietly dispersed, and tranquillity once more restored.

My cousin R. P. having occasion to visit the city, I was left in charge of the concern, and shortly after he quitted Mahadeopore, I proceeded to Somnapilly. I set off rather late in the day, and on my progress I unfortunately lost my way. After riding for more than twenty-two or twenty-three miles, I came to a point crossed by two foot paths; one of which led to Somnapilly over the dried bed of the Indrawutty, and the other, as I thought, through the jungle. I struck into the latter, as the shorter one of the two; but after going a very considerable distance, the road suddenly terminated; and, I was, in consequence, obliged to retreat. Night came on, and I was so bewildered, that I knew not what to do. To make another attempt to proceed on, would have been useless, for I might have again lost the way, and been again compelled to retreat. To think of returning to Mahadeopore, whence I had started, was out of the question; for I had left Mahadeopore far behind, and could not have reached it before one or two in the morning, or perhaps at all, from both myself and horse being tired—and as I would have had to recross the Godavery, I might have failed to do so, from the impracticability of meeting the canoe which had brought me over in the day. I have said that I was overtaken by night; and, it was a beautiful night. The sky was perfectly clear, and glittered in the rays of the moon and the stars; the mountains, in the rear looked awful and sublime, even in their barren bleakness; for it was the commencement of winter,—the month of November, as far as I can remember: and the dew was falling, not in thick streams, but in gentle drops—I took shelter from it under the broad eaves of a hut, and here I stood, in the full expectation of having to pass the night

in the saddle. The silence, which reigned around, was occasionally disturbed by the distant howl of wild beasts, which if they had, got the scent of me, would have instantly chased and hunted me for their prey; the inhabitants of the village had all retired, and I refrained from rousing them and calling for assistance, from the apprehension of being set upon and murdered by them, for I was unarmed and defenceless, and my syce, who had my gun, and all the apparatus belonging to it, did not come up with me, but lingered behind at one of the villages I had passed.

In the course of half an hour, or so, a couple of women issued from the hut, under the eaves of which I had sought refuge from the wet, as the dew had now increased: they stood facing me for some minutes, talking to each other,—and then took the way to the fields. I was ignorant of the object of their observation of me; of the subject of their conversation, for I was totally unacquainted with either the *Gound* or the *Telingee* language, and the village in question was, to my recollection, a *Gound* one,—or of that of their going to the fields. Not long after their departure, I perceived them returning, followed by two men, each with a long spear in his hand. Now, thought I, all is over with me, if I cannot effect my escape. I however determined to make the attempt, and therefore kept my eye fixed on the motions of the men. They advanced on; and when they had approached within a sufficient distance, they made signs to me to follow and proceeded forward. I cautiously followed them; and in less than an hour arrived safe at my quarters—I gave my guides a couple of rupees, and dismissed them satisfied with the present. We had often and often passed the village just mentioned, and was, therefore, not unknown in this part of the country, and it was, probably, to this knowledge of us, that I in some measure owed my safety.

From Mahadeopore, I was deputed to Muddair, a village of small extent, appertaining to the Bhopal Puttun country; which bordered on the Rangeer Sircar, and was included in the territory of the Rajah of Bustur. It took me three days to reach Muddair. I halted one day at Bhoopal Puttun, where the Zemindar resided generally with his family and relatives. It was in the morning that I entered the village, and almost the first person I saw was a man of ordinary appearance, and large corporation, short in stature, somewhat advanced in years, and with a tolerably long beard dangling from his chin, scantily clothed, and without a turban on his head, or shoes on his feet. He was standing under a tree, and stared very hard at me, as I and my retinue approached the village, where I intended to make but a short stay. Subsequently I learnt that this individual, whom I mistook for a common person, was the Rajah, from whom I received a visit of ceremony in the evening. He was better apparelled on this occasion, and accompanied by a goodly train of followers. His eldest son, who was in the prime of life, preceded him on horse-back; the father walked in the rear, and behind him marched a number of men armed with matchlocks, spears, and swords, as escort. In the advance was a band of rustic musicians, playing upon drums and fifes.

The Rajah and his family lived in a thatched house built on the top of a hill which stood in the centre of the village,—the base of it was surrounded by the huts of the inhabitants, and its summit fortified by

a rude breastwork of teak-timber of small dimensions. Crevices were left at certain distances to allow of the use of firearms in case of assault.

Early on the following morning, I quitted Bhoopalputtun, without waiting to take leave of the Rajah, and proceeded on to Muddair, which I reached at mid-day. On examination, the timber felled in the adjoining forest was found to be of a good size. During my sojourn at this place, the Bhoopalputtun Rajah paid a visit to it; but he was obliged suddenly to return to his residence, as, during his short absence, the village was attacked and plundered by Bhim Baba, a neighbouring Zemindar, who was at feud with him for a long time. The *lex talionis* had led Bhim Baba to make this reprisal on his neighbour, who had served him in a similar way about a year or so before.

As I was anxious to reach Somnappilly without delay, I made no halt on the way; but leaving servants and baggage behind, and accompanied only by my syce, I rode on the whole of the day, and arrived at my destination just about nightfall. I had ridden a distance of upwards of forty miles, without, I believe, once dismounting; crossed two streams, and passed through a thick and extensive jungle, said to be infested with tigers, bears, and other wild beasts; but fortunately I did not encounter one of them. As was to be expected, I was perfectly tired, and retired early to rest. The next day about noon, I was able to resume my journey to Mahadeopore. About the close of day, I arrived on the banks of the Godavery, and as my syce complained of illness, I desired him to go back to a small village, which we had just quitted, remain there the whole night, and rejoin me on the following day.

Having crossed the river, I prepared to walk through a low, but dense *jungle*, which, luckily for me, did not extend beyond six or seven miles, but it was infested with tigers—they were the terror of travellers, many of whom had been from time to time destroyed by them. I was accompanied by a single boatman, who carried a short spear,—which would have been but a poor defence, had we been attacked by one of these wild animals. However we met with no accident. As a heavy shower of rain had fallen during the day, and the ground had, in consequence, become soft and broken up, I was forced to take off my shoes and stockings—and walk bare-footed. I do not know under what infatuation I was induced to trust myself with a stranger, and to expose my life to double danger,—from tigers and the boatman. Being unarmed, I could have offered no resistance to the man; if he had, tempted by cupidity, been disposed to attack and rob me. But he would have got no booty, for I had no money with me. The truth is, the people in this part of the country are very peaceable, and not addicted to habits of theft, high-way robbery, or murder.*

Things were quiet for some months, when this state of tranquillity

* An exception must be made in this respect in favor of the Zemindary of Ishwah Roa. When at Buddrachullum, we had heard that at one time it abounded with banditti, and highway robberies and murders were very frequently committed:—but that by the adoption of strict measures and severe examples, he had managed to rid the country of them. Whenever a number of robbers were seized, he would order their ears, noses and hands to be cut off, and to be set free again in that mutilated state—no that such was the terror of his name, that his estate was completely cleared of robbers in the course of a few years.*

was suddenly disturbed by the incursions of the Pindaries—a horde of robbers on a large scale: different bodies of these murauders had overrun and pillaged not only the Honorable Company's territories; but also those of their allies. We daily expected a visit from the party, which scoured this part of the Nizam's possessions—they came within a short distance of us; but did not make their appearance at Mahadeopore.

At this period, the fortress of Moormoor was invested by the Nizam's troops, consisting of a Brigade of sixteen hundred men, mostly *Rajputs*, commanded by Major D—, a rissala of native horse, a body of Seikhs and another of Arabs—subsequently Joachem's corps joined the force, which was placed under the command of Rajah Seetul Das, a half brother of the minister Chundoolal. Moormoor belonged to the Rangeer Estate, but had been wrested from the possession of Juggernath Rao, Luchmah Rao, and Kistna Rao, who possessed joint shares in it, by one of Kona Rao's dependants of the name of Gopal Roa.

As my friend, R. H. F. was personally acquainted with Major D—, and by way of change of scene, he made up his mind to pay a visit to that Gentleman. He started in the middle of the day and reached Muntiny, a village occupied by Brahmins, who were reported to be wealthy, in the course of the evening. He proposed stopping here till one or two in the morning, not only to take some refreshment himself, but also to allow the hearers to do the same. He started again after two, in the morning and it was fortunate that he did so, for a little before the breaking of dawn, Muntiny was surrounded by a large body of Pindarees, a party of whom entered the village, and commenced the work of plunder and destruction. No resistance was offered by the inhabitants; for having been surprised, and being unarmed, resistance would have been vain; yet the cold blooded ruffians, in the very wantonness of cruelty, literally hacked and butchered a great number of persons to quench their thirst for blood. Most of the females were violated in the presence of each other, as well as in that of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and other relatives, who were wholly incapable of affording the smallest assistance and rescuing the unfortunate victims of an ungovernable lust, from the power of these fiends. Such as did attempt to offer them aid were cut down instantly—many to escape the shameful fate of their friends and companions threw themselves into *bouries*, choking them up with their carcases. Having completely plundered the village, massacred a great number of its inhabitants, violated all those unhappy females who fell into the hands of the atrocious villains, they picked out the prettiest of the young women and carried them off by force, in spite of their shrieks and struggles.

Muntiny, before the occurrence of the above disaster, was a place of considerable note and interest from its extent, wealth and population: it now presented, in contrast, a most distressing and melancholy picture from the ruin and desolation, in which it was involved by the cruel and heart-rending acts of a set of lawless wretches, who, destitute of the common feelings of humanity, cared little, or nothing, at all, what misery and anguish they inflicted on their victims, so long as they could enrich themselves by their spoils.

Messrs. W. P. and Co. lost two thousand Arcot rupees at Muntiny.

This coin not being current in some parts of the country, through which the timbers float had to pass, the above sum was sent under charge of a *Mootosuddy* to Muntiny for the purpose of being exchanged for the specie in use in those districts. The *Mootosuddy* was furnished with a guard of one Havildar and four Sepoys; but they were too few, and utterly unable to afford him any protection; and the poor *Mootosuddy*, in addition to being robbed of the money, got a sound beating into the bargain.

Not far from Muntiny; but a little more than a mile or so below it flows a narrow stream of very clear water; and almost, in the centre of it, stands a rock, known by the name of *Lunja-murg*, or the harlot's rock. It has acquired this designation from a remarkable incident. On inquiry, I learnt that some years ago, a young woman of Muntiny, or some other contiguous village, having formed an illicit connexion with a youth, who resided on the opposite side, was in the habit of crossing the stream at night by the help of an earthen vessel, and meeting him at his residence. This intercourse was carried on secretly for a long time, when a discovery was at length made, and communicated to the young woman's husband, who occasionally made distant journeys on business; and he determined to be revenged on his wife for her infidelity. With this view, having watched her proceedings, and ascertained the way in which she was accustomed to convey herself across, he provided himself with two pots, one burnt for his own use, and the other unburnt to be substituted for that, which his wife employed. He told her one day that he had to go on a long journey on business, and would start the next morning. The wife, dissembling her feelings, pretended to be sorry at his expected absence, and even tried to dissuade him from his design, but inwardly rejoiced at the prospect of being soon left to herself, and having an opportunity of spending the interval with her paramour. When the hour of departure arrived, he awoke and proceeded on his pretended excursion, without disturbing his wife's slumbers, but instead of going on a journey as pretended, he went and concealed himself in a thick part of the jungle, not far from the spot, where his wife was accustomed to cross the river.

Late at night, which was rather a dark one, its obscurity being only relieved by the light of the stars, he observed his wife approach the ghat, and plunge into the water. He allowed her to proceed a part of the way, before following her himself. When he gained the opposite bank, he found the vessel used by his wife left there, as usual, and substituting in its place the unburnt one, which he carried on his head, recrossed the stream, and left his wife to her fate. Unsuspicious of her husband's knowledge of her criminality, and unable, owing to the darkness of the night, to detect the exchange, she attempted to swim across, and had just reached the rock, when the vessel melted away, and she sunk at the foot of it. Since that eventful period, it has borne the distinctive appellation of *Lunja-murg*, or the harlot's rock.

In four or five days, R. H. F. returned from Moormoor, when I proposed to visit it in my turn. To ensure a kind and welcome reception to me, he was good enough to give me a letter of introduction to his friend Major D. who was entrusted with the direction of the siege of Moormoor.

I set off after breakfast, and did not make up to Chinner till the evening, as it was twenty-four miles distant from Mahadeopore. I had heard a good deal of the strength of the fortress of Chinnor; it stood in the midst of the village which was situated on an elevated spot, and of great extent and population. The fortress was considered to be impregnable, and might have been so against native troops. It was once besieged, as reported, by an army of seventy thousand footmen, with a suitable train of Artillery, and some squadrons of Cavalry, and is said to have held out for upwards of six months. The brave man, who so stoutly defended the fort, was at length induced to capitulate on a promise of pardon; but the then reigning Nabob, who was offended by the refractory conduct of the Zemindar, and exasperated by the obstinate defence he had made, despite the pledge given, ordered the prisoner to be publicly executed, as a warning to others.

One most remarkable event is stated to have occurred at this siege, and marvellous as it was, it was notwithstanding believed by the people of the country, but the bruit of it had not travelled beyond its limits. One of the bastions was ordered to be mined, and when completed, it was fired, and the explosion was so dreadful that it blew the bastion up into the air; but wonderful to relate, it dropped again exactly on the same spot where it had stood before, without it or the men in it sustaining the slightest injury. As it was dark, I could not examine the works of the fortifications, for as we were on terms of friendship with the Zemindar, no objection would I think have been offered to my inspecting them. In about a couple of hours, I resumed my journey, and reached the camp early in the morning.

I met with a kind and hospitable reception from Major D. with whom I spent four days. There were only two other European officers attached to his brigade. One of these had been wounded in the leg, on the first attack, which had been repulsed, and as from a want of proper medical aid the wound could not be healed, he obtained leave to return to the Head-quarters of his corps, while the other was disabled from active service by severe indisposition, and he likewise obtained leave to quit the camp; so that Major D. was left alone to conduct the siege.

While I was at Moormoor, Joachim's battalion arrived from Peddapilly, where it was generally stationed, and shortly afterwards a party of Arabs, despatched with a fresh supply of ammunition, joined the camp. The next day, an unfortunate incident occurred, owing to a quarrel between an Arab and one of Major D.'s men. That morning both had gone to the river side to wash themselves; when the Arab complained of the sepoy's disturbing the water, and angrily desired him to move off to a distance. The sepoy abused the Arab in return, and told him to move off, when the latter incensed at the former's abusive language rushed upon him, and stabbing him with a knife killed him on the spot. An alarm was instantly spread in the camp that it was attacked by the Arabs, and the whole Brigade turned out *en masse* to repel the assault. A few shots were fired, when by Major D.'s interference, the tumult was quelled; and he promised, on learning the above circumstance, to see that justice should be done to them for the outrage that had been committed. The Arab had in the mean while sought refuge in Rajah Seetul Dass's tent; but

on hearing of the murder, the culprit was delivered up to Mnjor D. to be dealt with according to his desert. The offender was condemned by the unanimous verdict of the whole Brigade, and hanged on a tree. On the following morning, the party of Arabs, by desire of the Rajah, quitted the camp, and marched back to the city. On taking leave of Seetul Das, I was presented by him with a pair of scarlet coloured shawls worked at the borders and edges with gold thread. Some time after my return to Mahadeopore, we heard of the evacuation of the fort of Moormoor by the garrison, which, favored by darkness, one night at a late hour, left the place and made its escape. Possession was accordingly taken of the fort, and, in obedience to the orders of the minister, it was levelled to the ground.

One day, about noon, an alarm was spread in the village that the Pindaries were coming to attack it, and in less than half an hour our compound was crowded with men, women, and children. The Sepoys belonging to us, a party of whom had been supplied from Captain Joachim's detachment, were ordered out and posted in a body with loaded musquets in front of our bungalow. R. H. F. and I also loaded our fowling pieces; and we were thus prepared to give the Pindaries, not a *cold*, but as *warm* a reception as the means at our command would allow. The walls of the fort, which protected the village, were lined with *Sobundees*,* armed with matchlocks, swords, and spears. All this uproar and consternation was caused by a parcel of boys mounting some stray tattoos, and issuing out of the jungle in full tilt. A hearty laugh and great merriment followed the discovery of the mistake. As it was, however, not improbable, but that we *might* some day or another receive a visit from the predatory band, who were at this time, scouring around us we took the precaution to provide against surprise. For this purpose a lofty *muloham* was erected in the compound, and a man perched on it every day from sun-rise to sun-set, with a strict injunction to keep a careful look out. But although the Pindaries plundered villages in the vicinity of Mahadeopoor, they would not, it seems, come near us; probably dissuaded from making an attempt upon it on account of its being well protected.

Some months after this, R. H. F. and I proceeded to Charrah an insignificant village occupied by *Goands*. In the forest adjoining it, timber of good quality and large dimensions had been felled. While here, intelligence was brought to us, that *Bhim Baba*, who resided in our neighbourhood, meditated an attack on our quarters with the intention of plundering our treasury. We instantly set about erecting a defence, and in the course of two or three days, a fortification built entirely of teak timber of middling size was completed; and we removed all our things into it. The alarm, however, proved false. Shortly afterwards I received a communication from Calcutta, and I in consequence, left the jungles, and went to Hyderabad for the purpose of visiting the former

* *Sobundees* are troops employed by the Zemindars for their protection. They carry matchlocks, swords, daggers, knives, and long and short spears. They are tolerably brave; but are no match for the Arabs,—receive three or four rupees per month, and are paid for their services in patches of land, as well as in cattle acquired by plunder from neighbouring chiefs.

place ; but I was detained at Hyderabad for upwards of three months by sudden and prolonged illness. On my recovery, I proceeded to Madras for a passage to Calcutta : here also I was detained by the setting in of the North-east moonsoon ; it was not till the month of January following that I was able to quit Madras. I engaged a passage on board of an American vessel, (the name of which I have forgotten) and I must do the Yankees the justice to acknowledge that I was treated very handsomely by the Captain, and the Supercargo, Mr. D—y. My stay in Calcutta was short, and on my return to Hyderabad, I entered the house of Messrs. W. P. and Co. in the capacity of a clerk ; and here ends my narrative.

H. P.

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

If I were old—and tottering on
That fearful country's darksome bourne,
Where thousands are already gone,
Never oh !—never—to return.
Or were I in a desert isle,
Amidst the wide unbounded sea ;
With not a soul to speak the while,
Or cheer my lonely destiny.
Or if I were some monster dread,
The murderer of an aged sire,
With awful curses on my head
Of deathless worms and quenchless fire.
Then fearless I would welcome death,
And gladly yield this fleeting breath ;
Then with a light and buoyant heart,
From earth and earth's sweet scenes I'd part ;
Would bid farewell without a tear,
To all I love and value here ;
And deem the tomb—the silent tomb,
With all its loneliness and gloom,
With not a stone the spot to trace,
Alone my peaceful resting place.
But oh ! to die—as minstrels sing—
When life is sweet—in early spring ;
To see the blooming flowers decay,
Ere half the morn is past away !
To see the sun bring sudden night,
While blazing in meridian height !
Away ! away ! my soul be still,

Thoughts in Solitude.

Obeÿ the fates whate'er they will ;
 Or life or death—or bliss or pain—
 Resistance is and must be vain.

Days of my childhood ! where are ye !
 To what dark regions have ye flown ;
 For oh ! again I long to see
 The happy hours that now are gone.
 Then nought was there in sky or earth
 To mar or damp one hour of mirth ;
 The world was fresh and fair and sweet,
 And all was new the eye could greet ;
 And fields and trees and flowers and all
 Possessed a charm I can't recal ;
 For then life had no cares for me,
 My soul was light—my heart was free
 I wander'd here—and wander'd there,
 At home—abroad—and everywhere ;
 Without a thought—without a sigh,
 Without a tear to dim my eye—
 Thus pass'd my days without a pain—
 When will such days return again !

Alas ! alas ! those days are flown,
 And childhood—boyhood—all are gone ;
 Gone to a region all unknown,
 Where nought but darkness reigns alone :
 But still fond memory holds them fast,
 The thoughts and feelings of the past,
 Of what we were—and what we've been—
 The joys—the pleasures we have seen,
 In memory's cave are treasured deep,
 The cave where bye-gone moments sleep.
 And in the hour of wretchedness,
 When mourns the heart its loneliness
 When storms of grief the mind assail,—
 And we lie down to weep and wail ;
 'Tis then before our swimming eyes,
 The scenes of other days arise ;
 And then we sigh and wish in vain
 Oh ! that such days would come again !

Alas ! alas ! those days are flown,
And childhood—boyhood—all are gone ;
And what am I—a thing of nought,
Unlov'd—unhonor'd—and forgot.
And he that sees me passing by,
With horror painted in his eye,
Turns him back and alack a day !
Without a greeting walks away. •

•
Shades of my sainted parents ! see
Your offspring sunk in misery ;
Sunk in the deepest gloom of night.
Without a fire-fly's feeble light,
To cheer me in this wilderness
Of gloom and horror and distress.
Oh send ! oh send ! a ray of hope,
To glad my path—and bear me up,
Through all the raging waves that roll
Across my breast and o'er my soul,
They say that in the scenes of life,
 Though checquer'd oft with smiles and tears,
And joy and sorrow—peace and strife,
 And thousand other hopes and fears :
Still youth and sorrow cannot ever
Hand in hand be found together ;
Youth treads on flowery paths, and scorns
 To show his gloomy doubts and fears ;
While sorrow walks on briars and thorns,
 And the earth waters with his tears.
Youth goes rejoicing in his path,
While sorrow mourns the day of wrath ;
Future or past to him is nought,
He still must mourn his wretched lot.
But had this been indeed a truth,
Then why am I a mourning youth ;
What means this deep perpetual sigh,
The clouded brow—the weeping eye,
The pang—the torture—and the smart,
This ceaseless sadness of the heart ;
What can it mean—but destiny,
My luck—my fate—and Heaven's decree ;

And howsoe'er I wish, or will,
 Sorrows and cares await me still,
 Shadows and clouds my path surround,
 And every where is thorny ground.
 Well, be it so—oh destiny!
 Whate'er thou art—I yield to thee
 Myself, and all that I possess
 In this wide world of bitterness.

F.

September, 1844.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON DOGS AND MEN.

“Wrth a Walch, ei Farch, a'i Filgi, yr adwaenir Bonheddig” signifying that you may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse and his grey-hound.

THE modesty of the writer is alarmed at the idea of establishing an identity between man and the animal that has taken its stand at the head of this article. He can only palliate his temerity at the recollection of Lord Monboddo's attempt to prove that a monkey was but a monikin; or to be plainer that man was originally a monkey. That his Lordship has not succeeded in his attempt is a matter of congratulation, for what man, be his achievements in ugliness what they may, would write himself down a monkey? While allowing the truth of his theory so far as it is applicable to a class of fops who are still extant in our day, it must be considered quite exploded as regards the rest and residue of mankind. The docility, faithfulness and sagacity of a dog, independent of other arguments point him out as the natural representative of man. Had we to elect a member to represent man in the Commons of the brute creation, the dog would doubtless be returned without any fear of his election being annulled on the score of corruption; not however without some little opposition on the part of the Arabs in favour of their favourite candidate—the ass. My object is, by a little speculation, to shew that the nature of a dog is assimilated to, if not quite identical with that of man; and that (if any) very thin partitions their narrow bounds divide.

It might be as well to treat upon the point philologically by way of preliminary, as that method is sometimes more calculated to elicit the truth than arguments of a more orthodox and formal stamp. *Canis* is the distinctive term by which the *genus* is known. Like the *genus* homo, it is wont to tear its prey; the latter does it commercially, politically, slanderously, the former physically; and hence the first tearer was named Cain. There is a graduated scale from the Canine to canny man. Cannibalism forms the first intermediate stage—the second is the canaille;—both which are bounded by the two extremes already mentioned, the canine and the canny. These degrees are nothing more than the varying hues which an apple or a mango would present under the maturing influence of the sun. From the

green to the gold, there are as many intermediate hues, as there are between the poodle and what we call the people; some conveyable by language, others defying its utmost powers. To borrow an idea from grammar the canine forms the positive state, the cannibal the comparative and the canaille the superlative. Having exhausted adjective degrees, the canny, such as the canny Scotch form the more superlative,—while the progress of enlightenment gives us a due proportion of something in the *most* superlative, peculiarly invested with the sound and sense of the tip-top of the canine species. Again man is not so much a social as he is a hanging being. For one scene of sociality, we see half a score of suspension affair; and in this respect a dog is not any wise dissimilar; for who does not know that to give him a bad name is virtually to hang him. These facts explain why a certain plant, from whose bark cordage is made, is designated *cannabis* by botanists. Nor does astronomy disdain its aid to establish the theory herein set forth, as the constellations of the *Canis Major* and *Canis Minor* strike every gazer on the heavens with the great elevation of that species; and that they have a more valid claim to the lofty name of celestials than the obese Chinese who feed on their heavenly brethren. History too by giving a town of Assulia in the Adriatic the name of Cannæ shews what a bull dog affair it was, that of Hannibal and Emilius. And such is its dignity that *Canute* (probably because there was not only a philological affinity between their names, but an identity between their natures) enacted in his forest laws, that no one under the degree of a [gentleman should presume to keep a grey hound—Whether these greyhounds had made any progress in politics, may be determined from the fact, “that when that unhappy prince Richard the second was taken in Flint Castle, his favourite Greyhound immediately deserted him and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke.” Then we have the Mogul and Jewish name of Dogman. No man can give a reason why a man should be called a dog, unless indeed a dog was a man. I have no wish by any imposingness of logic to take the reader captive; but the instance just alluded to, must be allowed not a little overpowering. I ask again why is a man (be he bearded like a mogul or not) christened or circumcised—Dogman; or why should any gifted with the human face divine, be considered Dogmatical, unless there be much of the Dog in his nature. To what do we owe the origin of the words Dog-days, Dog-fish, Dog-wood; but to certain canine qualities and attributes from which the Dog takes its heat, the fish its flavour and the wood its beauty and durability. The best Italian Philologers are agreed upon the modern perversion of adding an *e* to the Dog~~s~~ of Venice. This chief of the Venetian council was called the Dog of Venice, from the meretoriousness of that animal in diving into the Adriatic and picking up the ring to be thrown into it; and it is from a false shame only, they have supplemented the word with the second vowel. But to proceed for like the *Pastoralis* we have many a mountain path to tread. Man in his state of barbarism is but one remove from caninism; and if any thing, the antipathy between them while in their incipient stages, confirms the view I have taken of the subject. It is observed that a beggar just removed from beggary never tolerates a beggar—a plebeian just removed from the

ranks of plebianism despises a plebian. In like manner a cannibal being the first remove from canis, treats it with enmity which he very amiably endeavours to shew like other barbarians by feasting upon its carcase.

This is peculiar to parts in Africa and China; and to shew what civilization can do for man, it will scarcely be believed the Romans and the Greeks in the intermediate periods between its caninism and canaillism used to subsist upon the same luxuries according to the several treatises by Hippocrates. The contrariety between link and link in the canine chain is apparent to the dullest apprehension, for the canine detests the cannibal—the cannibal returns that feeling with interest to the canaille and the canaille is not one whit in the back ground as regards the canny whom I take to be the aristocracy. Again the most moral, the most learned and the most civilized are allowed by all hands to be in the united kingdom of Great Britain, and those who are at all proficient in natural history, tell us that in Britain alone are dogs superior to those in any other part of this habitable globe; whatever may be the discipline or education to which they may have been subjected.

Does this coincidence prove nothing? I know some may be disposed to indulge in the old joke of there being a river in Macedon; and another in England, &c. But a mere jibe is not argument. Besides Britons have a tendency to degenerate in other countries, and that no art moral or physical has ever been discovered to counteract this tendency. In this respect the natural history of canis presents a perfect parallel, for the same dog in the Arctic and in the torrid regions assume forms and features scarcely recognizable in their father land. The change in the latter is merely material while in the former it is moral—in the one gold causes it—in the other—climate. The dog here appears to be superior to man. The latter has been designated the laughing animal, the social animal, the slanderous animal; but never even by the most mystical and mystified being has he ever been known as the mystery loving animal. In this respect he only developes what markedly distinguishes the canine species, who are so far from indulging in any freemasonry, that the terrier is used to force the fox out of its holes—rabbits out of their burrows and other animals out of their dark and mysterious lodgments. And hence is it that the Egyptians, haters of light as they were, symbolically and hieroglyphically represented a king cruel, faithless and ignorant by a dog's or an ass's head, with a pot of fire and sword before him. None but the Egyptians could have been such sad dogs as to juxtapose an ass and a dog cheek-by-jowl. To represent cruelty and want of faith by or with either of the emblems must have originated, from that one, at least, of the two heads which has the longest ears. There is nothing in common between the two animals except their quadrupedism; a marked contrariety existing in other respects, for it is no secret that the hungriest dog will abstain from the bones of a goose however savoury or bedevilled they may be. By the way, it is not to be overlooked that the split between that animal and the mystic continues to this day; for at the entry of a Freemason into a room the dog is found invariably to indulge in a sagacious bark and endeavours to make certain *signs* not the most indicative of a tender attachment. An attempt was made in one of the lodges in Ireland to affiliate and initiate them, but they were determined not to yield the *skull* or the *cross bones*

to the hero of the trowel and the apron ; while the grips of their paws were any thing but masonic.

Perhaps a few allusions to the more marked correspondence in the moral features of dog and man, may place the subject in a proper point of view ; and lead to the formation of a more correct idea on the subject. The *Leverarius* or *Harrier* is a species, which derives its name from hunting the hare or other small fry ; but that they lose heart at the appearance of sturdier quadrupeds. Here we may see a class of men who contrive to go through the world on a small scale and like the native navigator never launching into the wide sea—but coasting as it were on its shores and prosecuting the even tenor of their quiet way, without noise or show and shrinking from the adventures of life, with which they can as much grapple as the harrier can with the tiger. Nor does it require any stretch of ingenuity to trace in this species, the embryo bully who never faces his equals, but hectors over the weaker part of Heaven's creatures : and while lording it over the infirm and the friendless, licking—obsequiously licking the hand of his superior or oppressor as it may be. Their motto is “ hit him hard—he has no friend.” You may know them by the down—to—the—earth profundity of their genuflections at the appearance of an aristocrat, while the curl of contempt gracefully plays upon their lips when the orphan or the widow come within sight. The sanguinarius or blood-hound or the sleuth-hound of the Scots, is remarkable for the acuteness of its smell, representative of the race of smell-feasts who can tell you the particular kind of dainties to be seen in the various kitchens within the verge and range of five miles, from the steam and effluvia which by some imperceptible process play on the interior of their nasal organs. They can tell the birth day of Mr. Convivial—the evening his infant is to be christened—the particular pair to be married on the following Saturday ; and the kind of fare one may calculate upon, on those occasions. All this had been wonderful indeed, had it not been crowned with the greater wonder of their being invariably bidden as guests at the festivities on the above happy occasions. The following is an extract from the pocket book of one of these hounds :—

March 10th.—Anniversary of Dumplin's marriage. Poor fellow has a Dog's life of it ; but makes it a point to keep up the day to speechify on the curses of single blessedness. N. B.—Dinner as good as the Lord Mayor's.

March 20th.—Bounty's Birth Day. The sweetest man breathing, but he is getting poor and his mutton tougher. Fear must give him the cut direct.

April 1st.—Aye, Jones makes it a point to treat his friends, the lord knows why—unless in honor of the day. Last April it led to five dinners. Was not asked at the fifth at old Dolittle's. Must know why—but no matter, for I hear his soup is execrable.

April 10th.—That Mrs. Port is positively ill-natured. Asked me how many unscored Dinners there were on my list. But for that rarity, her fish sauce, I would have retorted by a hit at the fall off in her admirers.

April 13th.—Plain luncheon at Jones'.

April 25th.—A christening at Chuckles—but he has rather a nasty habit of giving prominence to pork chops. His beer too has a twang—suspect it to be ullaged.

April 29th.—Grand tea party at Tobias'. Long grace and short allowance of wine. Strange mixture of faith and fruits, temptations and libations, hopes and hops, and all that kind of thing.

April 30th.—Old Hobs is to marry mother Tick. Must urge them to something savoury—the old Skinflints!

All this may induce the smile or sneer of ordinary curs. And talking of curs carries us to the acuteness of smell in the Scotch who must have derived the same from the Sleuth-hound; of which, were there any doubt, the fact of its being used by Wallace and Bruce in the civil wars would form a complete settler. And such is the exquisiteness of the North Briton's olfactories that like the Jews, they can smell the smell of gold be it a thousand miles off; for there is no country however distant, dirty, or dangerous in which either a Scot or Jew sojourns not. The medical hound also smells fevers, coughs and catarrhs at no inconsiderable distance; while the gentlemen of the long robe are ever and anon snuffing the breeze to catch a taste of the dust. And those jackalls, short little dabber attorneys, are seen poking their inquisitorial nose into every affair, to ascertain the quality of the metals that can be therefrom extractable.—There is a class of men who set out in the world with some one end, aim and object to the pursuit or attainment of which their energies are especially concentrated. It may be wealth or fame or love. It forms the target to which all their arrows are directed. The aim is unceasing and constant. The object is ever parallel with the apple of their eye. If extraneous circumstances produce a temporary diversion, the end is straightway resumed. And here we see the Agasæus or Gazehound which hunts by the eye. "It selects the *fattest* and *fairest* deer, pursues it by the eye; and if lost for a time "recovers it again by its singular distinguishing faculty; and should the "beast rejoin the herd, this dog would fix unerringly on the same." The vision that sees not the remarkable parallelism in the two pictures need not be envied. Independently of the unerring and unrivalled pursuit, the gazehound is in every respect superior to his fellow man in selecting "the fattest and fairest object." What an amount of human energy is thrown away upon things which are neither the fattest nor the fairest; and here it would do well to borrow a lesson from canine propriety. But where be the Howards and the Willberforces amongst that genus? Are we oblivious of the dogs of St. Barnard in the Alpine heights? With a light they traverse the deceitful snows—and with that greater light in a region like this—a flask of brandy,—they fearlessly approach the *avalanche* to save hundreds of those who *vault* in the name of man from destruction. Where is the self denial—where the exploits of Protestant missionaries or of the adventurous Jesuits comparable to this moral heroism? To proceed. "The Vertagus or Tumbler took its prey by mere subtlety depending neither on the sagacity of its nose, nor on its swiftness. If it came into a warren it neither barked, nor ran on the rabbits; but by a seeming neglect of them, deceived the object, till it got within reach so as to take it by a sudden spring. The description seems to answer to the modern lurcher." And right properly is it so named, counterparts as they are of a portion of the monopolists in rationality, who true to their canine origin, are seen to leave their friends in the lurch. They shew neither wit nor parts except in abstaining from any disclosure of their purposes, to lull their neighbours into delusion; and then by a sudden spring make off with their prize, reckless whom they might or might not victimize. We see at public outcries where the Tumbler neither looks

at the goods exposed for sale nor at the clamorous bidders, as if his heart was not set on the lot; and then by a sudden movement of the head unobserved by all save the auctioneer, he makes off with the purchase, laughing at his rivals. Young men and women too mix promiscuously, folding in the leaves of their heart, their main end and aim, neither barking nor running, and with a seeming neglect of what they would be at; until the sudden spring they make at their victims, when these victims have lost the power of resistance, stamps them genuine lurchers. The spies and slanderers in society are Pointers—Preventive, and Excise Officers Fynders—and short little Fops are the Foters, one time great favourites of the ladies, on whom old Hollingshead poured the tide of his indignant ridicule for the preference. The poet may be traced in the pastoralis, who are so fond of rurality that a pasture and a herd of sheep form their all in all, while the Versator or Turnspit bears affinity to the race of smell-feasts already alluded to. The saltator or the dancing dog may be seen at every ball room in the biped, although not in the rational form.

Amidst these overwhelming points of identity demonstrative of some gradual process of transformation which converts a dog to a man, the question will revert, how is it that the species has achieved the upright position and riddance over the tail. In accounting for the latter phenomenon, I shall confine myself to facts and not “a tail unfold.” The irresistible propensity to make a dog assume the sitting position has prevailed all classes of society. This *a posteriori* exercise has a tendency to encroach on the tail—and make it tell to the tune of a large amount of curtailment. Besides those who know any thing of law will tell you that the tail, or as in legal phraseology it is called, the “Estate Tail” is subject to several Parliamentary enactments, having for their object, the creation, perpetuation and extinction of tails. There are particular forms of words which create a tail, others which give the tail to children in common. Then there is the tail in possession, the tail in reversion, and the tail in extinction. Those full grown things known as “lucky dogs” have them *in esse*, puppies born with a silver spoon in their mouth are in *posse*, and those who are progressing from the canine to the human *status* are in the way to the *lossee*. The reader will hence see the entailment on dogs of that noble privilege of being in process of time untailed. But there would still be in them, a hide of hair to shew their canine origin; unless indeed there was a plentiful administration of the saline and not a little of the tanning, in order to destroy the hairy line of demarcation between dog and man, albeit it may be observed by the way, that the latter occasionally beats the other in hairiness. This gives an opportunity to shew how a dog may be un-haired. Maccassor has alighted upon a discovery, by which an oil of such virtue is manufactured, that a teak wood chest anointed with the same, in two days is turned into a *trunk*; and the man who applied the oil, to his great surprise, found hair growing on the palm of his hand like quills on the fretful porcupine. By a mere accident a drop or two of this oil fell on the tip of the nose of a young Engineer; and lo! next morning there was a tuft of black flowing hair; which ended in two romantic girls breaking their hearts for him. Now the *vice versa* of this liquid may be guessed from the fact of young dandy’s head of flowing hair turning as smooth as polished mahogany—which resulted in his being jilted by a girl who only the evening before, assured him, that come what may, rain or

sunshine she would to death be his devoted. The only consolation left him was an offer from a few European barbers to pay him for the loan of his head occasionally, to be used as a block. Now having disposed of both tail and hair, it stands to reason that the offspring of these denuded creatures, would make some approach to our nature at least in appearance; and as each descent would go a head in the work of approximation, the time would at length come, when neither distinction nor difference could continue, except what arose from moral exhibition. This theory has been assailed on the score of an assumed incorrectness in stating that tailless dogs would produce tailless puppies. I would refer to a few cases in which gentlemen with one eye and one leg applied for parliamentary divorce from their wives, on the not unreasonable ground of their wives bringing children into the world with the full complement of eyes and limbs. The house of Lords deemed it in the highest degree absurd that a man with one leg should have a child with two; or that a monocular, should behold in the express image of his person, the ordinary number of the "visual orbs serene." If consumption or insanity occupying some unseen spot or part of the body, has the element of hereditariness, how much more, argued their lordships, should the principle be applicable to parts, plain, palpable and prominent. Upon this logical basis the divorcements alluded to were enacted; while the fruitful ladies were left to guess how, when and where they proved unfaithful to their liege lords. The light of Luna when she presents her dark side, may help them to the solution: and in the mean time we will not insult the common sense of the reader by making an application of the argument. Should further doubts be entertained on this head, let the following extract from Sir Walter Raleigh set the point at rest:—"At this time a strange phenomenon arrested the attention of the philosopher. In some of the rural districts of England dogs were seen without tails, which was not so marvellous as the facility with which they sat on the ground or on the chair and indulged in cakes and ale. Not content with encroaching upon the privileges of human nature, they made an attempt to take by storm his primordial trait—laughter. It resembled the chachinatory whine with which an undertaker receives intelligence of a job. The faculty of shedding tears so touching in the canine race stood out with greater prominence, than ever entered the dreams of naturalists. Whenever the bone was impregnated with pulverized cayenne, a species of pungency just introduced from Switzerland, there was a swimming pathos in the eyes and a distinct articulation of wappe, wappe, wappe. To such an extent was this indulged in that our great buffoon, Shakespear, who is facetiously said to be the child of nature, spoke plagiariously of ginger being hot in the mouth. It was also observed with surprize, that puppies were born with open eyes as appeared in the intensity with which they contemplated their own charms. Her Majesty, our maiden Queen, offered a premium for the solution of this reversal of nature's laws. The prize was carried off by one Grotius who attributed the whole to the annexation of tin cannisters containing gun-powder to their tails, the invention of which has brought worse than canine brutes to their senses." If there is such an approximation or rather identity between the canine and human nature, the question presents itself, how is it that there is on the part of the former such a "studied avoidance of

that grand attribute of man—books. No mind at all inoculated with generous feelings will disguise or suppress the impulse of indignation at the fallacy and suppressio veri which marks this objection. Where is the tome—the book—the volume, whether quarto, octavo, or any other O, of poetry, chemistry or philosophy that has not been frequently and repeatedly dog-cared. Is there a volume that by any chance can escape dogs-ear, and yet people will talk of the gulph between a book and a dog. Has not that goliath of literature—Johnson—by his bow-wow-vian qualities shewn the alliance between a dog and a book. This I believe is a settler, and I shall not weaken its effect by any excess of verbiage.

Q.

A FEW SIGHS.

SIGH 1ST.

POSSESSING the unfortunate power of mimicry, which, as soon as you are old enough for reflection, you endeavour to suppress, from a conviction of its unamiability: on going to another part of the country to reside, you congratulate yourself that no one is aware of your dangerous talent: but becoming very intimate with a person there, you forget your two years' resolution, in describing some odd character, and you suffer a relapse, while you exhibit these whimsical peculiarities. Your injudicious friend, thinking to recommend you, mentions to every person "What an exquisite Mimic, Miss——is! I declare I could fancy that I actually heard and saw the people whose voice and manner she imitated!" You now find persons, who were very kind to you previously, shrinking away from one who is possessed of so dangerous a gift—or else displaying a hollow nervous sort of kindness, evidently with the hope of being spared at your next exhibition.

SIGH 2ND.

Being asked to meet, for the first time, a family with whom you wish to be acquainted: the party-givers are such stiff and particular people, that you are obliged to measure every word and action according to their standard: try to procure a chair next to one of the new girls, but your hostess calls you to the place destined for you, next to her two little old fashioned children, as stiff and prim as their parents, and who from being too good, are utterly disagreeable. After asking these automata numerous questions, whether they like dolls, hoops, cakes, and puddings? to all of which they answer together "No, M'am," you try the other side of these matters, and ask, are they fond of lessons, scoldings, whippings, and physic? To these they very properly reply "Yes, M'am," but without turning their eyes or uncrossing their arms. Quite sick of these young hypocrites, you remain a silent listener to the other conversations, and hear, at the upper part of the room, a story falsely related, much to the disadvantage of a dear absent friend: but you dare not, as a 'spinster,' approach the dais where the scandal is going on, for if you were to raise your voice above a whisper, or to stir from your chair, it would be such a crime, that even the prim old family portraits would fall and crush you but for the indecorum of leaving their places!

SIGH 3RD.

Always having the misfortune of being a favourite with some petted troublesome Child, who is sure to make you relate a fairy-tale when your head aches—play at blindman's-buff after having been up all night at a ball—dress half a dozen broken dolls when a carriage is waiting, to take you to the races—keep her on your lap at her Mama's party (when you have a blond dress) in order that she may remove the feathers and combs from your hair: and if a gentleman try to relieve you by asking you to dance, the little young Monkey will not go to bed unless you carry her up stairs, and remain there until she is asleep. When you return to the drawing-room, tired and quite in a fever, the mother says, in a half-jealous tone "That child is so remarkably fond of you!" and she seems to consider this assurance, more than a sufficient compensation for all your sufferings!

E. T.

SONNET TO TRUTH.

When the dark night had drawn her curtain over,
 Thy form did tend and float upon my sleep :
 And as the moon reigns o'er the midnight deep,
 When no conspiring clouds her glory cover,
 The fears, the doubts, the agony, the danger,
 Retir'd and hover'd as a halo round thee,
 And hopes to which my heart had been a stranger,
 Came with their music to my glumbeering ear.—
 "Now cast behind thee dread, and doubt, and fear,
 And worship Truth alone, since Truth hath found thee ;
 And though the clouds that cling around her form,
 In many an umber'd fold would fain affright,
 Yet now remember, since that thou hast light,
 That there must still be hope, although there may be storm !"

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A CHAPTER ON PAUNCHES,

NOT BY PUNCH.

THOSE who expect any thing like Falstaffic humour are likely to be disappointed, as the writer intends to confine the attempt to a dry didactic dissertation on paunches. It may not be presumptuous, however, to calculate upon a certain amount of sympathy, as every man, be his position in society what it may, has more or less an interest in the subject. And indeed, although the halo of poetry surrounds a woman, she is far from being excluded from having part or lot in that important, at least, portly acquisition—the paunch; which the grosser part of the sex would unjustly monopolize. This narrowmindedness on the part of civilized Europe is well rebuked by the practice of the natives of one of the South Sea Islands, who are wont to promote or value the flowers of creation just in proportion to their abdominal prominence. Dwelling upon it philologically, it may be observed the Romans called it *Pantex*—the French *Panse*, and the Spanish, with their usual good sense, hit upon *Panca*. The appropriateness of these respective designations must strike every one, as *Pan* is just the kind of thing to convey the idea of its being the receptacle of all the miscellanies upon which human nature imposes its maw. Some, however, with no little show of ingenuity attribute the origin of the word to *pun*, for, argue they, a man's puns are most exquisite when the pan alluded to, is replenished with something savoury—a theory which carries its own refutation with it—inasmuch as our best wits owed their best effusions to an empty belly—and that as soon as they begun to grow fat and rich, the vigour of the mind was on the decline, the down of genius was brushed away. Others say that *panse* is especially significant, as there is always a degree of *pense* or thoughtfulness ready to assail the mind as soon as there is a *vacuum* in the paunchy regions, which every scholar ought to know is abhorred by nature; while the rude and more vulgar philologer would attribute the coinage of the Spanish word to a peculiar compatibility between the paunch and a pancake. Leaving the statement of these speculations to work upon the reader, it might be as well to point out its locality. Some sage may feel disposed to smile at this—and it only proves his ignorance. Do we not see many a learned man express doubt or ignorance as to whether he is standing on his head or on his feet, or whether his head is on his shoulders, or his shoulders on his head?

It was only a short time ago, in the papers, that a gentleman was so oblivious of the several parts and parcels of his bodily organs that he applied the telescope to his nose to have a glimpse of the woman in the moon; and that another imitating the same degree of sapience endeavoured to smell a

jessamine with his toes. Yes, so far extended are these mistakes that a young man whose mouth was watering at the sight of some jam, at the auction rooms, endeavoured to allay the wateriness of his mouth by sitting upon the case containing the jars, in the delusive hope of conveying part of the same, by some unseen or unknown route, to the pan aforesaid. To obviate such mistakes the question returns where is the paunch situated? It certainly is not in the leg; nor is it lodging amongst the phrenological organs; nor indeed is it where it ought not to be. But *where* is it? This question can be only answered by another. Where does the reader think he would place his hand were he disposed pantomimically to indicate the stowage of the odds and ends which make up for bodily waste? A gentle and leisurely smoothing down of the chest proves the soothing descent of some full bodied liquid. Extend the line of action lower down and the hand is taken to something round and smooth; so much so, that the hand is tempted to greet it with an affectionate tap or two, in the same manner that we touch the fleshy cheeks of some chubby girl, redolent with the rose and the lily. And should this process be gone through after dinner; one may swear to the correct locality from feeling some rebellious luxury speechifying to its fellow prisoners to revolt—to break the fleshy or paunchy walls that confine them to an ignominious slavery. Oh that we had the wit to listen to and understand the high converse held by the multifarious inhabitants of these dark regions, what an epic might not be composed—what Miltonic flights not indulged in! Shade of Kitchener, we may one day seek thy inspiration. In the mean time might we not suppose the cabbages or the cauliflowers shorn of their stalky honors animating a dismembered lamb to bleat—to cry for liberty—for a repeal of the union between themselves and the paunch, or might not imagination's ear listen to the cackling of the goose by way of hint to its compeers that the same cackle was once Rome's salvation. "And are we reduced to such base uses?" exclaims some finny Brutus, beginning his harangue with "Oysters, cockups, and countrymen," expatiating upon the charms of their ocean homes from which they are expatriated, in coral caves inhabited by water nymphs. As there is no free press in the abdominal regions to drain off the dangers of rebellion, man, so rampant and rampageous in his tyranny, sends down many a red coat in the form of glasses of brandy or sherry to fire upon the malcontents. This digression from the orthodox route or mode of treating the point may be excused, when it is interrogated whether the riches of a man do not bear a proportion to his paunchy protuberance. There is your 500 rupees a year and 100,000 a year man;—and from one to the other, the intermediate degrees of paunches are as various and as graduated and as graceful, as to draw the wonderment of either a gastro- or an astro-nomer. There are however such dullards as to doubt the connection between rupees and a rising belly; but despite such scepticism it will be found that rupees like beer have a tendency to swell that part—probably from the generating power with which rupees are invested—and that to a degree to call forth for even Parliamentary interference to keep down the characteristic element or attribute they have of populating and multiplying—and *that* interference is found in the usury laws. Keeping a steady and critical eye on the paunches of our fellow creatures; one may easily ascertain the kind of security in which their capitals

are invested. Those with unchartered bellies undulating with every effort either to run or laugh—shaking with every breeze or moving at every sneeze, have their blunts in Union Bank shares. A habit too they have of turning rather blue when certain title deeds of Indigo Factories erst mortgaged to the bank is hinted at. But behold! seated on his landau, flanked by his smiling wife and smirking daughters, Mr. Sicca, of Certaintdom, with a paunch as round and as smooth and as firm as a pot of flint. He cannot open his mouth but in the form of a rupee—his very cravat is in the bank note fashion; while his moles and pimples appear like little silver pieces. Indeed it was stated by his sirdar (the truth of which the writer, with an especial regard for the veritable, does not vouch for) that his belly had a knack of throwing off little particles of silver upon being subject to the squeeze lavatorial—and that to such a degree that his mater retired with a fortune in one year. Where think you is his capital—where? echo answers—Bank of Bengal! He is as cool as Sir Lucius O' Trigger amidst fire and shot. His laugh is firm. His run steady—no heaving nor undulations of the paunchy protuberance. You may dig it—you may punch it—your knuckles only suffer, while he bids you “go it, boy, go it again,” as the file said to his friend the viper. Nor is yonder gentleman less illustrative of the subject. Old SPEC looks spare—thought on his brow, speculation in his eye, and portliness on his belly—but portliness of such a flaccid kind that it will yield to much less than a porter's touch. Touch it on the right and the left side rises, on the left and the right side rises—as if Eolus had stolen a bagpipe and burrowing in his belly was blowing on it for a wagger. A touch or a blow and the bubble bursts, indicative of the investment of his capital in Ferry Bridge, Tea Manufacturing, or the Bonding societies. He is, physiologically speaking, impregnated with a species of financial malaria, which it is well known acts principally on the abdominal viscera to increase their volume. In spite of these factitious swells it is nevertheless a general rule however that the swell genuine is a proof conclusive of a full or plethoric purse. Hence is it that in the Court of Requests none gifted with the paunch may be seen except in the capacity of plaintiff—so much so, that our worthy commissioners agreed to grant summons free of costs against gentlemen of that kidney,—nor does this evince any great self denial, as they are aware they run no risks. Ideas of the same kind are universally prevalent amongst the natives, and paunches are therefore welcomed both in the China and Burra bazar with the utmost cordiality. “Old shop, master, your old shop,” in all tones, from the *alto* to the *basso* sound and resound in their ears. In their bargains they are allowed things 8 or 10 per cent cheaper than the Cassius part of mankind, as if these heathens were just christianized and acted upon the principle of giving to those that have; and taking from those who have little or nothing. Observing this phenomenon, several gentlemen, when bent upon a bazar expedition, contrived to pad, pillow, or bustle their bellies. One went so far as to attach a small Kedgeriee pot to the orthodox locality to give himself the appearance of a monied man. But Bengallies who, according to some theologians, form one of the lost tribes of Israel, are not to be long taken in, in this fashion. Seeing which way the wind blew, they contrived accidental contacts to distinguish the genuine from the concocted paunch. There was a

casual poke sometimes with which the gentleman could scarcely be displeased with any grace. It was easy, however, to see the disguise in those naturally lank and long,—unreasonably or unconscionably endeavouring to sport a prominence upon which, he that runs may read detection. It is something like a grey headed, toothless man of 80 endeavouring to pass off a ferocious looking mustachio for his own, or colouring a snow white beard with jet, which is sure to be discovered from the glimpse the eye has of the minute line of white at its root, as the beard progresses in its growth however slow that progress may be. “That’s not real Manilla, you thief!”—said a gentleman with the abdominal lure to a sharp looking shop-keeper, and the answer was—“that more real than master’s belly!” It is not stated whether the gentleman refuted or resented this aspersion by any sonorous slap on his gastric organs, but he certainly indulged in the compliment which usually devotes a man’s eyes and limbs to destruction. And by the way, we may as well state a kindred fact connected with the employment by natives at their *poojals* or weddings—that mass of vagrancy known as an English band. Presuming upon native ignorance they get a rabble of some sixteen men, rigged out in faded crimson with long cockades depending from their hats, out of whom perhaps only eight can play at all upon any instrument. The unprofessional or rather the showy eight, are nevertheless provided with cracked violins, broken clarionets or something in the form of flutes, in which there is neither egress or ingress for zephyrs of any kind be they tender or otherwise;—but as far as ostensible blowing or scraping innocent of sound was concerned, they do it like blazes—perpetrating their make-believe gesticulations to perfection. Natives however think no music good without noise and fury; and as the volume of their combined harmony was disproportionate to what should be expected from a band of sixteen performers, they commenced the trick of applying their ears to the fiddle or to the flute to mark the real from the mock performers. The latter gentlemen have hence been under the unpleasant necessity to teach themselves a few continuous or monotonous blows or scrapes on their instruments. These they rehearse with vigour as soon as the sceptical auriculars are brought into requisition. The contest is now going on between the Baboos and the Portuguese bands, just in the same way as it subsists between padded and hustled paunches and the China-bazarians. Since the writer has been indulged with one episodic flight, he may probably be encouraged in another somewhat interesting to those who may have made a few incipient steps towards a bald pate. The same intrinsic qualities now concomitant or considered concomitant to a paunch belly were, a few years back, deemed peculiar to a bald pate. The pecuniary positions of men were known by the varying degrees of that same baldness. A down right barber-block-smoothness in the longitude and latitude of the caput, was characteristic of the first chop capitalist; while those whose hair, like stragglers, straggled here and there, were, as regards wealth placed in a subordinate position. Gentlemen with a greater number of grown up daughters than they can well dispose of, used to prognosticate the prospects of our youth by the bushiness or otherwise of the tufts on the crown of their head. And tradespeople, if one made an incursion on their *sanctum*, on the credit principle,

flocked around him like a set of phrenologists to have a glance at that locality. If the intended patronizer proved to be above the average height, no little ingenuity was used to make him stoop to bring the caput within the sphere of their commercial ken—such as, “Pray, sir, stoop down to look at this watch-guard;” or “please sit under that punkah.” Things of this kind have their natural reaction—and this reaction was once to such an extent, that the Calcutta barbers became unconscionably extravagant in their charges, from the circumstance of those of our young men, gifted with more shifts than money (and whose name is legion) commencing the trick of sporting tonsures, to the great scandal of the Catholic priesthood. But in this case as on the other, the native shopkeepers soon learned to distinguish the tonsure of nature from that of the barber. “Ah, hah,” said one shrewdly to a young mustachioed dandy, “master remove hair from the head to put on the lip—wah, wah, that berry fine,” and the young gentleman had no alternative but to leave the shop damning the impudence of blacky.* Nothing, however, is so injurious to the cause of truth as urging any position, whether relative to paunchology or theology, without the usual reservation of exceptions. A paunch may in some cases be accompanied by poverty—nay we go a step further and say, as will be shewn in the sequel, that a paunch has not only been accompanied by, but that it has *caused*, poverty. Some have been ruined in their purse by a sweet tooth, others by a thick head, and some from the portliness of the paunch. This last may be illustrated from the case of a gentleman, who in reply to his health being drunk, probably because he was considered the richest, being as he was the fattest in the party, said something to the following effect. “Ladies and gentlemen. When I consider the flattering way in which you have drunk my health, and the delicate allusion you have made to my (here he sighed deeply) paunch, it stirs every generous impulse within its depths. Some unpoetically disposed may designate it the pouch of every thing ungenerous; but I beg leave to tell the slanderer, that nothing but the most generous wines have been therein *pouched*, (since we must be unpoetical) the tendency of which you well know is to liberalize the entire system. You may well say the organ referred to, verges on portliness, for unknown quantities of port have been therein imported—you may call it fat, for the fat of the land swims in it—yea you may even call it pot—for the pot is always boiling to keep it in humour—potluck with me who may. Yes, this same pot is the treasury, the depository—the casket of all my riches. My inheritance is lying there in the form of turtle soup and turkey roast—in the form of perch and princely turbot. Yes,” said the gentleman as, with fresh animation playing about his features, he punched his belly, “yes, this is the bank—this the investment of my capital—the stock-in-trade that has impoverished me, and sends me like a bankrupt to the Insolvent Court of a—a Bodry or a Pigot. I’m a beggar, but the recollection of the

Full many a roast of choicest juice serene
The unfathomed caves of my belly bear;
Full many a cabbage born to blush unseen
Wastes its sweetness on my paunchy lair,

forms my balm and my solace. In what words shall I indite the *hic jacet* of my capital, which like some mute inglorious Milton reposes within this carnal sepulchre.” Here the company shewed some violent signs of tearfulness, and

for fear of staining their cheeks; they applied their handkerchiefs to their eyes, with the exception of a mischievous urchin who vociferated, "go it, old Heliogabalus, carrots are cheap." The gentleman, regardless of the impertinence of the lad, who he hoped the company would *not* kick out, resumed something to the effect that the leafless tree would blossom, the almond put forth its bud, but he wished to know when spring would visit the grave of his capital. A question like this was a complete poser; and triumphing in its unanswerability, he resumed. "Could it, like the sea, give up the dead, what flocks of poultry, what swarms of fishes—what herds of bullocks, sheep, calves, and brahminy bulls would greet my smiling eye. But wealth, fortune, capital, inheritance are herein engulfed to sleep the sleep that knows no awakening,"—concluded the speaker as he gave a conclusive and therefore violent rap on his belly.

This speech is transferred to these pages just to shew that the paunch may be, by way of exception, sometimes the death of one's wealth. It has been observed that gentlemen (for who has ever heard of a man's having a paunch not being a gentleman) distinguished by this genteel attribute are disposed to be self-sufficient and impudent. Nor is there a very extraordinary stretch of credulity required to swallow this assertion. A man moving with difficulty—breathing with difficulty—lying down with difficulty—rising up with difficulty, is very much disposed to attribute it all to some encumbrance of extra dignity inherent in himself. It is an airy bubble alone that floats with ease and levity, but gold, weighty gold has weight and gravity and a partial immovability. Your half-starved dogs in search of a dinner move about with a spring and agility in their heels; while the full-fed spurns the hurry or the hunger of hurry; for he is assured that the smoking haunch and the flowing tankard await him in due time. Hence his gait is aristocratic, his steps measured, his movements deliberate. Should his heels in some moment of infirmity show marks of unbecoming or ungraceful swiftness, the sight of the paunch awes them into a dignified equilibrium. The heels may sometime rebelliously get the start of the belly; but this, as a paunchy gentleman once declared on his honor, is only because the protuberance of the belly prevented the eye from seeing the pedal members, and who being thus out of sight, were like school boys disposed to play an occasional prank or so. Lord Chesterfield, in his inimitable advice to his hopeful son, endeavoured to impress upon him the vulgarity of the hurry and flurry in which little minds and little bellies are constantly luxuriating; and the biographer of that noble peer tells us, that the particular letter to which we have alluded, was not written until his lordship could sport a paunch. Shakespeare may talk of the evils to which flesh is heir, but the proper estimate of the good of life should be by the proportion of one's fleshiness. If doubts are entertained on this point, we need but point to the butcher, who is proverbially lined as much with gold as he is with fat and flesh.

The paunchy gentleman is, as will be seen, a substantial personage, and is therefore entitled to thoughts and feelings of an aristocratic stamp. It is idle to say that he should be oblivious of his own importance, when his own importance is staring him in the face. Honors being thick upon him, he feels them both mentally and physically. He feels it not only in his mind, but in his belly: a part which is held sacred by the major part of mankind,

for we read in the most authoritative of all volumes that man duly appreciating its sacredness, worships that popular god—his belly. Ignorance they say is the mother of devotion. Never was there error more egregious, —a full belly—a rising belly—a prominent belly, contains more devotion than the whole combination of Papal ignorance ever contained. Were any other proof than the one alluded to required on this point, we would instance the saying of grace both before and after meat. When our orisons at this shrine are concluded, how charitable are we not to the widow and to the orphan? The heart overflows with tenderness, and we, as it were, unconsciously turn to kiss the girl seated next to us without reference to her beauty or ugliness. And here is Paunchological disinterestedness! In looking over the different professions into which mankind is split, the varieties that present themselves in the belly way are not a little remarkable. The lawyers by some causative power, which may be better guessed than expressed, exhibit bellies in the form of blue or green bags; and on closer inspection there will be found little indents as if their trade were in framing *indentures* and certain peculiar undulations also, as if they lived upon *motions*. The undertaker who, as is well known, takes precedence next to the legal tribe, on the principle perhaps of what the one *executes* the other *conceals*, presents really a phenomenon entitled to attention. Upon a careful examination of the *grave* of the “good things” he has corporeally *undertaken*; the most ordinary mind might trace in its *mute* appearance the *feather board* form; the sight of which has thrown many a nervous girl on her *coach* of *mourning* and opened the door to what Mrs. Malaprop would say a nice “derangement of epitaphs.” There are so many phases in which the subject may be viewed, that the writer is compelled to abstain from further remark than the one in which it appears in the form of laughter holding both his sides. Bolt from the midriff is the characteristic of Paunchy. His ha! ha! ha! is distinct, sonorous and euphonious. There is a volume, and range and compass in it. It tapers off into a delightful octave like a lady’s tightened waste, or descends and swells into a silver bass with the fulness of a hoop petticoat in Addison’s time. And then the ruddiness of his moon-like face—bless him, it shows what a rosy fellow that same laughter is. The heavings of the belly are like the bubblings of the water. To him every mirthful explosion is so sweet and exquisite, that he bids fair to laugh himself out of the world in right apoplectic fashion. Not so the man on whose human face divine providence has written half starved; whose belly appears to be punched down with the sledge hammer of poverty. He laughs, but there is a miserable he! he! he! and that he! he! he! like the cough of a consumptive girl whose lover has given her the go by. He smiles and it is an attempt to caricature himself. And how can it be otherwise? The man has scarcely a midriff and what can he bolt out of it? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Who can produce something out of nothing.

The alliance between the theme of these thoughts and an unquestioned and unquestionable importance or dignity, appears in the officers of every regiment in the Queen’s or the Company’s Service. Can any man mistake the Colonel for the Major, the Major for the Captain or the Captain for the Lieutenant? Any one perpetrating such a blunder must assuredly have his “visual orbs serene” planted on the soles of his feet. There is a gradual rise from the last to the first, not only in their com-

porations but in their paunchifications—which when skilfully tapped or played upon, have been known to yield the notes of the whole gamut—always presuming their guts were previously in due military order. Lord W. Bentinck however by his unjust retrenchments in the batta way, damaged this harmony not a little; as those very notes, like the bellies from which they proceeded, are dwindled down to a very unmusical quaver. The poor Ensign having exhausted the hoard, received perhaps from the kindness of an uncle, begins to get into the books of Rankin and Co. *et hoc*; and as the debit side swells to a tide, which taken at the flood leads him to fortune or to the Insolvent Court, his gastric regions begin to shrivel down to the proportions of a Church mouse or of Job's turkey. The Lieutenant is little better off. The Captain, poor fellow, sometimes attempts to sport a factitious swell, like some starving urchin, who, when in the vaunting mood, runs the risk of swelling himself to death by puffing his belly up, to convey an idea of the exquisite luxuries which imaginatively enter into the mud of which he is composed;—but like the exhausted bladder, both soon tell to the tune of a large amount of depression: and if quizzed thereupon they complain an accidental cholic had melted their fat for the time. This phenomenon is seldom or never observed in our Majors, who the moment they are promoted, promote a sensible rise in—the reader knows where; while the Colonel seems as if he were carrying or nursing “twins”—a conjecture which is confirmed at seeing him dine,—which he does in a manner as if he were providing for “threc.” And talking of dinner reminds the writer that he has a paunch of his own to nurse and provide, particularly as he expects a call from those “varmint” the China Bazar bill-collectors.

Q.

O CHIDE ME NOT!

O chide me not for silence; let me lie
 Still at thy feet, upgazing, love! Do thou
 But lay those silken fingers on my brow,
 And fill my vision with thine answering eye;
 Then bid me sing—and lip and lute shall vie,
 Though wont of late such biddings to refuse,
 In mingling strains for thee, mine own fair Muse;
 So is my being raised, when thou art nigh.
 Alone, I struggle with dark thoughts—my tongue
 Hath learn'd harsh syllables from Time; and yet,
 When folded in thy shadow, I forget
 All sense of hate, and weariness, and wrong:
 While thoughts, like thee, all beautiful, beset
 The prison of my heart, and loose its captive, Song.

J. K.

ACTORS AND ACTING.

THERE must surely be something fascinating in the drama, or it could not have existed so long. The stage seems natural and necessary to humanity, especially to civilized humanity—impersonation and fictitious scenes have delighted men in every stage and step of civilization, and the feeling is not even now worn out ; there is no less love for the drama in the human heart, but there is a temporary eclipse of its glory, and an accidental abatement of its profits. It is not, however, the object of this paper to inquire into the causes, or to propose any remedy for the present comparative decadence of dramatic interest, but to say a few words on the subject of actors and acting. That acting has a deep foundation in our nature, is evident from the frequent occurrence of those persons called stage-struck heroes. The very term itself implies the intensity of the feeling. There may be a taste for drawing, a faculty for music, a partiality for architecture ; but for acting there is a passion—it is more than appetite, it is an absolute craving.

A more general interest is taken in anecdotes concerning actors, than in the history or anecdotes of any other set or class of people whatever ; dramatic biographers, or autobiographers, fill their volumes with a minuteness of narration which would not be endured in other biographers. Probably one cause of this may be found in the natural curiosity of the human mind, which likes to have a peep behind the scenes. Indeed, we find it to be universally the case, that in proportion to a man's publicity of character is our desire to know something of his private life ; though, in fact, it is only his public character that is really interesting to, or that at all concerns us.

Actors are, of all public people, the most public ; we do not read books that they write, or hear of actions that they perform, but we see them palpably and clearly ; and thus our imagination is assisted in forming ideas of their mode of speaking and acting, and thereby anecdotes told of them become more vivid, inasmuch as we can almost see and hear them. Actors thus become living pictures : indeed, they are at once pictures and originals ; for much of the interest which men take in them is derived as well from the singularity of their own lives as from the characters which they personate on the stage. Their public or professional life is a state of excitement ; they sell their passions as a lawyer sells his intellect—but they are more interesting in their biography than lawyers, just so far as passion is more interesting than intellect. Further, we cannot very readily separate the idea of the wit or poetry which the actor utters, from the individual who utters it. Many good things have been written for Liston and for Mathews, and of many of these the authors are well known ; but we cannot, in our thoughts, detach the wit from the speaker, and give it to the writer. Readers may think of Shakespeare, but play-goers think of Kemble and of Kean, of Young and Macready.

Sheridan Knowles (who, though not Shakespeare, is decidedly the best substitute the English stage has had for some time) has chosen to perform in his own plays ; this is rather a selfishness or monopoly of glory, nor is it altogether wisely done. It is like a tailor wearing his own clothes, a

suitor acting as his own counsel. No man can speak his own words so well as he can speak another's. No man can fit himself with a character so well as he can fit another. In fact, no man knows himself so well as he knows another. I may be on the stage, and attempt a thousand points, in which I can never know how I succeed till I hear the thundering burst of applause; but audiences generally applaud most loudly the grosser beauties; there are many subtle and refined points of good acting which win a silent approbation—these I could see in another better than I could discern them in myself. Actors and authors should be—

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

They should co-operate to produce one effect, yet they should be separate persons—the author should think, and the actor should give force and life to the thoughts.

An actor should be nothing but an actor—his profession should be not as his coat, as his shirt, or merely as his skin—but as his flesh, blood and bones. It should be connected with his whole system. He needs not, indeed, to be ever spouting tragedy, or carrying into every company the grimaces of a mimic, but he should never forget that he is an actor; he must never attempt to sink the shop; he who feels himself above his profession, will soon find himself below it, and he who is too eager to sink the shop will run some risk of not being able to keep his own head above water. If a man feels his profession to be below him, he will do well to raise it to his own level—it is much better to be an honour to our profession than that our profession should be an honour to us; and we can never give honour to that of which we are ashamed. When an actor, in his intercourse with society, wishes the world to forget that he is an actor, he is almost sure to forget it himself, and by so doing he loses many a fine and valuable lesson, which the passions and emotions of humanity are continually presenting to him. In fact, the highest in any profession are never above their profession: Sir Thomas Lawrence never forgot that he was an artist, David Garrick never forgot that he was an actor.

I can hardly help wishing that George the Third had conferred the honor of knighthood on David Garrick. Royalty sometimes attends theatrical representations; on which occasion, of course, actors do their best. Now, let us suppose an actor of genius having performed Hamlet or Coriolanus, and let us suppose that the whole audience have been delighted with the skilful representation, where would be the indignity of conferring on the artist the honor of knighthood at the close of the performance. None of the titled orders would object to it, except, perhaps, a few knighted apothecaries, cordwainers, or grocers. I do not say that it would be quite the thing to knight Liston as Paul Pry, Sam Swipes, or Billy Lackaday, though in these characters he was known to be superb, and decidedly at the head of his profession; nor would I recommend conferring the honour of knighthood on any harlequin, clown, or rope-dancer, for in rank there is a degree of solemnity, gravity, and decorum. But in the more serious and poetical parts of acting there is as much decorum and dignity as in the exercises of any of the fine arts. When Garrick enacted the part of King Lear, he was every whit as dignified a personage as Sir Walter Scott in his study, or Sir Thomas Lawrence at his easel. The actor exhibited that humanity which he had made his study; he had studied it with intellectual

care, with deep penetration, and a passionate sympathy. So far then he was a man of science.

I know nothing of actors, and seldom see a play ; but I respect and admire the development of genius, however it may be displayed ; and undoubtedly it may be displayed in acting as fully and as nobly as in painting and in poetry. They who call actors vagabonds are wrong in a legal, I believe, as well as in a moral sense. I remember that when I read Junius's Letters I was so completely disgusted with the manner in which that eloquent vituperator stigmatized Garrick, that, I could never shake off the unpleasant feeling, or erase the disagreeable impression ; and to this day I never see or hear of Junius's Letters without thinking of the spitefulness of the passage—"Stick to your pantomimes, vagabound." I dare say that all the small fry of muddle-pated politicians, who love to hear their betters abused, enjoyed the calumny to their heart's content. But the writer knew very well that Garrick was no vagabond, and that his performances were not pantomimes. He might with just as much propriety, have called Sir Joshua Reynolds a sign-painter.

Really, when we think of the splendid language of Sophocles, the strong sublimity of Æschylus, and the moral gracefulness of Euripides, it is hard to imagine that their dramas were written to reach the public ear merely through the lips of vagabonds. Vagabonds—vagabonds—what are vagabonds ? Wanderers—iterants—movers about from place to place—travellers ;—beggars are vagabonds, so are thieves—and these are sometimes called travellers ; but all travellers are not thieves or beggars. The judges of assize, and the barristers who accompany them, are travellers—iterants—they move from place to place ; but it would be a strange straining of a word to call them vagabonds. In acting, as in every other profession, there is room for the exercise of the highest genius, and there is at the same time an opportunity of displaying those qualities of heart and mind which are by no means an honor to the species. To identify the highest of a class with the lowest, is the absurdity of a weak mind, or the malignity of a vicious one. An actor personates humanity, and he is called upon for the cultivation of taste, for the exercise of judgment, and for the exhibition of passion ; these are demands, to answer which, in their full extent, requires no small share of genius.

J. K.

NOTE.—The above, together with the Sonnet, bearing the same initials and sent to us in the same packet, are really of a sterling character. At the risk, however, of doing injustice to the writer, we would just hint that it strikes us that we have seen something like the sonnet, if not the prose article before ; but as we have some doubt as to the correctness of our impression we have given them insertion. We do not however agree with the writer in all his sentiments on actors and acting.—ED.

THE POKER AND TONG PAPERS.—No. I.

CHAPTER 1.

It is usual with candidates for literary fame to appear before the public on the first occasion with a laboured apologetic address in their mouths, I disapprove of the practice *in toto*, and shall therefore approve myself a rebel against its trammels. The practice, it will readily be admitted defeats its own object; for if there be any object in it, it is that the reader may more intimately know the writer. But depend upon it, bowing and scraping are the very worst methods of establishing a feeling of easiness. Instead of performing the office intended, they serve to infuse a spirit of stiffness into every scene in which the author and reader are placed *tête-à-tête*. But help me, gentle reader, or I shall be falling into the same practice which I condemn in others.

Memoirs, biographies, &c., are fraught with no small interest to the public—but especially so in respect to those writings of this class which profess to pourtray the manners, morals, feelings and failings of a king of the realm, a marquis or a lord, a maid of honor or a lady of the bedchamber, an author or an authoress. The mobocracy thus have the means of ascertaining the attainments of those who are supposed to be the standard models of practical morality. It enables them to peep into the secret springs of action under certain given circumstances, by which their betters have been guided; to ascertain whether principles have been set at nought, or whether they have been observed. It gratifies a very natural desire on their part to draw comparisons between the conduct of those who should be exemplars to them, and their own. Though mountains and oceans, in the shape of the conventional distinctions of society, intervene, it is a desire that these should be for the time at least forgotten, and that the eye of the plebeian should be enabled to read the secrets of the heart of the patrician. The general developement of this taste in the public mind is productive of a vast amount of good to both the higher and the lower grades of society. If it did not exist, there would be more temptation on the part of our betters to lower the scale of morals. There would be no model for imitation by those who derive or adopt their tone from their neighbours. If the vices and licentious habits of the great were not thus exposed, we should have an intolerable evil growing up amongst us which would screen the distinctions between virtue and vice, honour and dishonour.

There is a peculiar value in writings of this sort, which will be recognised by readers of all classes. All who can read, have this taste implanted in them. Examine our literary records, and you will doubtless learn what large sums of money have been spent in the metropolis of London, in order to gratify popular taste in this particular? What trouble not endured? What rubbish not waded through, that hidden treasures might be brought to the light of publication. Trunks upon trunks of uninteresting manuscripts conglomerated with dust and spider web, overturned, and subjected to the searching scrutiny of literary connoisseurs, that pearls and precious reliques might be rescued from

an inglorious oblivion. This spirit, I have reason to think, is not confined to time, place, or circumstance. It is not the characteristic of village or hamlet, town or country, sea or land. It is universal, extending to the very ends of the globe. It penetrates to the wig-wam of the New Zealander, and may be discovered in the bleak Greenland.

Reader, in the following pages you have a short memoir. But if you look to it for narratives of the intrigues, and vices, and licentious habits of monarchs, statesmen, and aristocrats, maids of honour or ladies of the bedchamber, you look in vain.

Our hero is Peter Sniffler.

For further particulars enquire within.

CHAPTER 2.

Peter Sniffler was neither King of Great Britain, nor the Emperor of the Russias, nor the Great Mogul, nor the Governor General of India—(the last two Gentlemen are often confounded.) But the fact that he was none of these does not do away with the assumption that he was somebody. Peter Sniffler *was* somebody; and it would be a difficult position even for a Mathematician to take up, that somebody was nobody. It has happily for the public good fallen to our lot to trace the lineaments of his career, and to prove to an admiring world his glorious entity. Glory is a relative term, like many others. There is the glory of Hannibal, and the glory of Jenkins, the chimney-sweep. But they were different. The glory of Peter Sniffler was neither like that of Hannibal, nor that of Jenkins—widely different. However, I dare say, there is a perfect understanding with the reader on this point, which will save me from entering into prolixity. It will, however, be a point to fix the exact shade and characteristic of Peter Sniffler's glory.

Geologically speaking, Sniffler's position in society was of the substratum kind. He did not belong to the nobility, as far as Burke's Peerage can yield any information on this important point; or rather we should have said he did not belong to the nobility *by birth*. The sequel nathless will, we doubt not, give us ground to contest the point that birth is not the only passport to nobility. There is many a man more worthy of a coronet, who is content to pass his days in the obscurity of private life, than thousands of the lords of our land who have very little but their vices to recommend them to notice, and that only to their condemnation. Of what a wide-spread application are not Spenser's lines deserving:

“ They do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanity;
In the eyes of people they put all their praise,
And only boast of arms and ancestry:
But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first give,
To their grandsire, they care not to achieve.”

If peerages and dukedoms descended to their owners by some other title than reversionary, how few of our nobility would be seen sporting their “coach, footman and livery” in London's gorgeous streets. A perfect change would then be visible in the spirit of the dream of nobility.

From the means within our reach, we have been enabled to learn that Sniffler had been originally intended for the army; but not possessing that

danger loving devil-may-care spirit, so desirable in a *lal coortee*, and having a penchant for the peaceful life of a civilian, he found his way into a counting house. After working himself through the various junior grades, he was by dint of attention and steadiness, elevated to the head clerkship, with a fair chance of some day obtaining a copartnery interest. But this took time; and it was likely to take yet more time before the very desirable copartnery elevation was likely to cease to be a matter of expectation.

Sniffer's character was rather a singular one. I intended to dwell at some length on this point, but as it is likely to be developed in the course of the narrative I shall content myself with barely hinting at the fact.

Our friend had, among others, an acquaintance or two at Ware; and to this locality he was in the habit frequently of paying visits. The following epistle addressed to a relative or chum, named Gobbledown, evidently relates to one of these peregrinations.

Oxford Street, Sept. 29, 18—

DEAR GOBBLEDOWN,—

I sit down for the purpose of communicating to you a few stray thoughts which have entered my mind. Believe me, it is no ordinary source of pleasure to have such a fellow to write to.

I begin to feel the advantages of a short sojourn in a locality shut out from those sources of bustle, though not annoyance, which a residence in the city inevitably furnishes. It is a tremendous treat. I love now and then to coin a phrase, and I shall do so now. The *enjoyability* of the thing is much enhanced by the fact that we have a tremendously pleasant neighbour in our vicinity—a farmer Inclewood. A merry time it is. Blossomfall and his wife do every thing to make a fellow comfortable. But in the midst of recreation, I cannot refrain from wishing myself in town. Business after all is the sphere in which I love to move. Notwithstanding my statement about neighbour Inclewood, the enjoyment of social intercourse and rural fascination, I feel myself in a state of suspended animation here. Consols and East India Stock are topics unknown.

Will you call upon Mrs. B. and tell her I shall probably be back in a week, when I will thank her to get the fire up in my chambers.

There are periods, when the spirits, however buoyant a man's general disposition may be, are depressed, even at trifling matters. And even in the midst of a scene of festivity, that sadness which is pleasure to some souls will make its incursions; banishing those feelings of transient joyousness that exercise an enchanting influence on so many. I confess sadness of this sort I myself find pleasure in: I have learnt to find enjoyment in it—an inestimable lesson certainly, to learn to connect happiness with what others find discomfort.

We had a very pleasant evening ashort time ago. We had the legs of all the Inclewoods under our mahogany; and as we mustered a tolerably strong display of musical characters, we contrived to make up a splendid *soirée*. There was Mr. Inclewood, Mrs. Inclewood, Miss Inclewood, Miss Ann Inclewood, and three or four juniors to boot. I confess the occasion sug-

gested a train of thoughts to my mind, which led me to that peculiar reserve general on such occasions.

My cogitations ran upon the solitary condition in which I was placed; the withering influence of loneliness, chilling those best affections which have been planted in man for the promotion of sociality. I looked upon myself as one whom nature had intended should live unknown and unblest. But why had nature treated me thus? Had I a heart so cold and flinty that the affections of our nature could not be cherished there? Was there not a single being amid the wide creation who could live upon the throne of my affections, and thus soften the ascerbities of life? Alas! No. It is not often, my dear friend, I indulge in this sort of sentiment. But once for all I indulge it now. I look around and seek for a hallowed being, deserving the distinction; Where is there one?

But there is comfort and consolation in every sorrow and difficulty.

This is not the age of chivalry. This is the age of figures and calculations, fraud and deceit, vice and profligacy. But however vile may be the age, it is a consolation to me to know that I possess that rare jewel, a confidential friend, an honest and upright man, who can sympathize in the sorrows and joys, the hopes and aspirations of another.

I have just heard from Green, of Calcutta. Capital fellow; he joined a respectable house in that palatial city a short time ago with good prospects. And that will ensure his success, he has no small amount of interest to support him.

I have not heard from you of late respecting that famous new company which we managed to establish the other day. Believe me my dear fellow, that will prove a trump card. Why—its name is an infallible passport to its success. Just imagine! the Oxford Poultry Supply Company!! why there is not a single individual with his heart in the right place—who will not support us. Those even, whose hearts may not at all times be in the right place, I am bound to say, are almost sure to avail themselves of the "favourable opportunity for the investment of capital which presents itself."

Poultry! my dear Gobbledown; never fear for its success. I speak rather enthusiastically on the subject, because I am measuring your London corn by my country bushel. If your cocknies have half the ideas on the subject which folks have in this quarter, the prosperity of the thing is placed beyond a conjecture.

Ever your's unsophisticatedly,

SNIFFLER."

Sniffer was a provident man. No small praise this for one who is not compelled to be so. Economy in a man with a slender income, who has the world and his own appetites to grapple with, and by dint of a persevering conflict is enabled to keep his head above water, is no doubt a very laudable characteristic. But the self-denial of the man who has a handsome income, and greater temptation to encounter, is *more* laudable; very properly, too. At the period of which I speak, our friend was in the receipt of £180 a year: and when I tell you of his uniformly economical habits, husbanding every farthing as though it were a shilling, spending nothing on the purchase of

luxuries, or in the satisfaction of expensive appetites, but yet allowing himself every necessary comfort; steering clear of the Scylla of extravagance, while he kept an eye on the Charybdis of niggardliness, you may imagine that our friend had enough and to spare . . . surplus he invariably invested in the safest and most profitable companies of the day. What those safe and profitable companies were, it is the business of the next chapter to disclose.

(*To be continued.*)

LINES ON THERESA.

'Tis true she dwells in a spacious home,
And her friends are rich and gay,
And nightly to the festive hall they come,
Nor part till the dawn of day.

'Tis true she laughs with a sparkling eye,
And listens to the jocund song;
But little do they hear the bursting sigh
From the heart that suffers wrong.

Yes! yes! I have heard in the morning hour,
She flies to some lonely spot;
And then like a sweet but withering flower,
She thinks of her wretched lot;
And she covers her eyes of heavenly blue,
With her delicate hands of snow,
And she weeps till her tears, like the morning dew,
Relieved for a while her woe.

Oh thou! who art like the harmless dove,
So gentle and meek and kind,
Confide in thy friend and his fond love
Will soften the grief of thy mind:
For oh, I cannot bear, that one so fair,
So born to blush and to bloom,
Should pine, like a bird, in mute despair,
And sink to an early tomb.

THE HONEST MINISTER.

HERMAN ascended the throne of the petty principality of Baden, amid the acclamations of his people, who hoped his reign would be less oppressive than that of his father had been. But Herman, more occupied with his pleasures than with the affairs of state, continued the minister of his father in power, to spare himself the trouble of making a change: the only reform he made was in the fashions—he was more engaged with tailors than with statesmen. One of the greatest feats achieved by him was that of robbing Paris of one of its best *figurantes*. The courtiers highly applauded this statesmanlike achievement; but the people murmured. They had a singular notion that the taxes they contributed should not go towards the maintenance of opera-dancers. The old minister was the special object of their hatred. The disgrace of a minister is a great source of happiness to the people. A movement began. Some young persons expressed themselves against the minister in unmeasured language, and were sent to prison, which increased the popular clamour. Herman, who flattered himself that his acts were entirely for the public good, was astonished at these complaints and agitations, and complained that the people were ungrateful. He determined, however, to gratify the people. Besides which, the ancient minister looked upon the changes in the fashions which had been introduced by the young prince, as the precursors of changes in the government. This manner of thinking, although he had expressed himself with great caution, had displeased the prince, who thenceforth looked upon the minister as behind the age.

Herman deliberated a long time about the choice of a new minister. He did more. He wished to consult the public opinion. He went about disguised, like the Caliph in the Arabian Nights. He mixed with the common people. He entered the taverns: he smoked cigars and drank beer with the burghers. He everywhere heard that it was time an honest man were put at the head of affairs. The only point was where to find that honest man. That was a matter of greater difficulty than most men would think. The lantern of Diogenes would have been of use to the prince, but it had perished with the cynic. The prince was nearly despairing, when he obtained information of the burgomaster of a petty town in his Dominions, against whom slander had not lifted up its voice. This sun of justice was without a spot. The respectable Hinzelman was every where held up as a man of unsullied probity.

"This is the minister for me!" said the Prince. "I may safely intrust the entire administration of the country to him, and give myself up to the love of the fine arts, and some other things of that kind, which form the charm of life,—without fear of being disturbed by popular agitations."

The prince sent for the ancient minister, to announce to him his removal. The old man, who had spent so many years in diplomacy, who had imbibed the very spirit of cabinets, who had an intimate knowledge of the men and affairs of his age, asked the name of his successor. Herman named the burgomaster with an air of triumph. The countenance of the minister assumed a smile, such a smile as disconcerts the person speak-

ing. The prince read in his smile an impertinent censure of his choice.

"What have you to say against him?" cried the prince. "Am I not acting politically in endeavouring to conciliate all classes? Have you any thing to urge against the burgomaster?"

"Nothing, certainly, prince."

"Have your police discovered aught that tells against him?"

"Nothing whatsoever."

"Whence then that air of incredulity as to the goodness of my choice? Know that I have fixed upon the most honest man within my dominions."

"Yes, and that is his defect."

"You are in jest."

"Your highness knows that I never jest."

The young prince and the old minister separated, the prince being well satisfied that the ancient favorite of his father spoke from pique and from regret at the loss of power.

The burgomaster was immediately sent for. He was surprised at the message, and so far from expecting the honor that awaited him, that he even trembled at the idea of being sent to some prison for having lately prevented certain exactions of the employés of the government. What was his astonishment when the prince, after complimenting him on his honest fame, proposed to confide in his hands the direction of public affairs. Hinzelman was a simple man, rather timid and diffident: it is only the rogues that never lack assurance, for they have nothing to lose. Hinzelman was affrighted at the responsibility that would fall on him. The prince spoke to him of the benefit which would accrue to the country from his administration. Hinzelman, who never shrunk from the performance of a duty, consented at last to accept the unlooked for dignity.

The prince was resolved to be perfectly free, and never to mix himself with affairs of state. Hinzelman, who had a soul fitted for every exigency, entered at once upon the duties of his office. That night the city was illuminated in token of the public joy. The air resounded with the name of the prince. The windows of the ex-minister were assailed with hisses and shouts of execration. The prince was extremely glad to perceive these demonstrations. The court journal published an eulogium on Hinzelman. That paper even abused the fallen minister, to whom it had servilely offered incense when in power. This made Hinzelman blush. The prince took a spiteful pleasure in paying a visit of condolence to the ancient favorite of his father. He found the ex-minister had the same smile on his face, maintaining the coolness of a man who had seen too many vicissitudes of fortune to be terrified by them.

The prince, perfectly at ease regarding the happiness of his people, and that the most profound tranquillity would prevail around him, gave himself up to his *penchant* for music and gallantry. He was occupied exclusively with the opera and its prima donna.

It was not long before the sky began to darken.

Hinzelman incurred censure at every step. The first to accuse the minister publicly was the court journalist. Hinzelman, far from rewarding the barefaced eulogy which they had pronounced on him, did not hesitate to withdraw a considerable allowance, which the journalist had been accustomed to receive, under the pretext that the press ought to be

completely independent, and that the admiration he felt, for the art of printing would not permit him to load it with a chain, even though it were a golden one. The court journalist soon changed his language regarding Hinzelman, compared the actions of the former minister with those of the present, but always to the disadvantage of the latter, and did not spare the least of his acts.

The city was divided between the protestants and the catholics. The two sects never permitted a truce to their hostilities except to pour their hatred and indignation on a synagogue of Jews which raised its humble head in an obscure, quarter. The former king was a supporter of the protestant religion, and made it the religion of the state. He had salaried its ministers, which gave occasion to much heat among the catholics, who claimed a like privilege in the name of a moiety of the people. To divert the attention of the contending parties, the old king considered it his duty now and then to burn a few of the Jews. Hinzelman wished to allay the animosities of the sects by declaring entire toleration to all religions, and giving to each the power of paying its ministers as the people saw fit. In pursuance of this principle he withdrew from the protestants the allowances they were accustomed to receive from the state. He went beyond this, and protected the Jews from the hatred of their enemies. The result was a universal outcry, of which the court journalist did not fail to avail himself by calling the minister an atheist.

Luckily for Hinzelman, the prince was engrossed by a passion for the young and pretty *figurante* of whom we have made mention. The prince gave no heed to the accusations which flowed in from all sides against the minister.

Hinzelman set at liberty all who were in confinement for state offences. This provoked the displeasure of the judges who had condemned the offenders.

He discovered that a treaty with a neighbouring state existed, which was very disadvantageous to the country whose affairs he directed, always mindful of economy, with a view to diminish the imposts on the people, he broke the treaty. A war ensued. The prince was young and brave, and was pleased with the idea of acquiring laurels to lay them at the feet of his mistress. Hinzelman provided for the war with ability. The little army, well equipped, commenced its march, encountered, and through the valour displayed by the prince, repulsed the enemy. An advantageous peace was soon concluded. Hinzelman had taken good care that the commissaries of the army should not make their fortunes by the war. He soon excited the displeasure of the superior officers by his system of rewards. It was the common soldiers of the army that he loaded with honors and benefits. He was of opinion that the officers, who enjoyed the distinctions of rank, should be content with the lustre reflected on them by the victory. Thus Hinzelman, after having arrayed the press, the church, and the law against him, incurred the displeasure of the army. But the prince, proud of his exploits, with which the foreign journals resounded, turned a deaf ear to the murmurs of his officers.

The prince, enamoured of his *figurante*, was even determined to reject the proposal of his late enemy to cement the peace between their countries by an alliance with his family. The princess Bertha, who was offered to

him, was handsome, but her beauty was of a chaste and severe style, and was altogether a contrast to the voluptuous charms of the opera dancer. Hinzelman saw that the proposed alliance would prove conducive to the true interests of the state. He was besides grieved to observe a *liaison* which was an offence to the morality of the country and the dignity of the sovereign. Hinzelman undertook to get rid of the *danseuse*. By flattering her vanity, he prevailed on her to go to Paris with a charming young man who was a lion at the *salons* of that metropolis of fashion. She went without bidding adieu to her adorer while he was coursing in his forests.

When the prince heard of the flight of his mistress, he was ready to die of grief; but when he discovered that his minister was the prime mover in the affair, his chagrin gave way to the most violent rage. He ran to the cabinet of the minister, who was calmly preparing the contract of marriage which he wished the prince to sign.

"Is it possible," cried the prince, "that you have been the cause of the flight of Rosalind?"

"I acknowledge it," replied Hinzelman.

"You acknowledge it!" exclaimed the prince with fierceness. "This is the height of audacity. It crowns all your misdeeds. I forced myself to believe in your honesty which I now see is nothing but hypocrisy. I can no longer shut my eyes against your iniquitous administration. You have excited all my subjects against me. You have discontented the press, insulted the religion of the state, offended the magistracy, and caused divisions in the army: you have now troubled my domestic tranquillity. You are a wicked and dishonest man. Yes, you are as perfidious as you are incapable. I banish you from my dominions. This is an act of justice that I owe to my people."

"Your people!" replied Hinzelman with composure. "See what I have been doing for them." And he showed the prince the contract of marriage, which the latter tore into pieces.

Hinzelman left the palace without another word. All those, whose interests or whose prejudices he had opposed, (and the number of them was not small,) awaited him at the gate. They conducted him with hootings to his house, and he even narrowly escaped a stoning.

While Hinzelman was preparing for his exile, the prince sent for the ancient minister, and restored to him the staff of office with many expressions of regret for having deprived him of it. The ancient minister smiled as Talleyrand might have done. The wrath of the prince was hardly to be pacified.

"We have been well deceived," said he. "For all his reputation, that Hinzelman was the greatest villain in my dominions."

"Not at all, prince!" replied the old minister. "He was a thoroughly honest man, believe me!"

"You would justify him then?"

"By no means. Have I not been twenty-five years in office?"

"May you continue twenty-five years longer—but don't displease me," replied the prince.

"I displease none but the people," was the reply of the old minister. .

PARODY ON THE "MAID OF ATHENS."

(Dedicated to Miss L. C.)

1.

MAID of Dacca! young and gay,
Blooming as the rose of May;
Let me all thy praises sing,
Fairest, sweetest flower of Spring,
For thy charms believe me true,
"My life, my life, I love you."

2.

By those locks of jetty hair,
Twining round thy forehead fair,
By those dark eyes gleaming bright,
Like the stars of ebon night;
Soft and humid as the dew,
"My life, my life, I love you."

3.

By that face with blushes spread,
By those lips of ruby red,
Which the dimpling smile oft curls,
Showing bright thy teeth of pearls,
All so sweet and fair to view,
"My life, my life, I love you."

4.

Maid of Dacca! I am left,
Of thy lovely charms bereft,
Thus to pine and sigh for thee,
Though thou ne'er may'st think of me:
Till we meet again—adieu!
"My life, my life, I love you."

AMICA.

THE LANGUAGE OF RUPEES.

THE young and inexperienced, who know only the musty lore of Platos and Senecas, speak of gold as a *vile metal, shining dust*. For my part, I can never forget the sensations I experienced when I saw a cashier of a large Mercantile establishment open his iron chest, filled with gold and silver and bank-notes. Talk of the emotions felt on beholding the beauties of nature or art, the dome of St. Peter's, the falls of Niagara, or the heights of Mont Blanc; they are as nothing to the sight of rupees!

One of my friends, who, among his other marvels, boasts of having glimpses of futurity, declares himself a master of the language of the brute creation. He can tell what a dog means when he looks up at you, what purpose a crow has when she flies into your house, what song the ass sings, and what calamity the lizard warns you of with its *tick tick tick*. These things are above my comprehension as they are above my wishes. But I have attained to some experience and can reflect with satisfaction that after a long study I have acquired a perfect comprehension of the *language of Rupees*.

Be not incredulous, gentle readers; but take the first opportunity to be present at the opening of a well-filled iron chest, (if you have not one of your own answering to that description,) and you will hear at first a confused murmur of voices, but by and bye you will be able to distinguish the voices of coins and notes of every sort, sometimes as solos and duets, and at other times like choruses at a grand oratorio. If you have an ear for this kind of music, (and without a refined ear I shall be able to make nothing of you,) you will at length comprehend the discourses of bank-notes, gold-mohurs, and rupees, eight anna pieces, and single pice.

Take the following specimens as the gamut of this celestial music.

ONE PICE, *with a thin small voice*.

Alms to a blind beggar! A bundle of *khillis* or radishes, whichever you will! A stick of *dum-dum misri*! A handful of *ilachi dana*, if you have a sweet tooth! Some *chanahjor guran*!

[By way of parenthesis, I must advise you, who desire to study the language of rupees, not to stumble at the words I have marked in *italics*, though they seem a little outlandish. Is not the musical student required to master a lot of Italian lingo, such as *Adagios*, and *Allegros*, and *Con furors*, before he can execute (I don't mean to say *murder*) a single overture or even sonata? Is not even the student of mathematics obliged to swallow a great many parallel lines and parallelograms, and such like indigestible things? Let us proceed then with our gamut of this sweet musical language.]

ONE ANNA, *with a sound like that of a quartette*.

A hundred Pilot segars! A glass of brandy or rum at an arrack shop, or a *ghurra* of foaming toddy with salt and chillies to give the liquid a super-excellent flavor! Some *kabob-roti*, if you are sharp set, *juldee lao, soour*! A nosegay of flowers from the Durrumtollah bazar, to present to a fair lady!

AN EIGHT-ANNA PIECE, *with a sweet, silver sound*.

A hot tiffin at Bodry's! * A glass of ice at Wilson's, if you wish to be

* A rupee if you please sir! Bodry is getting rampagious in his monopoly.

more aristocratic! A ride in a *tikka palkee*! *Buxis* to a nautch-girl when she dins your ear with her mellifluous screams, and makes a too pressing application to your pocket! A copy of the Oriental Magazine, if you have any appetite for intellectual fare!

ONE RUPEE, *with a fluty voice.*

A tiffin at Wilson's! A bottle of Sherry, a bottle of gaiety, a bottle to drown care in, a bottle of soft illusions!

A GOLD-MOHUR, *a spirit-stirring, trumpet-like sound.*

Tickets for yourself and your sweet-heart for the play or the concert, where, while she driuks in music, you drink in love! A dinner at Wilson's with an old friend, with iced champagne,—recollections of "days o'lang syne" and first love, at the dessert! A landaulet and pair from Cook's, to cut a dash in at the course!

FIVE HUNDRED RUPEES, *with a voice like that of a trombone.*

A splendid Arab, the one which you so much admired the other day, mounted on which you would look so well passing under the windows of the lady of your love! A beautiful Cashmere shawl, to present to her, and obtain in return one of her bewitching smiles! If inclined to foppery, look at that gold watch, with its pretty guard, which will hang with such effect on your valencia waistcoat! If a lover of learning, the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

TEN THOUSAND RUPEES.

Make your proposals to any lady of your acquaintance, black, brown, or white, without fear of a *juwab*! Hold up your head among your fellows, and take the foremost place at every public assembly as your acknowledged right! Propose any toast, with a certainty of its being drunk with all the honors; while all your speeches, however foolish, will be listened to with the profoundest admiration! *

A LAC, *a concert of music, superior to Paganini's.*

Would you have houses in town and villas in the country; fields waters, shades, gardens, parks; birds of the air; and stars of the sky, all, your own? Would you have the *entrée* to Government House? Would you buy the bodies and souls of attorneys, merchants, colonels, secretaries, deputy governors? Would you be "the observed of all observers," the eminent citizen, the "foremost man" in Calcutta at meetings to give dinners to Sir Charles This, balls to Sir William That, and addresses to Sir George T'other?

A CRORE OF RUPEES, *ever playing the "music of the spheres."*

Would you have glory, honors, statues, orations, thanksgivings? Would you be an incorruptible man—a Brutus, a Cato, a Hampden? Would you be a demi-god, a god, a god and half?

* We never admire under a lac!

TRIP ON THE RIVER.

HAVING just returned from a "trip" as it is called, albeit it was a tripping affair with me, if I may speak from experience, having narrowly escaped being tripped into the bottom of the river, I am just in the humour to put these random notes on record. Having been for the last twelve months confined as a galley-slave to the oar, what a feeling of delight spread its rosy excitement on my soul, when I entered into a little bauleah with a congenial spirit or two—free as Heaven's air to go wherever I list, tethered however to Calcutta by the length of the twelve days to which the holidays were restricted—a circumstance that materially detracted from the boasted freedom of heaven's own air. What bliss, said I to myself, to sail on and on until I reached the snows of Hardwar and looked upon the source of the Ganges as one would upon an infant giant—never to return to the din and the smoke and the dust of our Palatial Babel, unpleasantries which might be tolerated but for the everlasting struggle for and pursuit of gain and gold—and gold and gain. There to wander on the mountains and see the fleecy clouds embracing the Himalyan tops like mercy and truth kissing each other, watching the sweet little floweret breaking the cerements of snow and cheering the eye with its small glimpses of blushing red—or hearing the notes of the cheerful birds singing the triumph of spring, as she is released from cold winter's icy lap; and walking hand in hand with some mountain maid,—it may be with nub nose,—but what boots it?—amidst the glaciers and flower—, clad ravines, interchanging the feelings of love although conveyed in a squeaking voice and creating many a romantic scene, in which we were to be the hero and the heroines—and oh! without the chances of meeting with your palatial quizes, who are the very bane of all heart-softening romance. Of course amidst these reflections, I was happily oblivious that our ricketty bauleah could not be safely entrusted with the valuable lives with which it was freighted beyond 60 or 80 miles; and that even if it could, it was not over likely that sectioners subsisting from hand to mouth upon 1400 words the rupee would or could have holiday or means enough to explore the source of the Ganges! But there are delusions co-existent with our nature. The school-boy relieved from his scholastic trammels thinks his holidays form a perpetuity, and in the possession of a few rupees gained by way of prize, he believes they will never end. They deem themselves privileged with the cap of Fortunatus by which days and rupees are in imagination multiplied and produced *ad infinitum*. Be all this as it may, an hour after I had made my lodgment in the boat, I fortified myself with a flow of artificial spirits to rid myself of the fears I could not throw off, of eventually being food for fishes, before I had made any successful displays in the Himalya. I sat on the roof of the boat and gazed upon the attractive charms of the evening clouds, which assumed forms and hues very much akin to, although I have not seen them, the dreams of embryo poets; but from the process I believe of fortifying before alluded to, I found these clouds assuming earthly and grosser forms, such as one sees or could wish to see on his mahogany when the wolf tickles his intestines. Every thing partakes of the hue and humour of the moment; and I now saw at once the truth of a remark I had often heard

propounded, that the want of a beefsteak is sometimes an awful bane to the poetry of our nature. Well thought I to myself (the angelic part of my nature still struggling for predominance) shall I succumb to the base destroyer of my romance—and the foe to the magic fabrics I have reared on an atmospheric basis; but this same base destroyer echoed an answer with a stomachic growl, that it would stand no nonsense if the mascatorials were not set agoing, and wished to know if bamboozling I was after? I must confess I am a leetle fond of life and the good things thereof, and what was the use of contesting against the principalities and powers of the kitchen, particularly when I remembered the couplet,

“ He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day ; ”

so that making a merit of necessity I condescended to pacify the base destroyer of those castles in the air which were painted and adorned with all the hues of the rainbow.

Straightway I resumed my gaze on the clouds above. I had read about storms being shelled in some little dark spot as big as one's fist, and wondered which of the many little fists fixed in black and blue on the face of the heavens might contain the storm. I cursed my folly in the same way that a man abuses his beloved for leaving “ Piddington's Horn Book of Storms ” behind, as some hint on that point might be gleaned from its pages. As it was—the black fists, so alarming to me and which a lady once said were the beauty spots of the sky—might prove the cornucopia of hurricanes, or as the *Englishman* says the mere A. B. C. of storms. I however heroically resolved to discard my fears, but like Irish beggars who will not take a “ no ” for an answer, they ever and anon returned in such a diversity of ways that I instinctively looked about me for a rope or string with which to tie myself up to the boat in case of accident, and commenced questioning the boatmen about the signs of a storm, and that when raging, what were the best means to adopted. Amongst other things they mentioned with a rather equivocal simper about their lips, that the left side of the roof was not quite safe, and as it happened that I was just then occupying that identical side— — and and— — I felt a nail under me, rendering my seat any thing but a bed of roses. I begged one of my friends to exchange seats, when he had the impudence to ask me if I were afraid? “ Afraid ! ” said I to the slanderer as contempt curled my lips at the imputation, “ afraid ! of what can I be afraid ? I could just throw myself in the middle of the stream and rise on either bank as fresh as a cockup. ” My friends looked sceptical—I looked ferociously determined. They gave an ironical hem—I insisted upon “ down with the dust. ” I offered to wager with so much of fume and froth that I was somewhat afraid in my sleeves that my companions would take me at my word—and hence prudently drew in my horns—for truth to say I could just swim one way—and that was like lead to the bottom. It is useless however to be on the waters without giving the water-nymphs an opportunity of judging of our vocal powers, and may be, to make them blush at the comparison, which would most certainly have been the case, but for one of my friends who for the life of him could not help a note either too high or too low. On being remonstrated with he attributed the divergence of his notes from the right line to a couple of sour krouts he had taken that day at tiffin, although a school fellow

of his protested that many years ago, he used just in the same fashion to put them out in their morning and evening hymns at school. We endeavoured to bring him to a proper pitch, but after several ineffectual attempts, he said in a passion, he would pitch into us if we bothered him any longer about the pitch. Safer to let alone a bellowing bull,—so that down went we to our beds, which were any thing but downy, to dream of what we pleased and in the best way to cozen “tired nature’s sweet restorer” into a dalliance. A review of the proceedings of the day—the probable expence of the whole trip—the chances of resorting to the Insolvent Act, and sundry other like unpleasantries kept me awake for a time. I then endeavoured to penetrate into the why and the wherefore of the passion for excursions, in which the Town and his wife so ostensibly, if not cordially, indulged. Was it to give the lungs a mouthful of fresh air, or was it to prove that we could afford to do what others do, or was it to avoid the odium of being thought without the requisite means of basking in the sunshine of fashion. People with means, leisure, &c. do not always think of striking out this line of enjoyment at other times of the year, the virtue or attraction seem concentrated in those which constitute the Poojahs. A haziness came over my mind as the leaden god or goddess (for the sake of sleep has never as yet been ascertained) weighed my eyelids down, and on the mind there was a conglomerated mass formed of elements such as my diving into the river, and then vociferating for help, when those sneering thieves my friends, wished to know if they would down with the dust, and begged to be informed when I intended to reach the Himalayan heights and the complexion of the particular girl with whom I was to have picked *flowers* from *snows*.

“But” they concluded with a malicious grim, “but perhaps some water nymphs will do your job for you, eh?” Amidst this dreaming phantasmagoria, a maid dressed in a many coloured vesture appeared before my sleeping vision, as soon as it was relieved from the hideous conglomeration before referred to, with a smile which like oil on the stormy waters stilled the agitations of my soul. A thin veil covered the symmetrical proportions of her well formed body, admitting a glimpse of the grace and loveliness which pervaded it. I must admit that although she appeared on the whole a celestial personage, there was much of the jilt and the coquette in all she said or did. “Mortal, behold in me Heaven’s first born.” “First born,” said I, “that must be Milton’s hail holy light.” “Can’t you hold your tongue and listen to my accents?” rejoined she. I thought the old girl was coming it rather strong, and I now marvel how I submitted without saying something pettish, “I am Heaven’s first-born and the natives of the earth have worshipped me without a single exception.”

“That may be Ma’am—but I’ve no idea of being snubbed like a school-boy.”

Without heeding the querulous interruption of a mortal she proceeded, “I have my dwelling in the palace and in the hovel. I lie down with the prince and sit with the beggar. I am as much in the lawn of the Bishop as in the tatters of the vagrant; in the ermime of the judge as in the rags of the pauper Philosophers I smile upon—poets are my favourites—ignorance is my hand-maid and science my servant. All, of whatsoever

degree or rank, await round my throne, and I dispense my smiles alike to all. Why should you wonder that the City of Palaces should annually send its concourse of devoted pilgrims to make their orisons at my shrine which for the time is on the waters of the Hooghly? The man who believes he despises me most has his heart indissolubly enchained by the links, I have forged for his special ensnarement. Yea, such is the fatuity of the human race that at the moment they are abusing my charms, they most shew their fascination with my face."

"Lord," said I to myself, "I hope you are not a witch?"

"Witch! no—my name is VANITY—my residence the human heart—my sway imperial—my sceptre universal, and he who pretends to assert his independence of me is the veriest slave."

"But ma'am," said I, forgetting my manners in the eagerness of my curiosity "but ma'am, how do you manage to drive such "herds on the river?"

"If," she resumed, "if an oblation of this kind is not made to me, I am uneasy; and such is the fretfulness felt by the human heart at my frown that to deprecate it, they would sacrifice hecatombs. To conciliate me, good men have pretended to become villains and bad men angels—the pure have gloried in the profession of in chastity and the unchaste in that of purity. Such is my power over the human heart! Those, therefore, who go in the river may urge health, recreation, change as their ostensible objects; but to see and be seen in the FAIR I annually hold is the primary end and aim—the rest mere incidents and accidents." Thus saying she left me to my repose. Awakening I mused upon the communication which appeared to be a mingled yarn, containing a few threads of falsity, with what on the whole was a tale of truth. The first thing I did was to see if Aurora had as yet holly-stoned the eastern skies with the usual complement of glowing hues; but oh, shame of shames there they were—on the banks of the river—Faugh,!—not Aurora and her hues.

The eye then rests on the men and women engaged at their devotions in the stream. That brahmin who extends his joined palms, salaming the rising sun and twirls the holy thread around his thumbs, contrives to assign a portion of his devotion to the girl with the lustrous eyes; and twirls her a sign or two just to hint that mother Ganges has not quite so much of his heart as her beauteous self; while she demurely coughs a response that the son of Brahmah has not been quite misunderstood. So effective is the pantomimic communication, that were one to follow them, he is sure to catch them exchanging under the shade of some banyan tree native sentimentalisms, which duly interpreted means a mutual exchange of *Sallar batta*. As the bauleah gaily trips along like a thing of life and joy, many a timid girl takes to her heels like so many Proserpines, probably because one of my chums had very much the appearance of Pluto; and those a little more experienced in christian ways descend a step or two lower in the stream to shew they can afford to stand inspection—inspect them who may. Titering and giggling with the odd ideas that must enter the imagination of young and unloved girls (as the greater part of Hindoo ladies are by their husbands) at the sight of young men, who are directing their eager glances at them; and glances too, like

with fire, that it is a wonder the Ganges is not in a flame. And a sigh is sometimes wafted, if not from the Indus to the Pole, at least from the boat to the bank—and pumped too out of the bellows of some who are sometimes either blessed or cursed, just as the reader pleases, with a species of *womanomania*; and by the way that word is the most significant, juxtaposing as it does man and woman in a philological order, the more particularly as she has the precedence in the word. The glimpse of a *saree* or a petticoat sets their heart in an insurrection, whose agitations refuse to be layed or stilled under half a dozen bottles of soda and a proportionate quantum of well directed ridicule. And on we go, determined to ruralize our feelings (so long hardened with the pursuit of gain or gold,) at the sight of trees and sound of birds, and bleating of calves and the smell of the fishy atmosphere of the river; until a stanza or a sonnet grows under our fingers by way of fuel to the critical flame of the *Cacutta Star*, which probably begins with a couplet rhyming “hail with quail”—suggestive no doubt of the zest consequent on the alliance of ale with roasted quails. And to such an extent is the feeling for rural sights cherished or exercised, that many a romantic youth is seen to throw stones at quiet and meek lambkins on the green sward, just to make them skip and dance, and thereby give the full aspect of rurality to the general and pervading tameness.

A. B. C.

(To be continued.)

ASPIRATIONS TO THE REGIONS OF POESY.

We were favoured at about the eleventh hour with a copy of the “*Aspirations to the Regions of Poesy*,” by Mr. T. B. Laurence, dedicated to the Christian sympathy of the Public. We extract the following from the preface.

“He will not in this place, expatiate on the actual circumstances that have induced him thus to obtrude himself upon the notice of an enlightened community, nor will he attempt to seek for unnecessary apologies to justify his conduct. He will only avow, that he has indulged in attempts at verse, because his boyish heart delighteth therein. He has tried to cultivate the genius of poetry, because poetry has afforded him, under the most afflicting circumstances, the highest pleasure. He might say with Coleridge, that poetry has been unto him its own exceeding great reward. It has indeed humanized his heart—refined his feelings and sentiments—represented virtue in her most lovely colours,—and with the alluring voice of a seraph it has directed his thoughts to him, who himself is the grand source of music and love, and to whose ear melody herself is incessantly singing—it has directed his thoughts to those angelic regions where the golden harps are never mute, and where eternity is but a continued chain of heaven-born poetry. It has, moreover soothed his disappointments in life—operated as a balsam to his afflicted heart—augmented his social amusements—cheered his solitude—brought comfort in the agonizing moments of despair; in short, it has sweetened the bitter cup of destiny, which he has been doomed to taste. This is his apology for indulging in poetry, but why he has ventured to publish these humble attempts is a question which the generous reader will forbear to impose upon the Author’s feelings.

Those who are disposed to view these aspirations with the scrutinizing eye of a critic, need be told, that the writer was born in India,—has received but an imperfect education—has been doomed from an early age to writhe under the rod of affliction, and that now he has only completed his nineteenth year. These are circumstances which would soften down the acrimony of a Zoilus, and blunt the shafts of an Aristarchus! But thanks be to Providence, he lives among Christians, and such facts can have no little effect upon the feelings of men who profess that religion whose essence is charity."

There is a degree of good feeling if not good taste pervading these lines ; and it would be gratifying to us to learn that the public had responded to the call. The volume is in many parts marked by hastiness and imperfection, but the compound of circumstances stated in the latter part of the above extract, may, with generous minds cover a multitude of poetical sins ; and disarm criticism of its wonted severity. We have not had time to go through the volume, and therefore give by way of specimen the following pieces, taken almost at random :—

THE SUMMER FLOWERS.

The summer flowers, the summer flowers,
Oh bring them all to me ;
Go cull them from the fairest bowers,
And bring them all to me ;
And I will twine a fragrant wreath
To deck young beauty's brow ;
And with the balm of beauty's breath
I will that wreath endow.

2.

The summer flowers, the summer flowers,
Oh bring them all to me ;
When they are wash'd by gentle showers,
Then bring them all to me ;
And each shall be an emblem dear,
Of hope or love or grief ;
And with the drops of passion's tear,
I'll gem each silken leaf.

ALL IS VANITY.

" Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher,
Vanity of vanities ; all is vanity."

I.

Yes, all is vanity—ev'n love,
And friendship's ardent flame ;
Ev'n beauty that in heart's fond prime,
A tender sigh doth claim ;
For love is but a meteor's blaze,
And friendship, bubble's breath ;
And beauty with its fickle charms,
Betrays the bosom's faith. .

II.

Yes all is vanity—ev'n gifts
 Which Fortune doth bestow :
 Ev'n rank and honor, praise and fame,
 To which the young hearts bow :
 For what is wealth that makes us proud,
 A moment—and 'tis fled !
 And what is honor, rank, or fame—
 The shadow of a shade.

III.

Yes, all is 'vanity—ev'n hope
 The morning star of life ;
 Ev'n mirth and pleasure's magic arts,
 That sooth the passion's strife :—
 The star of hope like Iris bright,
 Glows but to die again ;
 And syren pleasure, soft and sweet,
 Soon sickens into pain.

IV.

But oh ! to do a righteous deed,
 It is not vanity ;
 In Heaven's own book recorded stands
 The deed of piety ;
 And oh to love my Maker still,
 It is not vanity ;
 That love shall e'er recorded last
 Throughout eternity.

It would be gratifying to us if these extracts gave to the author a "local habitation and a name," in the good graces of our readers. Reserving to ourselves the liberty of a critical review of the volume in our next should we be so disposed; in the mean time we may say there is germ of poetry perceivable in some of the pieces which, if favoured with genial sunshine and timely showers, may lead to something in which the youthful author may realize his legitimate guerdon. From the tone which pervades the preface it would appear he is not in a very enviable position as regards matters pecuniary; a circumstance which may operate with some to send to Messrs. Ostell and Lepage for the work, where it is selling at 2 Rs. the copy. Our youth require encouragement to urge them on from one degree of excellence to another. The day of small things is not to be despised.

THE
ORIENTAL MAGAZINE.

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[No. XII.

MYSELF.

WELL here I am—said I to myself as I arranged my papers, and took the pen in my hand—and now what shall I write—what dullard shall I immortalize—what ignoble name preserve from dark oblivion and the hand of the bald destroyer? and putting the pen in my mouth, which Milton considered one of the best sources of inspiration, I sunk into a profound reverie. How long I remained or would have remained in this state of abstraction, cannot now be precisely ascertained, but my room door was suddenly pushed open, and a stout and robust little gentleman with a paunch rather unconscionable and a pair of fierce looking whiskers which seemed to be his pet, stalked into the apartment, and fixed his eyes sternly upon me. Horrified at this apparition, I involuntarily started from my seat—and, with chattering teeth, enquired if the noble visitor had any commands for me. The ice was broken, and the fierce gentleman came straight up to me, and bringing his fist almost in contact with my nose, as if he was inclined to tap some claret out of it, demanded in a voice that sounded like a hurricane, if I was not the rascally author of that scandalous article on paunches.

“Why, really sir,” said I, looking exquisitely pleased, but feeling exquisitely miserable, “really, you do me much honor; the article in question is from a master-hand, and not to be sneezed at I assure you. But pray take a seat”—said I, seeing him cast his eye upon the only other chair in the room—at the same time wishing him at the Cannibal islands, or at least at the bottom of the Red Sea.

“No, sir, I am not come to sit at your house,” he sternly replied—“I merely wish to know if you indeed had the audacity to pen that infamous article—for by the jaw-bone of the devil”—yes, such was the horrible nature of his oath—“I am determined to have vengeance, and a terrible one too it shall be”—and the fierce gentleman stamped his foot violently upon the floor, and looked extremely lionish, shaking his whiskers as that kingly animal would his shaggy mane.

“May I ask”—said I with a side glance at his phiz—“what makes you so very savage with that article, for it is the opinion of the *Englishman*, and other literary characters, that it is rather a cleverish piece, and has humour, Sir, humour.

“Humour me no humours?” exclaimed he with a contemptuous sneer—“why, Sir, both the writer and the paper deserve to be burnt to cinders, and thrown into the dirtiest ditch imaginable.”

“But still, I cannot comprehend all this,” said I—“why should you at all feel annoyed at it?”

"You may well ask that question"—he growled out, unbuttoning his waist-coat—"see here Sir, is this a thing to be laughed at—and to be made a fun of—and to be trifled with?"—and he gave a violent tap at the insulted part, which speedily sent forth a sympathetic groan, as if the man and his rotundity united in calling out for vengeance.

"Upon my word"—said I with a burst of laughter, which I as suddenly checked at the hazard of being choked—"it is certainly somewhat annoying—but the writer having brought you into the company of colonels and majors and has described so many kinds of paunches that I feel at a loss to discover the particular one you allude to—here is the Ma——"

"Tortures and tarnation"—roared the fierce gentleman, with a theatrical start, as he retreated from the table—"don't open that infernal stuff before me, take it away I say, take it away instantly," and he ground his teeth in ungovernable rage. Well, thought I, as I threw the obnoxious pamphlet under the cot, this is certainly getting very serious, and I looked about me for some weapon of defence, in case the murderous gentleman should take it into his head to encroach on the sixth item of the decalogue.

"Well, Sir,"—said my tormentor—"if *you* are not the author, perhaps you can tell me who he is?"

"Not I"—I replied, with a shudder at the probable consequence of my disclosure.

"You don't know, eh?"—and he turned to depart.

"No, but stop"—said I, as some mischief-making devil began working within me—"perhaps I can mention the name, but of course you will not give up your informant?"

"By the head of Mahomet, no" he cried, oblivious of his profession of Christianity, and turning suddenly round—"give me but the name, and you shall be for ever forgotten."

"On the word of a gentleman?"

"On the word of a gentleman."

"Well then—his name is Munchausen" a very particular friend of mine."

"Munchausen, did you say?"

"Yes, Sir, Munchausen—Joe Munchausen;" and I chuckled at the idea of the fright which that gentleman would betray at the sight of this savage and the nature of his accusation. Left alone by my visitor, I closed the door—and was just going to congratulate myself on my lucky escape—when crack went the door again, and my tormentor bounced in once more, and enquired in an authoritative tone—if I could not point out to him Mr. Joe Munchausen's residence. Here was a dilemma—what could I do, I had no alternative but to give up the direction of the house nearly opposite to mine, a communication—which he received very politely and departed with a smile of demoniac satisfaction playing around his mouth—that immediately made me repent my folly and imprudence. But it was done, and could not be recalled—and so I sat down again and launched out into a bitter anathema on my poverty which would not enable me to keep a Durwan to repel the intrusions and invasions of such dreadful visitors. How long I continued abusing in this

strain, I don't happen to recollect—but I was suddenly roused by a violent noise outside as of two men in fierce wrestling. I opened the door and *diab!e*! what should I see but the same desperado—with his face red as a Turkey's forcibly dragging in Mr. Joe Munchausen by the collar—while the collared gentleman was striving as vehemently to fasten his clutches on the throat of his assailant—but altogether unsuccessfully—he struggled a little more and then suddenly found himself thrown violently at my feet. I was horror struck. Who could tell, but that some sanguinary murder may be perpetrated—and all the guilt and its consequences might—nay—certainly would fall on my shoulders,—and as this dreadful idea flashed upon me—my terror knew no bounds—the gibbet and the hangman already flitted across my vision—and I began to feel the horrors of a murderer.

"What's all this gentlemen?"—cried I, trembling through fear—but which my prostrate friend naturally mistook for a generous indignation at his ill-treatment—"what does all this mean?"

"Mean!" exclaimed Munchausen, starting from the ground, and rushing into the room—"it means this sir—that you are a villain and a liar—and that fellow there is a cannibal and a murderer." And here the fierce gentleman advanced likewise into the apartment, and pointing to Munchausen, asked me in a voice, which would stand no shilly-shally, dilly-dally, if that precious gentleman was not my friend, and the writer of the article in question. Now although I am capable of as much friendship as any other ordinary mortal, and loved my friend with as much affection as I could possibly spare, yet according to the nature of things, it must be admitted, that I loved myself infinitely better—and when I looked upon the stern countenance, the fierce whiskers, and the rolling eyes of my interrogator—can it be wondered that friendship was the last thing I thought of at the moment—and so with becoming modesty, I replied, that that was indeed my friend, and the author of the article.

"Tom"—cried Munchausen in an agony of despair, but the sound fell unheeded on my ear, while I continued, "and I think that, to prevent the recurrence of the like, he should be severely censured, if not castigated."

"Ay—castigated is the word," said the fierce gentleman, and he drew up the cuffs of his jacket—preparatory to what I imagined would turn out a fisty cuff, likely to give employment to doctors and lawyers. "Hear me, Sir," cried Munchausen, addressing the hero of the whiskers, and foaming with rage, "allow me to put a question or two to that shameless liar there, and if I do not convince you of my innocence you are at liberty to act as you please."

"Very well, Sir, very well, but be quick about it, for by the jaw-bone of the devil, I am resolved, as I said before, to have summary vengeance on the infamous author."

Now what shall I do, said I to myself, shall I acknowledge his innocence, and be called a liar, with the chances of having a broken head into the bargain? never—Spirit of impudence! come to my aid, and enable me to outface these bloody Herods.

"Well, Mr. Munchausen," said I, with an impotent effort at a smile—"go on, I am ready for you."

"You are?"—cried he,—“then have the goodness to state distinctly

and at once, if you mean positively, that I am the author of that article."

"Yes, Sir, you are," said I, plucking courage from very desperation.

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes, I can."

"Can you lay your hand upon your heart, and swear to the truth of it?"

"Yes, I can," I cried with a dogged determination, and biting furiously at my thumb nail, to rid myself of the pricks of that fretful porcupine—my conscience.

"Tom?"—cried Munchausen, calmly and deliberately—"Tom, you are a monster—a perjurer—and deserve to be hanged."

"Don't try to frighten me into an untruth Mr. Munchausen—think you I am weary of life?—am I to be tamely throttled—and must I bear the sins and the iniquities of others?"

"That will do—that will do"—growled the fierce gentleman—"here Sir—here is proof demonstrative of your guilt—your friend—yes, your valued friend"—and he grinned horribly—"is ready to declare upon oath—that you have written that article—and now you little slanderer—I will teach you how to write again—and cast reflections upon respectable people's paunches—I will punch it into you."

"Give it to him," cried I, shivering and quaking in the utmost alarm, lest he should fall upon me too. "Give it to him, spare him not."

"Hillo—what's all this here"—shouted a voice from the stairs—what's all this hubbub for?" and at the same time the hero of the Paunch, the real Simon Pure, walked up with a lordly gait and questioning eye. At the sight of this hilarious gentleman—a gleam of undisguised pleasure passed across my countenance as I whispered to Munchausen—"this is the time Joe, let us three fell upon this bloodhound and break the rascal's bones." Joe gave me a withering look and remained silent with his hands folded on his breast.

"What is the matter gentlemen?"—repeated the new comer in a louder key "will nobody speak?" and he smiled in his peculiar way.

"Why Frank," said I, for it was my friend Funny Frank—here is this gentleman come forcibly to my house and dragged that young gentleman along with him, and I believe intends murdering us both without remorse."

"The deuce he does—well, who are you, Sir?" cried Frank in a savage tone, striding up to the whiskered gentleman, "who are you and what business have you here?" The fierce gentleman drew in his horns a little, and said that he wished to know who was the author of a certain article headed *Paunches*.

"And pray, Sir, what will do you with the writer?"

"Do!" exclaimed he, with returning ferocity, "why, Sir I will eat him alive?"

"You will eh?"—cried Frank, bustling up to him, and giving him a poke with his elbow. "You are a precious fellow, ar'n't you? come, down with you, Sir, immediately," and without another word and he gave him a gentle shove by way of beginning.

"Yes," cried I, at the top of my lungs, but without daring to come within arm's length of the fierce gentleman—"down with him, the scoundrel—how durst he come to my house—down with him?"

"Down with him"—repeated Frank, as he gave him another violent push.

"Down with him"—I roared again, hammering the table with all my might.

"Down with him"—shouted Joe—as he suddenly wrenched off one of the arms of my chair—and running up to his antagonist—laid upon his head and shoulders with so much fury—that giving us a cannibal look—he made a precipitate retreat down stairs—and rushed out into the street—as if all the devils were at his heels.

In my haste to see if the house was cleared of such a bloody-minded fellow—my feet became entangled with something or other—and down I fell with a crash—a faint scream escaped me—and I opened my eyes—when wonderful! I found myself in utter darkness—it was certainly past mid-night—the light had gone off—not a soul was stirring in the house—and I was rolling on the floor—with the chair on my chest. Strange! thought I—and capital indeed—I shall embody my dream *pro bono magistro*—as I lifted the bed clothes to cover MYSELF.

T.

November, 1844.

IMPROMPTU.

Lines written in an Album.

CAN lilies fair that deck the hall,
Or roses on the moss-grown wall,
Or chumpas blooming on the hill,
Or silv'ry lotus by the rill,
Afford such transport to my heart,
As thy fair pages now impart?
Sweet Album! No, not Egypt's flowers
Nor India's fair perfumed bowers,
Can yield the pleasure to my lot
In writing this, *Forget me not.*

Calcutta.

REMORSE.

THERE was no star—no glimmering ray
To light the traitor on his way ;
But thunder-clouds were gathering high, —
And darkness veil'd the azure sky,
And God was there—His lightning eye
Glanc'd keenly—brightly—far' and nigh,
And louder than the roaring main
His voice was heard through earth's domain ;
And creatures of clay shrunk back dismay'd,
And lowly crouch'd—and knelt and pray'd,
Then trembling sought their couch of rest—
All earth the Deity confest.
But HE walk'd on—the man of blood,
Nor car'd for storm—nor pouring flood ;
There was a fiercer strife within,
Above the tempest's mighty din ;
Remorse and hell were raging there,
And anguish deep—and dark despair.
He hurried on—the doomed one
For ever lost—destroy'd—undone.
His bosom heav'd no soothing sigh,
No tear roll'd down his sunken eye ;
But with clench'd fists—and giant tread,
With lightnings playing round his head,
He stalk'd along—erect in form,
And seem'd the genius of the storm.
“Hail ! horrors, hail ! darkness and death,
Despair above, and hell beneath,
Where burns a fire that quencheth not,
That fire shall be my endless lot ;
Where lives a worm—a canker worm,
That feedeth not on fleshly form,
But gnaweth for aye the guilty heart,
The deathless mind—th' immortal part.
And oh ! ye gracious powers divine,
Must then that dreadful doom be mine ?
Away ! away !” and on he strode,
And called aloud upon his God.

Remorse.

He gained at last the palace gate,
Within whose halls in robes of state,
There sat the elders and the scribes,
The haughtiest sects of Israel's tribes.
On every face there frowning sate
Fearful revenge—and bitter hate
And hush'd and mute—each held his breath,
While sternly rose the prophet—priest,
And thus the Sanhedrim address :
“ The murderer dies a felon's death—
The robber meets an equal fate;
But he that mocks Jehovah's state,
And born of earth—of earthly sire,
Doth to a birth divine aspire,
And deem himself—the accursed one—
The Eternal Father's equal Son,
Deserves a death more shameful still
Than those who basely rob or kill ;
And as *He* liveth GREAT AND HIGH,
The vile blasphemer—he shall die.”
And all the elders echoing said,
He dies—his blood be on his head.
But hark ! What fearful sounds are those ?
And all the hoary members rose—
Who comes at this dread hour of night ?
What wandering ghost—what vengeful sprite ?
’Tis he—’tis he—the traitor base,
Hateful to all the human race,
Whose name ’s a curse—venom whose breath,
Whose words are fire—whose touch is death.
’Tis he—but ah ! how alter'd now,
Tho’ stern his look—and dark his brow,
His hollow eyes and cheeks declare
The wasting work of rankling care.
“ What would'st thou more”—the high priest said,
“ The deed is done—the price is paid.”
“ Yes, yes, O holy priest—he cried—
“ The damning price is not denied ;
For this all social bonds I've riven,
For this I've lost the grace of Heaven,
My home—my friends—all good men's love,
Sweet peace below—and joys above,

Throned in my heart now sits despair—
 I live—I breathe a poison'd air,
 Life yields no more its joys to me,
 No hope through all eternity ;
 Then take thou back the sordid dust,
 Condemn me and release the just :”
 He said—and where the high-priest stood,
 Indignant through the price of blood.
 When thus the priest—“ In vain you speak,
 Heaven’s laws we cannot—dare not break !
 Hear what the mighty Prophet saith,
 ‘ The curs’d blasphemer—stone to death,’*
 We’ll hear no more—so take thy gold,
 And go in peace—his days are told.
 “ Yet hear O man of God and grant
 One simple boon—no more I want,
 Let not my prayer be made in vain,
 Let me behold my Lord again :
 For my prophetic soul now sees—
 Believe or not, priest, as ye please,
 Your dungeon holds no child of clay,
 No pompous monarch of a day ;
 He is indeed the King of kings,
 The mighty Maker of all things,
 God in human flesh array’d,
 The Christ foretold by prophets, dead,
 To bleed and die of man instead,
 And oh ! accurs’d—by me betray’d ;
 Oh ! if ye feel like mortal men,
 Let me behold my Lord again”
 He said—and prostrate on the ground
 He groaning fell—in grief profound,

* * * *
 * * * *

Swift from the palace gate he rush’d,
 And through the lonely streets he ran ;
 He felt no more his heart was crush’d,
 His name was now a public ban.
 On—on he flew—through field and flood,
 Thro’ flames of fire and seas of blood,

* Liv. Chap. xxiv. v. 13.

And curs'd aloud all heaven and earth,
And eke the womb that gave him birth,
“ Let horrors seize my natal day :

* Let its remembrance pass away ;
Let awful darkness shroud the sky,
And plagues descend—and mortals die,
And earth and sea conspire to show,
That fated day of curse and woe,
And sulphurous flames *their* portion be,
Eternal tortures—misery
Reptiles and worms * * *
 * * * * * *

His humble dwelling now he found,
To every soul a hallowed ground,
The home of childhood, ever dear,
With songs of birds that charm the ear,
And listening groves—and shady bowers,
And murmuring streams—and fragrant flowers,
And gentle breezes whispering by,
Like soft maiden's early sigh.

These are the scenes of youth—of home,
Where the young heart delights to roam,
And dream of bliss—and hopeful years

Of thoughts and aspirations high,

And deeds sublime that never die.

Unchecked by sighs—undimm'd by tears,
But now oh peaceful spot ! farewell !

Ye happy scenes—he loved so well.

Farewell to flowers and purling streams,
To chaunt of birds—and youthful dreams ;

The traitor, shunned by all his race,
Can find no where a resting-place ;
Nought but the grave his thoughts can ease,
And give his guilty conscience peace,

Oh ! how I hate the traitor's name,
Link'd and allied to things of shame.

The honied word—the magic smile,

The cordial shake—the friendly kiss,

Mark but the serpent's subtle guile,

To crush his prey in dreams of bliss,

Alas ! that man should ever be,

In forms of speech so fair and free,

And talk of friendship—kindness—love,
 Feelings, which God and heaven approve,
 And yet conceal the heart within,
 The germ of foulest, blackest sin.
 Ingratitude ! thy venom'd dart
 Alone can wound the generous heart,
 All other evils it can bear,
 The proud man's scorn—disease—and care;
 The prison home, the wordling's hate,
 The peasant hut—the beggar state;
 Perils by water—and by land,
 And loss of wealth—and death at hand ;
 But when the trusted bosom proves
 All treacherous to our sweetest loves,
 And casts from out the memory
 Our dearest faith and sympathy,
 And sells the friend—that lov'd him so
 To bloody men—the deadly foe;
 Then reason leaps from off her throne,
 And judgment bounds off with a start,
 And all the feelings, left alone,
 Rush headlong on the fenceless heart :
 And all is chaos—all is gloom,
 Till sinks the victim in the tomb,
 The injur'd spirit's only home.
 Beneath a tree—whose boughs among
 No bird ere rais'd its tuneful song,
 Or fondly built its downy nest
 Or roosted for its nightly rest,
 The traitor-suicide rests unknown,
 Unblest of priests—unmark'd by stone,
 He lives no more—and dust with dust,
 He mingles now—as mortals must ;
 But still from 'neath the earth the name
 Of Judas breathes a deed of shame,
 At which men stop their ears and cry
 " Thus let each heartless traitor die !"
 And who is there so stout of heart
 That will not writhe—and burn and smart,
 When for the same detested crime,
 He's styled the Judas of his time.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DHOON.

THE Dhoon is situate at the foot of the Himalayas, and is separated from the Gangetic Plains by a chain of hills called the Sanvallic Range unconnected with the mountains that constitute the northern boundary of the valley. In the Sanvallic Range are several passes, the ascent of which to the Dhoon, ascertained to be 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, is so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible. In one of these, distinguished as the Kharee pass, the path is extremely fatiguing and unsafe for horses and cattle, from the immense quantities of large boulders with which it abounds. It is also overrun by several streams, and the scenery around it is truly wild and imposing. The principal town is Degrat, about 12 miles from the Landour Depot. It consists of the cantonments of the Sirmoor Battalion, a neat little Bazar, a jail and a few private residences. Water is supplied to the inhabitants by means of a canal running from the mouth of a water-fall close by, and visiting in its progress the principal places of the town. This little city, which, correctly speaking, is but an extended village, is enclosed by several large tracts of highly cultivated land, affording every facility for irrigation. But the greater portion of this valley is covered with immense forests of Sal and Sisso, and jungles of high grass, interspersed here and there with little patches of cultivation, the beauty of which is enhanced by contrast with the dreary scene around. These forests are the habitations of the Elephant, more prized for its tusk than for its size or strength, being in these respects inferior to those procurable in some other provinces of Hindustan; the tiger and a variety of wild beasts, several species of partridges and pheasants, and a variety of other game. These forests and their vicinity are extremely unhealthy during the rains when they must be carefully avoided, the putrefaction of rank vegetation rendering the air and water unwholesome. The climate on the whole is mild and salubrious, and the hot winds, the scourge of the Upper Provinces, are scarcely felt here. Though the soil is rich and fruitful both from the numerous streams that intersect it and the clay deposited on the surface by the washing of the adjacent mountains, nevertheless the produce of this valley is not sufficient for the maintenance of its inhabitants, who are consequently obliged to depend in a great measure on the fertile plains of the Doab for the supply of the necessaries of life. Whether this be owing to the defective system of agriculture, or whether it proceeds from the want of an adventurous spirit among its inhabitants, I know not. There are many who attribute it to the high tax fixed upon the lands, which deters the people from recovering land from the forests and jungles, as according to their statement the profit that may probably accrue from making an outlay in introducing cultivation into waste lands, would be almost absorbed by the tax. This may likewise be ascribed to another cause, viz. the price of labour being high on account of the paucity of its inhabitants. It may be that all these in combination have discouraged a more extensive culture of the valley. Whatever the cause may be, it is certain that were the agricultural resources, that the Dhoon beyond doubt possesses, developed, and a more efficient system of farming introduced, the produce would not only

suffice to support the cultivators, but it could also provide Mussoorie and Landour with the supplies which they now are compelled at a heavy expense to procure from more remote provinces. The soil is well adapted for the growth of the sugar cane. Fruits are neither plentiful nor superior; but the peach grows here to a large size and is more delicious than those procurable in Bengal. The principal sources of revenue are the tax on land and that on timber. The latter abounds in the forests and is well adapted for the construction of boats, beams and many other useful as well as ornamental purposes. This is fully proved by the great demand that exists for it in every part of Northern Hindustan and in the provinces of Bengal. The revenue which the Dhoon yielded when under subjection to the Delhi Empire amounted to 50,000 Rs. per annum. But when that mighty empire began to decay and crumble into pieces from the tyranny, treachery, and licentiousness of its rulers, this valley fell into the hands of the Goorkhas, who were in return obliged to evacuate it and cede it to the English in 1815. In the succeeding year the revenue amounted to less than 23,000 Rs. but this can easily be accounted for by the country having been converted into a scene of constant warfare for many preceding years. But having now enjoyed a long repose and being free from predatory attacks the revenue has gradually been increasing to sixty thousand yearly. In point of political importance it does not rank low and the pecuniary advantages resulting from its possession, though insignificant at present, are open to considerable improvement.

About a few miles to the westward of Deyrah lies the ruins of Balanga, a fort, celebrated for the vigorous defence made by its scanty garrison during the Nepalese war against the English headed by Gillespie, who fell here in a bold attempt to storm the place.

14th November.

LINES.

To —————.

My muse is of a sombre cast,
It therefore cannot sing;
Since pleasure's sunny dreams are past,
Sad thoughts to memory cling.

Could simple poesy like mine
E'er well accepted be,
Cecelia! I would gladly twine
Its fairest wreaths for thee.

Life's rugged path before me lies,
In thorny mazes wild,
And all that's bright beneath the skies,
Seems dark to sorrow's child.

May *thine* be every prospect gay,
Adorned with brightest flowers,
That blossom by the genial ray,
Hope's fairy sun-light showers.

November, 1844.

EDWARD.

 LINES.

THESE lines are invested with a melancholy interest, borrowed from the fate of their unfortunate writer. They were written by one, the end of whose pilgrimage was as gloomy as the beginning was fair and full of promise. She was endowed with talents of a superior order and had care and attention been bestowed upon their cultivation, she would have held a respectable place, in the republic of letters. This is not the opinion of friendship; nor is it gilded with the varying rays of those painted clouds, which beautified our youthful days. Young and beautiful, and good as she was beautiful, stern disappointment had embittered the cup of her life, and she sunk into an early grave, under the pressure of heavy sorrows. These effusions alone remain to him, who was proud of her friendship and who, to this hour, laments her premature death. They are the only beads which Memory often counts and which awaken ten thousand associations, that cause the breast to heave with emotion and the eye to be glistened with a tear. Forgive, blessed shade! this brief notice and permit thy ashes to be bedewed with the tears that flow from affection for thee!

 THE KISS.

Humid seal of soft affections,
 Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
 Dearest tie of young connections,
 Love's first snow-drop—virgin kiss!
 Speaking silence, dumb confession,
 Passion's birth, and infant's play,
 Dove-like fondness, hasty concession,
 Glowing dawn of brighter day.
 Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
 When ling'ring lips no more must join;
 What words can ever speak affection,
 So thrilling and sincere as thine?

 THE TEAR.

Pledge of sorrow, seal of pleasure,
 Mingling all that's sweet and dear;
 Pity's balm and passions treasure,
 Gem of feeling, artless tear!
 Speaking silence, dumb confession,
 Balm that soothes the wounded heart;
 Beauty's shield, add truth's profession.
 Pledge of faith when lover's part.

Dew from heaven, affliction's bliss,
 Mortal joys to angels dear ;
 Sister of the virgin kiss,
 Gem of feeling, artless tear !

THE BLUSH.

Roseate tint of purest virtue,
 Bloom ethereal, blush divine,
 Bidding by thy soft suffusion,
 Loveliness more lovely shine.

More than Beauty's fairest feature,
 More than form's most perfect grace,
 Touching the fond heart and giving,
 Softest charms to every face.

Test of quick impassioned feeling,
 Brightest in the dawn of youth ;
 Modesty's unquestioned herald,
 Pledge of Innocence and Truth !

E.

LITERATURE.

A NEW DICTIONARY.

TIME works wonders. No apothegm conveyed a greater truth. When man was first made to screw his mouth into a variety of shapes to give utterance to words, words stood for ideas, and so they do now ; but there exists a lamentable propensity on the part of the speaker to confound one with another. Happily for language, Sam Johnson stepped forward on the philological arena and with a laudable amount of ingenuity gave us a lexicon, in which the attentive reader will find some tremendous jaw-breakers ; classifying them in a methodical manner Linnæus did his system for natural historians. And here I am reminded of a little anecdote : A certain lady, the beautiful wife of a French Engineer officer who had just began to relish a taste for English literature, was once asked who was her favorite author ? " Dr. Johnson," she replied ; " I have read his Dictionary ; and it is a lovely, sweet production ;—in other works I find an incoherent, incomprehensible jumble of words, but there all the words are in order, in regimental display, in complete organization. No confusion here ; no irregular mixture, no tumultuous assembly. It is the best book I have ever seen."

But, as we have said, the revolutions of time have done wonders. In Society, mutations have followed mutations ; and these mutations have

caused language to fluctuate in their significations. Words have been changed from their primitive meaning, and now express contrary ideas.

What was law a century ago is now neither law nor Gospel; and were we to depend upon it, it would to a certainty take us to the gallows. Genealogy has given place to Geology; Astrology to Astronomy; and Alchemy to Chemistry. These revolutions must revolutionize the mind. In like manner words have lost their significations, and unless our philological laggards in the back ground, keep pace with modern meanings they are likely to make sad mistakes. If they are told "down with the dust" perhaps they may feel disposed to give themselves a roll or two on the ground just to comply with the kind requisition. And if one should accost him with a "dost you wish you may get it," it is probable the philological griffin may make a clutch at the diamond ring, glittering on the shaking digits of the interrogator. For these and other reasons it would not be out of place to present these same laggards with the modern improvements in words. This end is best compassed by a new Dictionary, a page or two from which we intend occasionally to submit to the reader, in the hope of his permanent patronage. Here are a few selected at random:—

Ancestry.—The fools boast. If bad it cannot disgrace, if good, it only places in a prominence ones debasement.

Angel.—Our mistress.

Astrology.—Humbug.

Beer.—A mixture made of soap suds and chiretta—which often taken, has known to make the indulger *hop* the twig.

Courage.—To knock down the helpless and knock under the powerful.

Creditor.—A friend who had better keep his distance. One of the plagues of Egypt. A faithful ally of young dandies.

Cupid.—A nice young gentleman painted with wings, and a great warrior.

Cudgel.—A restorative to sense much needed by impudence.

Debtor.—One whose face gives us the greatest pleasure, inasmuch as we may abuse him with impunity.

Debt.—The best dissolvent for the most flinty friendship. The food for lawyers. The element of Bankrupt Commissioners.

Dimple.—A small cavity or depression in the cheeks where a score or two of little cupids lie asleep.

Devil.—Our wife.*

Esquire.—A sectioner.

Failure.—Any thing detested of gods and men, however meretorious the acts that have preceded it.

Friend.—An attentive part of yourself, who sticks to you in prosperity, and deserts you in adversity.

Gentleman.—Any body.

Genius.—A pitiful thing that dies in a ditch.

Grammar.—A thing which some plume themselves upon who have nothing else in a literary point of view to boast about; for instance the teachers of the Benevolent Institution.

* Not original.—*Printer's Devil*.

Grandee.—A man who sports a paunch ; or a French cook.

Gratitude.—A bait to draw further favours.

Heaven.—A place of happiness in perspective, which every one hopes for, but few deserve.

Honour.—Moonshine.

Hymen.—A near relative of Cupid in a direct line of descent.

Interest.—Usury ; Pass-port to the world.—[See money.]

Jail.—The villa or country house to which, generally speaking, knaves retire—to recruit their strength to resume their circuit of fraud.

Malapropos.—Any thing out of place, such as mentioning rope before one whose brother or father has been hung ; calling for tape before a tailor, talking of sprightliness before a Hollander ; or reading a chapter in the bible about the unruly member, for the edification of a turbulent wife.

Master-stroke.—Just that stroke by which we obtain the mastery over a friend's pocket.

Mistake.—To take any thing with deliberative mischievousness.

Modesty.—The faculty which enables a man, (or woman) to stare another out of countenance ; the act or state of trumpeting our own good fame.

Money.—The philosopher's stone. Omnipotence.

Money lender.—Every Baboo.

Moral.—Any thing to which our interests are not opposed. Thus a lame man treats dancing as immoral, just as a blind one would denounce pyrotechnics as culpable.

Non-entity.—Any thing that exists not, like riches in a school-master, common sense in a philosopher, meekness in a missionary, or truth in an epitaph.

Pardon.—To excuse an offender,—in the hope of taking satisfaction when able.

Patriot.—Every body until he gets a good place.

Physic.—Poison.

Physician.—One who gropes in the dark, one firing in an inaccessible room to kill man or monkey.

Platonic.—A cupboard affair, in which the trencher more than the soul is concerned.

Praise.—What all deserve who read the *Oriental Magazine*.

Recluse.—One who would favour his fellow-creatures with his company, but is for some cause or other sent to Coventry.

Religion.—The mill that grinds our flour. A garb for human nudity or knavery. The ladder to our private ends.

Revenge.—Gratitude painted black, but like black pudding it is the sweetest morsel to some.

Smoke—verb.—To make a chimney of the mouth, for the pleasure of its fragrance to one's wife.

Strife.—The marriage state.

Success.—That which clinches the nail of applause irrespective of merit.

To-morrow.—The mathematician's point which is ever assumed, but never realized (vide creditor.)

Whig.—An advocate for popular principles until he is taken under the wings of a big-wig.

STANZAS

(Written in a young Lady's Album,)

I.

WHEN pensive thoughts disturb the mind,
 And o'er the brow their shadows cast,
 'Tis sweet to turn a look behind—
 A look towards the 'backward past,'
 And there behold through mem'ry's tears,
 The joyous scenes of former years.

II.

Oh! in such moments, how the heart
 With glowing rapture fires the brain!
 Which dreams of other days impart,
 In all their lovely, fairy train;
 Awak'ning from the depths of thought,
 Each buried joy that sleeps forgot.

III.

And thus—fair owner of this book
 Whate'er shall be thy destiny,
 In after years thou oft may'st look
 Upon these leaves of Poesy,
 And smile to see the few wild flow'rs
 That herein breathe of happy hours.

IV.

This treasured Album then will give
 To many tender feelings birth,
 To know that friends have ceased to live,
 Now sporting in thy hall of mirth;
 For some who leave their tokens here,
 From life's fair scenes may disappear.

V.

These lovely pages that present
 A garden-walk to fancy's eye,
 (Like flow'rs of varied hue and scent
 That greet the lonely passer by;)
 So every leaf I turn with care
 Displays alternate colors fair.

VI.

But oh ! as oft I cast mine eyes
 On this thy cherish'd volume bright,
 That now before me open lies,
 While I these crude effusions write ;
 A silent grief my spirit wrings,
 To mark the end of *earthly* things.

VII.

For *Time*, whose cold malignant dew
 Despoils the fairest things of earth,
 Will mar these pretty *pages* too,
 Memorials sweet of *Friendship's* worth ;
 Which then alas ! shall faintly breathe
 The odours of a faded wreath.

VIII.

But though the damps of coming years
 Upon these leaves their mildews fling,
 Fond *memory* yet, 'mid smiles and tears,
 Will sweetest recollections bring ;
 Of *youth's* romantic days that *now*
 With sunny prospects gild thy brow.

EDWARD.

November, 1844.

 OUTLINES OF ODDITIES—BY QUIZ.

 No. 2.—*The Reformed Transformed.*

Manners with fortune—humours turn with climes
 Tenets with books—and principles with times.

POPE.

 CHAPTER I.

“ WELL, Mister *Lucky-nath-Goose-all*, you are certainly a lucky dog,” said Issur Chunder Chatter-jee, in a quizzical vein to a crony of his, violently jerking him down on a chair before which was laid a sumptuous table of viands, which even a Lucullus would have envied. There were many savoury dishes,—but the most prominent were Beef-Steaks and Mutton Chops. “ Now, thou son of Epicurus,” continued the speaker, smacking his lips and rubbing his hands in great glee, “ fall to *sans ceremonie*, for by the powers of U. D. V. I have a ravenous appetite, and can devour a live ox.”

"Friend," answered Lucky-nath Goose-all remonstratively, "I have no qualms of conscience on the matter; I have long read myself out of all Hindoo prejudices,—yet I am not accustomed to these exquisite dainties and luxuries you know."

"Well, and what then?" asked Chatterjee satirically. "You were not accustomed to Pantaloons and Brandy either, yet you sport the finest pair of inexpressibles I have ever seen, and as to brandy, by bottles and Bacchus, you do swig with greater power of suction than ever did the elder Weller, sous me."

"Nay, now," exclaimed Lucky, with a *déprecating* look, "you are inclined to roast me, I should fancy."

"Certainly" said Chatterjee, "and to cut you up too."

Issur Chunder *Chatter-jee* and *Rogue-o-nauth* Mitter were the unworthy sons of a thrifty Gwollah, who had scraped together a little pelf by dint of parsimony and cow-driving. Nearly fifty summers had rolled over his voted head, but he was still sturdy and strong, and was an indefatigable laborer to boot, rising with the first notes of the quail, and returning to roost with his herd when the gaunt jackal commenced his serenade with dismal ululation. But though he was not a *milk-sop* and would not be easily *cowed* down by ordinary troubles, the *milk* of human kindness was not dried in his breast; for he plodded on his even way,—his *via lactea*, distributing his *milk* to the thirsty and mite to the poor. He was, however, smitten with the charms of English science and improvement; and the *cream* of the joke was, that while *chewing the cud* of vast resolves, and stupendous plans, he swore by *cow hides* and *horn tips* that he was determined,—yea, irrevocably fixed to give his hopeful offsprings a liberal English education—even if it cost him all his stock of *cows—calves*—and bullocks, and he gently stroked the tail of a frolicksome *heifer* as he ended the mental soliloquy—and smiled most blandly. Good easy man! he little imagined that lavishing all his wealth on the *stercorated* bull heads of those arrant *moon calves*, *Chatter-jee* and *Rogue-o-nath* would be worse than useless, and that their advancement in European science would be about as much as that of a tethered *Jackass*! The reader will perceive that this little episode is in every respect germane to the subject,—and will consequently excuse the little deviation. Having dashed into *medias res*, a brief explanation of the origin of our heroes was absolutely indispensable.

- For half an hour nothing was heard save the clattering of knives and forks.—

Every jaw was at work and I heard not a sound,
But the knives and the forks rattling sweet music to me.

- There was the brace of *reformed* Hindoos sturdily at work, manifesting by their masticatory prowess and imbibing capabilities their mental superiority over their bigotted and benighted brethren. There must be some mysterious latent connexion between roast and reform,—sausages and sapience—*eau de vie* and erudition. Shoals of young Hindoos just emancipated from their *alma mater* have betaken to the honorable course of dram-drinking and beef-eating, and the flesh devouring community of this palatial city may reckon, without fear of dispute, that there will be a *riz* in the value of these indispensable commodities in about a quarter of a cen-

tury. There is a race of ideal philosophers and visionary enthusiasts who are carrying on a violent crusade against all species of Epicureanism, and like the Papists who say that famishment is the surest way to eternal beatitude, they run to the opposite extreme in asserting that in proportion as the body is attenuated, will the intellect improve and rise superior to the earth and earthy—that when the carcass is about to evaporate into nothing by unremitted fasting and abstinence the mind will range excursive unshackled and unclogged. This is about as true as the notable tale of the Killkenny cats which fell on one another *unguibus et rostro* and scratched and bit, and bit and scratched till nothing was left of them but their whiskers! But as we do not belong to the *cat-egory* of the *feline* race, we will not hazard an opinion on this abstruse point: albeit the nine lives which Madam Puss is fabled to possess is rather inimical to the theory. We do not think we can cogitate ourselves into nothing, any more than we can

—cloy the hungry edge of appetite.
By the bare imagination of a feast.

To the irrefragability of this truth the hungry flowery race of poets,—the *genus irritabile vatum* will readily depose.—Those bright sons of song who have most romantically starved, notwithstanding their brilliant imagination. We have a tolerable reverence for true philosophers,—but your quacks and your empiricks, who impose upon mankind their super-human theories, really give us the hydrostaticks, to speak in the classical style of Mrs. Malaprop.

Our young, transmogrified, brandy-drinking Hindoos were of a contrary opinion, and were in fact of the Heliogobalian school. They rose from the table with protruding stomachs, so destructive to intellect, and rubicund noses, enough to give one the scarlet fever, and retired to a sitting room to regale themselves with pawn and common place on dit.

“Brother Chatterjee,” quoth Lucky, rubbing down his paunch and indulging in sundry discourteous eructations, “Brother Chatterjee, I am sick of the monotony of life—I long to make myself conspicuous, and to lead the van of some bold enterprise—to distinguish myself and render my name immortal.”

“Very laudable design, sous me,” replied Chatterjee, twirling his mustaches, and raising his foot on the chair of his companion “after we have broken through the manacles of superstition and bigotry”—and he gently handled the brahminical thread round his waist—“we ought not to remain in *statu quo*—all that we have done is little—but it is an earnest of greater achievements. We have only changed our dooties for pantaloons, our doll bat for beefsteak, our chillums for gentle havanahs.”

LUCKY—And our good nature and peaceableness, for impudence and puppyism.

CHATTERJEE—Pshaw! I have no patience with you, leave off your paltry fizz-gigs and low quibbles.

LUCKY—The opening in the ——— Department is to be given away I understand to one Mr. Peter Pendrudge.

CHATTERJEE—Indeed! it must be a job, sous me, for there were several respectable and talented native candidates, who ought to have been preferred, if merit were made the criterion of selection.

LUCKY—But it is rumoured that this same Pendrue is a man of great pretensions.

CHATTERJEE—Yes—*very great pretensions*, I allow. He is a superficial man with no penetration or judgment. He is like the generality of East Indians, vain, conceited, ignorant and a spendthrift.

LUCKY—These abuses are gratuitous and uncalled for—the more particularly as you do not know the man.

CHATTERJEE—You christian dog!—do *you* stand forward as an advocate for these dregs? They form it is true a very large body, but are they forsooth of any political importance—have they any voice in legislation—can they boast of any influence, respectability, and wealth? They go to some charity school and acquire a little smattering of science, and a little knowledge of English Literature. The highest acme of their ambition is to become a clerk! and the wretched pittance they earn they squander in balls, routs, and retinues!

LUCKY—You are very severe in your animadversions, and I should apprehend your portraiture is extravagantly overdrawn. Think not I intend to screen their infirmities—no, but I wish you to be temperate and just in your censures, I remember reading some beautiful lines commencing

Teach me to feel another's woe—
To hide the fault I see.

CHATTERJEE—I think you will split your stupid skull on the rock of christianity, sous me.

LUCKY—Not as long as Tom Payne and Hume can afford me nuts for the carious tooth of fusty prelates.

CHATTERJEE—Bravo! hold out old Lucky, never be gulled with the incongruous absurdities and gim-cracks which the Revd. Mr. Malachia was inculcating the other day.

LUCKY—When the mind has been just awakened from the folly of a system of religion, it will not readily embrace another without much sifting and investigation: nevertheless we should not repudiate any code of morals or system of religion without due examination: what the Revd. Mr. Malachia said the other day was far from being satisfactory, but I should presume there are very many worthy Ministers who are prepared to satisfy the most fastidious and sceptical.

CHATTERJEE—You have no business to take that for granted. One of their most invincible champions received a severe rap on the knuckles from me in the *Poorro Chundro Doy* regarding the essence of a deity, and notwithstanding his profound learning and metaphysical subtilities, he has not yet recovered the shock to be able to answer me.

LUCKY—Possibly he conceives it *in fra dig*, not a foe-man worthy of his steel—eh?

CHATTERJEE—Rot your head—you are provokingly stupid—but here comes my brother Rogue-o-nath who will convince you if I did not completely spifficate him. My article was a splendid production—but it is ungracious to panegyryze one's own bantling.

Enter Rogue-o-nath smoking a Havanah—with Wellington top boots—scull cap with large tassels—kid gloves—and a profusion of gold chains.

ROGUE—Good morning Gentlemen, I am yours most obsequious.

CHATTERJEE—Well, Rogue-o-nath, enlighten Lucky regarding the article I wrote in the *Pooroo Chundro Doy*, he seems to be sceptical as to my ability of opposing such a mighty antagonist.

ROGUE—By Brandy and Beefsteak, this is not the first time the great polemic has been floored. My articles in the *Reformer* under the expressive soubriquet of *Black-Leg* were unanswerable, and every body acknowledged my triumph.

LUCKY—Well, gentlemen, a truce to your controversy—you both are able logicians and subtle quodlibetarians I warrant. It is rumoured that a prize essay is to be written on the readiest way of making puppies of Hindoo College elevés, and I am apprehensive Rogue-o-nath will carry the palm quite out and out.

ROGUE—That's good, ha! ha! ha! By Brandy and Beefsteak, I owe you one old Lucky.

CHATTERJEE—Wery vitty, sous me. Joe Miller must have left his wits as a legacy to you.

LUCKY—Pray are you a member of the *Mutton Chop Club*.

CHATTERJEE—No, perhaps you don't know that Rogue-o-nath is the President of the *Beefsteak Society*, and I have become a candidate for the Secretaryship of the *Brandy and Water Association*.

ROGUE—It is a pity that the "*Lodge Drinking with Perseverance*" which has been the cradle of reform—the nursery of enlightenment and the infant school of swigging is about to receive a knock on the head—I have done my best to prolong its existence, but it is doomed. Since *Koil-ass* died of intoxication and *Joy-narain* became demented, the Society began to retrograde, but *Hurry-mohun's suicide* has given it the death blow.

CHATTERJEE—Come, Gentlemen, let us be doing something, sous me, let us pledge our glasses to the marriage of HINDOO WIDOWS, and have a regular flare up. Here, qui hie, Brandy pauney low, sous me.

The glorious trio went it hob and nob till they became quiet bacchi plenus. The bottle was going the tenth round when the old Gwollah, unexpectedly entered, invited by the loud vociferations of Rogue-o-nath, who had commenced a species of most unnatural bellowing, which none who have not tasted the twelfth glass could creditably execute. If his blind bull had danced a minuet—if his little calf had calved an alligator—if an elfin sprite churned his butter—or if his brindled milch cow literally jumped over the moon, as the nursery rhyme hath it—the Gwollah could not have been more astounded than he was at the sight of the boon companions. His ire arose—he ground his teeth—looked as fierce as a hyena—and with one fell swoop he smashed all the glasses to atoms, but the young fellows took care of the bottles, and scuttled before you could say—off.

CHAPTER II.

"Pray where is Rogue-o-nath?" asked Lucky as he shook hands with Chatterjee, who was adjusting his *pugree* with especial care, preparatory to his making a débüt among the renowned speakers of the "*Bengal British Indian Society*" at a certain drug shop. The embryo orator had, evidently returned from Pigot's—his favorite haunt; for he appeared rather elevated in spirits and was more loquacious than ordinary.

"Rogue, did you say?" enquired he in a buoyant humour, twirling his mustaches, and breaking out unaccountably in a hearty guffa. "Why, sous me, if I can divine where he is rusticating—fast riding, I should fancy, to the Great Unmentionable—the devil, he, he, he. He has an unconquerable *penchant* for U. D. V. and you know there is no affinity between potations and orations,—ha, ha, ha."

Lucky looking quite wise with this piece of rare intelligence, and feeling a kind of undefinable frustration, accompanied the exhilarated gentleman up stairs and mingled with the herd of swine that were ready to despise the pearls from the gifted lips of Mr. George Thompson who had become the very nong-tong-paw of Society not long ago. This esteemed visitor electrified the audience as was expected with his grandiloquent speech—magnificent tropes—and sublime ideas: and the small fry of fustian orators in a grateful spirit of imitation squirted their say upon the wise acts of British Indian Government. Muffusil Police, Zemindary System, Lackeraj Tenures, *cum multis alii*, were subjects that were sifted and investigated. "Gentlemen," halloed out Chatterjee, suddenly with Stentorian lungs, striving to over top the most obstreperous squabblor, and a constellation of eyes was immediately directed towards him. He heroically withstood the brunt, and looked around with a steadfast gaze in a melo-drammatic attitude. The Chairman drank off a bottle of Soda to repress his emotion, letting fly accidentally the cork at the reformed head of a hindoo, with a close English crop, who stood on a chair staring at the speaker with extended jaws. "Gentlemen," vociferated Chatterjee, with still greater vehemence, getting quite rumpagious, "the eyes of my countrymen are upon me, (loud Cheers) and I feel proud at the opportunity afforded me of addressing them, not with a culpable desire of self-glorification, but to benefit my suffering countrymen. If there be any one fact more than another, which strikes the reflecting mind in respect of the Hindoos,—it is their culpable supineness. There is your passive subject who pusillanimously submits to all wrongs and privations,—and there is your disaffected rebel, who will fly to arms at a supposed injustice." It is not my purpose to admonish you to become the former, any more than it is my desire to exite you to sedition (great cheering.) The most enlightened"—said he with a pirouet, that would do credit to a dancing master—"the most enlightened of my fellow sufferers, and co-bondsmen are, I presume, within these memorable walls, (immense applause and a nod of approbation from the chair) and the few sentiments I have to lay before them, however crude, will, I hope, be duly appreciated; for I have given the subject my best deliberation, and I feel certain,—nay quite confident, that none will go away without an irrevocable determination to seek redress from an enlightened government—a government that is using every effort to enlighten India—a government that has done a great deal to promote the comfort and happiness of its subjects—a government that is widely disseminating the inestimable blessings of European civilization, among the benighted,—degraded—superstitious—bigotted—depraved—unprincipled—immoral—and vicious Hindoos (loud hissing from the reformed). Gentlemen, you may manifest your disapprobation by hisses and sibilations, but they pass by me like the idle wind which like the noble and patriotic Brutus I respect not, and he actual-

ly looked like one of our terrestrial godlings with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of place, who while they make grave mortals laugh with their fantastic rigs, set those celestial beings—the lachrymose angels a blubbering, as Shakespeare sings. Can you, Gentlemen, be ever ungrateful for the vast, stupendous, ineffable favors you have received? I pause for a reply *

* * * * *

“I would rather be a poodle,” said he with a dogged air “and bay gentle Cynthia, than such a Hindoo (loud exclamations of Brutus—brute—puppy—dog, from all quarters). Gentlemen, there is a river in Macedon and there is a river in Calcutta, and there are gudgeons in both—I cannot account for your supreme stolidity,—adull stupefying change has come over the spirit of your dreams and I lament it.” Here he most inconsistently burst out in a long fit of cachinnation, that made the audience open the eyes of surprise and lift up the head of wonderment. “Gentlemen, I can lay before you facts—stubborn facts corroborated by the strongest irrefragable testimony,” and he struck his hand violently on the back of a chair that made the listening sitter jump up, “I can lay before you occurrences the most heart-rending—but I cannot supply you with judgment either to appreciate my remarks or draw legitimate inferences. You are,” continued he in *sotto voce*, “a precious set of nincompoops—but nothing worse,” and he made a very profound bow. “Turn him out,” was the first and unanimous out burst of the enlightened gentlemen of Goopto Hall, and before you could pronounce *deisidemoniacparadoxicographical* orator Chatter-jee was in the streets followed by the faithful and mystified Lucky. To describe his mortification and fury is a task to which we are not equal—we leave it to the imagination of the reader.

Having faithfully promised a *superb* treat to Lucky, in anticipation of his success in the oratorial hall, Lucky stuck to him very *disinterestedly* like a leech through good report, and through evil report. Chatterjee did essay to back out discreditably; but he found himself in a cleft stick; for he had his *blunts* in the custody of Lucky, and Pigot was staring him in the face. All his attempts therefore to wriggle himself out floundered him deeper in the mud, and finding no evasions and subterfuges effectual with such a determined gourmand as Lucky, he was induced to patronize Pigot, ostensibly to treat his chum, but really to try if the Lethean streams of brandy may not make him oblivious of his recent disgrace and mortification, which were rankling in his mind. Before, however, he could attain the Elysium—the happy state of forgetfulness, he was roused by a lusty call for a Chowkedar. The boon companions ran down precipitately and recognised the old familiar voice of the Gwollah. Rogue-o-nath, the reformed transformed debauchee, after indulging in potations deep was involved in an unpleasant affray. He had become a constant visitor at Dainty Davy—he was a cut above his brother—and although he paid dearly for his *bons bouche* he very ingeniously made the loss up by abstracting at each visit either a silver fork or spoon, and thought himself a tarnation clever fellow and no mistake. Such is the awful state of depravity to which drunkenness and profligacy will degrade a man. The restraints of Hindoo morals which whilom used to operate as checks upon his evil propensities, he was schooled to repudiate with unmitigated contempt, and having no knowledge of the more salutary

and stricter requirements of Christian morals, he recklessly plunged into all species of wickedness with an uncontrolled spirit. The exorbitant charges and rapacity of Wilson's he offered as a salvo to his conscience, and thus the reformed transformed Hindoo was encouraged to continue in his pilfering practices, till the articles began to be missed. A vigilant watch was in consequence kept, and he was very soon detected in the act. A knave detected is the greatest fool. He ran off desperately closely followed by the Durwan whose salary was withheld for the losses, and was apprehended in *Runny Moody Gull-ly* near Pigot's. *Rogue-o-nath* resolved to sell himself as dear as he could, and therefore offered a stout resistance. He levelled a heavy blow at the constable who had been called—but the blow was warded off, and a Chowkedar felled the reformed transformed *Rogue* to the ground with a club. A rumour immediately spread like wild-fire that *Rogue-o-nath* was killed in the rencontre, which brought on the spot the unfortunate Gwollah and his kindred. Not knowing the particulars of the case his first act was to call out lustily for a Chowkedar which brought down our *bon vivants*, Chatterjee and Lucky from Pigot's. *Rogue-o-nath* was in a swoon and could not recognize any one, but his relatives rung the air with loud lamentations. He was, however, brought round by the necessary restoratives, and was taken home in a cow-cart, the Gwollah standing security for his appearance at the Police. While suffering from this disgraceful accident the transformed debauchee began to exhibit symptoms of contrition for his follies; but he was far from being a sincere penitent, "When the devil is sick, &c.—" the reader knows the couplet—or he may consult,—not Robert Diable—but Robert Montgomery who has immortalized his Black Divinity in a Poem.

The poor Gwollah settled the matter amicably by paying swinging damages to Dainty Davy, and a handsome douceur to the Constable who was unflinching in his duty, but rather vulnerable rupee-wise. But the subsequent conduct of his sons made him exceedingly miserable. They were steady only for a couple of months, and promised to renounce their wicked courses, and eschew all European innovations,—but their promises were as easily made as violated. They betook themselves to the most unpripcled course of profligacy, and it is difficult to conceive to what extent of turpitude they would progress on. Lucky was *luckily* sent off to a Government School in —, and by being removed from the contagion of his pernicious associates, escaped the ruin which inevitably follow such wicked courses. Chatterjee soon fell a victim to his intoxicating habits. He was returning in mid-day from a Garden after a night of revelry and carousing, rather so so, and was carried off by an apoplectic fit. This was a solemn warning to *Rogue-o-nath*. The sudden and awful death of his Brother—the disgrace and ex-communication he was laboring under—and the low state of his exchequer awakened him from his mad career. He returned, like the dog to his vomit, to Hindooism, superstition, and bigotry! performing all the odious farce and silly mummery enjoined by the solemn conclave of brahminical fools—but though *transformed* he would occasionally exhibit his English taste, and rake up the dying embers of *reform* by indulging in a glass of U. D. V. and singing "Gee up, Dobbin," not in *Brayham's* style of melodious exquisiteness, nor in the air on which the *old cow*

died, but in a peculiar ventriloquial howling, something between the cackle of a goose and the chaw of a donkey !

We would desire before closing our lucubration to enter into an explanation ; because some fastidious reader may peradventure take umbrage at the character here attempted to be pourtrayed of reformed Hindoos. The *vraisemblance* may not be considered generally correct, but we do not wish our standard to be made the criterion for judging others. We have instanced a particular case. There may be a blending of facts and fiction—a mingled yarn of both. The reader, however, need not harass himself with fruitless attempts to ferret out the exact proportion of each ingredient.

LINES

To —————

I.

Ah yes ! I saw thee fair and young ;
 With sweetest smiles about thee :
 And on that lip a promise hung,
 I could not at all doubt thee.
 Thou didst alter ; I was the same,
 Of thee I was the fonder,
 Though false to every other name,
 From me thou wouldst not wander.

II.

When people now thy follies name,
 I hie me from their story
 And see in what they have to blame ;
 Some gleams of former glory,
 Oh ! oft I think of by-gone days,
 When to me thy vows were free,
 When beneath the moon's bright rays
 I did pledge my heart to thee.

III.

The time will come, deceiver yet,
 When others' ties will sever,
 On me 'thoult think with vain regret,
 For to thee I'm lost for ever.
 Away, away, I will not curse,
 'T would be folly to upbraid thee :
 I truly could not wish thee worse ;
 Than guilt and shame will make thee.

W. S. P.

DURGAE UKHBAR SHA; OR THE TOMB OF UKHBAR SHA.

THE traveller to Mecca invariably pauses to pay his lament, and offering to the spirit of the departed, in memory of whom this tomb is erected; and be he Sheea or Soonnee,* he will shed a tear or heave a sigh over departed worth and fallen grandeur, as listening to the mournful tale of the hero, and the patriotic song which would seem to have reference to him when it sings:

He liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to earth had entwined him,
Nor soon will the tear of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

The tale is purely historical, though, I have no doubt it has been subjected to the addition of ages, and to the exaggerating tongues of thousands: while the fact of the lover is only private, and may have been added to give a finish to the already mournful tragedy.

Ukbar, the father of the hero of my narrative, was a camel-driver by birth; but on whose brow fate had stamped the seal of greatness; and in course of time he gave satisfactory evidence to the truth of the eastern aphorism—'despise not that beggar who has a kingly heart.' With only his family and a small party, he repelled the several incursions of the Yeosophees or followers of one Yeosoph, who had dared to invade his country for plunder; till, in the course of time he gained strength enough to encounter them more openly, and finally, to overthrow them in several pitched battles, taking their King prisoner. From that time he asserted and maintained his independance, and reigned with kingly power.

His successor, his son, was doomed to fresh troubles; and the hosts of the Yeosophees, who seemed to spring up like locusts from the earth, headed by the justly dreaded Mahomet Bey, who had usurped the throne since the capture of his rightful sovereign, swarmed on the fertile fields of Bokhara. And they who are acquainted with the Persian Bardas, must have heard of the deeds of prowess, surpassing human credibility, done by Ukbar the second and his faithful band, when rushing on that countless host to the cry of "Illa-e-huck!"† That mighty crowd melted before him like snow beneath the rays of a tropic sun, and with it seemed to fall the last hope of the followers of Yeosoph.

Ukhbar, crowned with glory, courted by the neighbouring powers, the wonder and praise of all, now turned his thoughts to the settlement and prosperity of his own country; and never has Bokhara again seen the brightness which then shone on it, that with Ukhbar's sun had sunk to rise no more.

In the course of his tours of inspection, his eyes alighted on the form of the beautiful Noor Jehan, the only daughter of a noble of ancient race, sunk in poverty; but whose pride still kept him from mixing with the rabble; nor was it strange that Ukhbar took so particular a fancy to that spot, for, never again shall the Zephyrs of Arabia blow over a form so

* Two sects into which all Musulmans are divided.

† God of Justice.

fair. To invite that nobleman to his Court, to seat him on the summit of grandeur, to deck that spot where his heart hovered with all its warmth, nobility, and feeling, were deeds of a day. But there was that in his soul which scorned the most fascinating attractions where they were purchased ; and having intimated his feelings to the father, he spoke thus : “ Sulabut Sung !* I offer my hand for the acceptance of your daughter. True I am your King, but I entreat that circumstance may have no weight in my suit, and in treating with it let no extraneous consideration sway your preference. She, who wins me, must not win the gold or the sovereignty, but the heart of Ukhbar. I desire you to introduce me to your house as a friend, and leave the rest to her and to me.”

There is, say philosophers, something in true nobleness, which immediately proclaims itself, and if to these we add a manly form and a beautiful face, was Noor Jehan more than mortal ? No ! she felt what susceptible hearts would have felt thus situated, and happier hours repaid the long toil, the ore, the moments of excited feeling and misgiving hope ; for Noor Jehan was an idol of love ; a thing whose all was a composition of the most exquisite feelings ; and Ukhbar all virtue, nobleness and soul. Thus they lived a few days fabled with keener feelings than ever tales gave to Leylee and Mujnool.

Ten thousand lights are dancing in Ukhbar's hall, and hallowed strains of music, softly sweet and clear, sounding within its walls. This night is Noor Jehan to become the bride of Ukhbar. Ere the Muezzin's call to prayer had ended, and the last note died in its echo, a cloud had gathered over that lordly dome, and doomed its grandeur to eternal decay and rust. Like the sweeping winds of their own gloomy deserts, rushed the infuriate band of the fearful Yeasophees, and before an hour had gazed on the glory it had vainly conjured, all was gone ; the din of battle, the clang of steel and target, and the tramp of steed echoed upon the rumbling ground, which now quivered with tones, that had caught on angel's ear, and all was noise, and the bustle, the blood and din of hateful war.

Hark ! heard you that wail which seems to claim a response from heaven, and breaks upon the stillness of the night with more than mortal agony ? The last of the house of Ukhbar had fallen to nought, and the prop of his country was gone to rise no more : and though victory crowned his grave and laurels decked his tomb, well may the bards of Arabia sing :

“ The din of the battle may wake again,
And his tomb-stone may heave in its ire.
But his country shall ever weep Ukhbar slain,
For he's gone with his love and his fire.”

The tale is soon ended. What is left to a broken heart, but the grave ? And fast did the worm harrow the life, which a single puff had blown to its own paradise. She sunk ! Sunk fast to go and join him in the land of the brave, where victors like him, and beauties like her constitute its heaven—

To broken heart is doom'd despair,
A setting sun to light,
Yet, let thy soul be pure and fair,
That thou may'st know no night.

W. S. P.

* Mighty in war.

RANDOM REMARKS.

Shoot folly as it flies.

MR. THEOBALD'S EDITION OF THE ACTS.

Mr. THEOBALD has published an edition of the Acts of the Indian Government, *after* another by Messrs. Thacker and Co., but styles his own the *only* complete edition. We suppose that he was oblivious without wishing to be insidious.

The price of the two editions is the same.

The high prices charged for books is a nuisance, particularly where the publishers have contributed little or nothing in the shape of literary research or any industry beyond that of bringing together ready prepared materials. There is no honesty in thus putting an arbitrary value on materials on which the publishers have spent no labor worth mentioning. And we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Theobald's edition of the Acts might have been sold cheaper than it is, considering the modicum of labor which has been bestowed on it.

We cannot sufficiently commend Mr. Theobald for not inflicting on us the notes on the Acts which, it seems, he intended to write and publish. We don't thank him for what he has done, for that has come from the love of self; but we thank him for what he has not done. There must have been a great struggle between the vanity which dictated a wish to produce annotations on the Acts, and the diffidence which created a misgiving, as to the qualifications requisite for the task.

SIR HENRY HARDINGE ANENT EDUCATION.

The resolution of Sir Henry Hardinge, that natives educated in the schools shall be employed in public offices in preference to those not so educated, is now known through the length and breadth of the land. It has already produced its fruits. Not those which were to have been expected—no, no; but a crop of speeches from persons from whom we in our simplicity hoped for better things. The resolution hardly had time to show what it is worth ere it found admirers. We used to think that our Hindu friends were not to be caught with chaff. Yet we see that a few strokes of the pen have set them capering and rejoicing, just as if they had derived the most solid benefits from the resolution. They may say that it is the desire to advance education, which they applaud; but why not wait to see how the resolution works? Why not be satisfied of the sincerity of the government and its officers? Have they forgotten that the clause of the charter, which declares, that none shall be excluded from serving the state on account of local circumstances, is a dead letter?

* ADDRESSES TO HEADS OF OFFICES.

Some foolish things of this description have occasionally been perpetrated here and elsewhere; but none of them has been so supremely ridiculous as the address of the writers of the Sudder Board to its Secretary. Mr. Currie, the Secretary, was odious to all his subordinates, less on account of the severity with which he enforced punctuality of attendance and punished the most trifling faults, than for his horribly bad temper. To utter such a man, unless he had ordered an address on pain of a mulct, is mere drivelling. With Christmas so near, we can imagine what effects a threatened stoppage of pay would have had; but on no other ground can we account for this piece of folly. Some people are said to worship the devil to avert his malignity. The writers of the Sudder Board could not have been governed by such a motive, since the object of their dread was for some time removed from them. It can be nothing but fatuity.

The address in question lauds Mr. Currie for his desire to reward merit. We are yet to hear of his having rewarded merit of any description. Why, the most deserving of his subordinates, a man as well connected and as highly talented as himself, has been left by Mr. Currie to pine on the miserable pittance on which he entered the Board's office to escape the effects of an uncongenial climate. More than this, Mr. Currie bestowed the best situation in his gift on a namesake, whose sole qualifications were that he wanted the place very much. But, softly, Mr. Currie *has* rewarded merit in one remarkable instance. He rewarded the superintendent of the office, whose *mechanical* duties were highly paid for by a salary of 400 rupees, by giving him 700 a month, when the performance of duties of an *intellectual* character, which require a knowledge of the revenue systems of the country and ability to communicate the Board's orders in a decent style, was deemed by him to be adequately compensated with a salary of 500 rupees.

This, we fancy, is the reward of merit that has led the writers of the Sudder Board's office thus to stultify themselves. The whole affair is intelligible with this clue in our hands.

We have no wish to break a butterfly upon the wheel. But we earnestly advise subordinates in offices to eschew such follies,—and for this plain reason, that while they are permitted to laud, but not to censure their superiors, their addresses must be regarded as fulsome flattery, and cannot but serve to render them contemptible in the eyes of other classes of men.

THE RECENT SUICIDE.

THE death of the late Rajah Kessennath Roy, of Berhampore by his own hands, has excited so a great sensation in the public mind, that we, as faithful chroniclers of passing occurrences, feel ourselves called upon to record the melancholy event in our pages, accompanied by such remarks as it may seem to require.

Different opinions are entertained, and have been fully and freely expressed as to the real cause which led to the commission of suicide by the Rajah. It is generally believed that the deed was perpetrated under the influence of insanity, but of this fact sufficient and satisfactory proof has not been adduced to determine the point beyond a doubt; and it has also not been stated what produced the insanity. After all that we have heard and read on the subject, we are constrained to acknowledge that we incline to think, that it was not from an aberration of mind that the late unhappy prince put an end to his life; but that it was an act committed by him deliberately, coolly and in the full possession of his senses.

That the deed in question was perpetrated under very great, perhaps unusual excitement, of feelings, is neither denied, nor can be contradicted; but excitement, however high, does not amount to a positive derangement of the intellect, or betray an utter prostration of the reasoning faculty.

It appears that the Rajah, some weeks ago, ordered a domestic of his to be punished for some real or imaginary offence given by him; but what the nature and extent of the correction administered were is not explained. Whether the punishment was light or severe, and whether the servants, who were employed to inflict it, merely executed the orders of their master, or exceeded them are circumstances left equally unaccounted for. It seems, however, that the punishment was so severe that the miserable victim of it sunk under its administration, and subsequently died from its effects.

Previous to the death of the man, the Rajah had been apprehended; but had obtained his release on bail; and immediately on his enlargement, he very imprudently, as we think, quitted Berhampore, and came to the Presidency, where, unfortunately for him, he fell into the hands of injudicious persons and unskilful advisers. Yet with what intention the Rajah visited Calcutta, it is not easy to conjecture: surely his object could not be to elude the claims of justice; for he must have known, or ought to have been aware, that, abscond and conceal himself where he might, escape was utterly impracticable; and he would have shewn better sense, if he had remained at Berhampore. If he thought he was not justly chargeable with the crime of torturing a man to death, he should have faced his accusers, and established his innocence; but his attempt at flight was at best but a tacit acknowledgment of his guilt.

While at the Presidency, intelligence was received by the Rajah that the tortured man was dead, and that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension, as a preliminary step to his being put on his trial. This report excited no little alarm in the Rajah's mind; indeed, he was so frightened that he appeared to lose all control over his feelings. This state of mind was occasioned partly by the fear of being paraded from *thannah* to *thannah*, like a common felon, and partly by the dread of being condemned to an ignominious death. The Rajah, it is acknowledged, was a person of weak intellect, and it cannot, therefore, be considered surprising that the apprehension of such a fate should have worked so strongly on his mind as almost to overturn its equilibrium, and driven him to that pitch of desperation which could find relief from its anguish only in the attempt at self-destruction.

From his conversations and proceedings, both previous and subsequent to the arrival of intelligence, that his victim had demised, and that a *peruannah* had been directed to the judicial authorities at Howrah for his apprehension, it is quite clear that he knew perfectly well what he was going to do.

To us, it appears by no means strange, that a man, placed in any sphere of life, whether high or low, who is under the dread of incurring capital punishment, should be found to labor under an excessive agitation of mind. The certainty of coming to such an awful end is sufficient to excite the greatest alarm. If history be credited, instances of self-destruction in a sane state of mind are far from few. Cato destroyed himself, not under the influence of madness, but in the full possession of his faculties. Like a true patriot, who dearly loved his country and desired its freedom and happiness, he felt that he could not live to see it enslaved,—and, instead of quietly submitting to the subversion of liberty, he nobly chose not to survive its ruin; and Wallace, rather than submit to the disgrace of a public execution by the gallows, avoided the degradation by committing suicide. Lucrotia also made away with herself in the full possession of all her faculties; for she did not destroy herself under a sudden and momentary impulse of her feelings. She reasoned and deliberated calmly and coolly whether it was nobler to wipe off the foul disgrace she had suffered by suicide, or continue to live in shame and dishonor by submitting to the violation of her person by Sextus Tarquinius. Brutus, in his extremity, threw himself on the point of the sword presented to him by his friend Strato with an averted face, rather than give himself up to his enemies to be treated with cruelty; and Saul destroyed himself to escape falling into the hands of the Philistines,—without either of them having been urged to the commission of the act by the loss of his reason. If, in ancient times, men have been found to be willing and ready to sacrifice themselves in order to escape a greater calamity than death, we are at a loss to conceive why it should be deemed incredible that, in modern times, men should be found equally strong-minded to overcome some threatened overwhelming misfortune by suicide, without being thought insane.

From the solemn declaration made by Rajah Kissennath Roy, that he was not present when the punishment was inflicted, it seems obvious that it was his wish to impress the gentlemen about him with the idea of his innocence. But the asseveration, strong as it was, amounted to nothing; for it was not calculated in any way, to exonerate him from blame, since it could not, and it has not been shewn that, although the Rajah did not see the man punished, he did not order him to be punished. He should have explained that he was neither present at the punishment, nor had ordered its infliction. His statement, therefore, of his absence was worse than useless, for it evidently implied that, though he was not present, he may have ordered the offender to be punished, and this circumstance would suffice to prove his culpability. If he merely ordered the delinquent to be corrected for his fault, but did not interfere when he found that his order had been exceeded; or if he had issued no orders for punishment, yet refrained from all interference when made aware of the cruelty practised by his other domestics, he was, at least to some extent culpable, if not accessory to the crime.

An inquest on the body of the defunct Rajah was held some days ago by the Coroner, Mr. Piddington, and the investigation brought to a close on the third day. The verdict given in by the jury was *felo de se*, and with this verdict the *Star* is dissatisfied. The grounds on which it was formed are the evidences furnished by Mr. Herklotts, Mr. Strettell, Mr. Hedger, and Doctor Young; of these four gentlemen, two only, Mr. Herklotts and Dr. Young, had opportunities of knowing the Rajah, yet it appears unaccountable that, with all their knowledge of the man, they never saw him betray any symptoms of insanity, or commit any one act calculated to impress them with the belief, beyond a doubt, that he was wandering in his mind. With respect to Mr. Strettell and Mr. Hedger, they were comparative strangers to the Rajah, and yet from this slight acquaintance with him apparently acquired during his short stay at the Presidency, they take upon themselves to pronounce a confident opinion on the state of his mind. Their evidence seems to us to be quite unimportant to the merits of the case, and tells neither one way nor another; and it may be supposed that the jury in considering their verdict, did not allow themselves to be influenced by it.

The *Star* lays particular stress on the excessive agitation of mind evinced by the Rajah, and deems that a sufficient proof of insanity, but forgets that the agitation to

whatever degree of excess it may have reached was caused, as we have before stated, by the fear of degradation, joined to a dread of his liability to capital punishment; for no other cause has been assigned, or can be shewn, to account for the aberration of mind imputed to the Rajah. Such agitation, under similar circumstances, is likely to be evinced by men of even stronger nerves than the Rajah possessed. Mr. Herklots does not say that he believed the Rajah to be actually deranged, but merely asserts that he looked excited. What is there so extraordinary in an excited look, under any circumstances? Does the *Star* expect a man to preserve serenity of appearance, or put on a smooth face, when assailed by the fear of disgrace and the dread of hanging. We remember the case of a man destroying himself on being sentenced to the punishment of *Tuhsur*, a punishment, which is considered far more degrading than that even of hanging. A man is set astride on a Jackass with his face towards the tail, a string of old shoes suspended from his neck, a foolscap with a label descriptive of his offence put on his head, and a couple of sweepers on each side flourishing their brooms over his head. In this state he is paraded through the streets of a town, followed by an immense crowd, hooting and hallooing after him. Where is the man, who has any respect for his character, that possesses sufficient firmness of nerve to submit to such a degradation, and survive it. He becomes an outcaste from the community; discarded by his friends, disowned by his parents, disclaimed by his children repudiated by his wife, and shunned by all.

Mr. Herklots deposes to the following effect, and we entreat the attention of our readers to this gentleman's evidence that they may be able to judge for themselves, how far it militates against the verdict of the coroner's jury, or supports them in it.

He (the Rajah) once remarked to me in regard to these proceedings saying, 'this is a most disgraceful thing and I shall not be able to outlive it.' He alluded to the probability of his being arrested. On the day of the occurrence, he also observed in the presence of Mr. Strettell Dr. Young, and myself, that he would rather destroy himself, than allow himself to be arrested. We tried to dissuade him from so rash an act, and he afterwards gave his word he would not do it.

Does the above furnish the slightest proof of insanity, for here is a man, who calmly and coolly deliberates on the disgrace which would attend his arrest; and who being sensibly alive to his honor resolves upon destroying himself, rather than submit to the degradation, but is afterwards persuaded to abandon the rash determination. 'This is a most disgraceful thing, and I shall not be able to outlive it' are the words of a sane, and not of an insane person,—and yet upon the utterance of such an expression, he is judged as one, out of his mind. No man, whose reason was upset, would argue in so deliberate a manner about an arrest, and its consequences. An individual, whose faculties were at all touched would not be so communicative of his design; but would on the contrary, be reserved, and commit the rash act in secrecy. We may safely appeal to the experience of our readers, if they know of an instance, in which a man, whose intellect was affected, had ever expressed himself in such clear, distinct, and intelligible terms his sense of the dishonor, which he was afraid would be reflected upon his character by his arrest, and firmly resolved not to survive it.

And after this he brought out a document which he requested us to sign. I concluded it to be his will, and observing him in a highly agitated state, I asked Mr. Strettell's advice whether it would be proper to sign the document while the Rajah was in that condition. Mr. Strettell told me to do as the Rajah directed, and accordingly the Rajah put his signature to the document and myself and Mr. Strettell subscribed our names as witnesses. The deceased then took away the document, but a little after brought it back and said it was his will, telling me as I could read Bengallee I might satisfy myself of the fact, by reading the heading of the document. He was at this time excessively agitated.

We maintain that a state of even 'excessive agitation' affords no indication of unsoundness of mind, but rather the very reverse of it. How common it is for one, on receiving alarming, or extraordinary news affecting his interests or his safety, to be agitated, without the risk of being pronounced mad. The Rajah was, as observed, highly agitated; but the 'agitation' was obviously produced by the apprehension of disgrace, which he considered as far more painful than capable of being supported with firmness. An insane subject would be incapable of writing a will in a coherent and legal form, any more than, if gifted with the poetic affluat, he would be able to write a work like *Paradise Lost*.

When we got there Mr. Strettell told me to tell the Rajah, that as the Doctor's opinion was not

known as to the cause of the death of the man who had been punished, he, the Rajah, should not surrender himself, but try to evade the execution of the writ by going on the river.

Sage advice from an English lawyer. We doubt, whether Mr. Strettell would give such advice to a client of his, who was liable to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, without laying himself open to judicial censure. The Rajah would have gained nothing by evading the execution of the writ; for how could he succeed in concealing himself. He would at last be traced, and the attempt to defeat the execution of a legal process would have tended only to prejudice his case, and represent his character, of which he seemed so tenacious, in a suspicious light.

Mr. Hedger's deposition is to the same purport as the evidence of Mr. Heiklots and in no way conclusive of the fact sought to be established. He says—

I observed he was very much excited; his eyes looked partially blood-shot; and he was exceedingly agitated. He said to me in English, as far as I can remember, in these words: 'Upon my honor and God, I was not present when the man was punished.' This he repeated several times. No farther conversation touching the details of the case took place.

Mr. Hedger says, that he noticed a partial redness in the Rajah's eyes, but does not explain by what cause, in his opinion, it may have been produced. Redness of the eyes may be occasioned by various causes; but cannot be imputed exclusively to a state of 'agitation,' even though that agitation should be excessive. At all events it is clearly not a symptom of insanity.

Mr. Strettell's evidence is equally inclusive on the point and would prove as much the madness of a brahminy bul, because, in an agitated state it may put its horns down, paw the ground with its hoof, and bellow lustily at any thing, or at nothing.

He remained a prisoner for six or seven days, and was then released on security, the man having been pronounced out of danger. The charge was to be investigated anew by the magistrate, the original inquiry having been made by a subordinate officer. It was rumoured, that this investigation would be commenced during the Doorga Pooja holidays. Before the Poojas, however, the Rajah applied to the Magistrate, to be permitted to appear by *Mookhtear*, but this application was refused. An appeal on this point was made to the Sessions Judge, who ordered that the Rajah should be allowed to appear before the magistrate by *Mookhtear*. But the latter functionary disregarded the order of the superior officer, and intimated his intention to proceed against the Rajah personally, which induced his coming to Calcutta, with a view to consult me as his legal adviser, what measures he ought to adopt.

The preliminary inquiry in criminal cases is always held by a subordinate native officer, who is usually the *Darogah*. If we are not mistaken, a prisoner is not allowed to appear by *Mookhtear* in a magistrate's court, except the proceedings held be final. The Rajah would have acted more wisely, if, instead of consulting an English lawyer unacquainted with the Company's laws and the practice of their Courts he had consulted a *Vukeel* as to what measures he ought to adopt on the refusal, of the magistrate to allow him to appear by *Mookhtear*, and he would have put him in the right way. It is only the Civil Courts that are shut during the *Dusserah* and *Mohorum* vacations; the Nizamut Adawlut are always open for the trial of criminal cases. If the Rajah had appealed to the superior court, we have no doubt his petition would have been heard, and redress granted him.

From the very first day of his arrival, I observed him in a very disturbed state of mind. His conversation was interrupted and unconnected. He thought that the magistrate was determined to disgrace him.

A charge for a less heinous crime would have equally served to disturb the Rajah's mind. The very idea of being disgraced is sufficient to alarm a man of sensitive feelings and produce a decided change in his manners, his acts, and his conversation.

These various reports kept up the excitement which operated powerfully on the Rajah's mind. I believe he took little or no sustenance during this time, and had little or no repose. Instead of sleeping in a bed, he slept on a simple matras without mosquito curtains. On the second day after his arrival, observing marks of mosquito bites on his person, I offered to send to him a bed and curtain; but he said, 'what is the use, I cannot sleep.'

Can a man, under the dread of disgrace, and, probably of hanging too, be expected to eat and drink like an epicure, or sleep on a bed of down? Ask the condemned malefactor, who may be required in another hour to pay the forfeit of his crime on the scaffold, if his rest, during the previous night, was comfortable and undisturbed; ask the convicted murderer, whose hands are ensanguined with the blood of his brother man, and before whose eyes the gibbet swims, and the noose dangles in dim reality, if he reposed on a couch strewn with roses and lilies; ask the miserable victim of superstition, who soon expects to be consumed in

the fire to be kindled to her own offspring, her first-born, if she slept in peace, and dreamed of bliss and immortality. Ask Diogenes' courtier whether he, with a naked sword suspended over him by a single hair, eat ham and turkey, drank claret and champagne, slept comfortably, and saw pleasant visions; and you will find a clear elucidation of the state of the Rajah's feelings, his distaste for food, and his inability to take rest.

On Monday or Tuesday before the day of the occurrence in question, intelligence reached Calcutta, that the man had died; and that the Magistrate was about to issue a *Perwannah* for the apprehension of the Rajah, and that when arrested, he would be taken up to Moorsheadabad, thannah to thannah. This disturbed his mind very much and reduced him almost to a state of prostration of mind, appeared stupid and inattentive to what was said in his hearing or to him; his whole anxiety seemed to be to convince all about him, that he was innocent of the punishment of the servant; stating, that the man had himself declared to the Daroga on being taken to the hospital, that he, the Rajah, was not present at, and took no part in, the proceeding.

The transmission of a prisoner from *thannah* to *thannah* is a common practice, attended, with no inconvenience, if the party implicated can afford to employ a conveyance. But the Rajah might easily have avoided the disgrace of being sent in this way by going to Moorsheadabad in a steamer, and surrendering himself to the Magistrate. If innocent, as he labored to convince those about him that he was so, he need not have feared the result of his trial: a guilty conscience alone would have dreaded it.

He was still in a state of great agitation, and remarked to me that he would rather cut his throat than be paraded from *thannah* to *thannah*.

This proves nothing. A state of agitation is no indication of a state of unsoundness of mind. The threat not to yield to the degradation of being paraded from *thannah* to *thannah* shews only a determination not to submit to the shame of being made a public spectacle to a hooting mob.

I went up to him (Kessab) and told him in Benga'lee, 'you know all this, and could have prevented it;' he made no answer, but literally trembled from agitation.

Was this man also insane? If trembling and agitation be signs of insanity, he must have been so.

His excitement was wholly mental. From day to day the conflicting accounts he received of the state of the man, tended one day to inspire him with hope, and another to depress his spirit. At the time he signed the document, he was decidedly, in my opinion, in an unsound state of mind.

Yet Mr. Strettell not only subscribed to the document himself, but also persuaded Mr. Herklotts to do the same. His act contradicts his opinion. If Mr. Strettell really believed the Rajah to be in an unsound state of mind, he should have declined to become an attesting witness to the will; but his having subscribed to it weakens his opinion of the unsoundness of the Rajah's mind, and amounts to an admission of his sanity.

The evidence of Dr. Young, as that of a professional person, is of more importance to the case, and therefore entitled to greater consideration; but still it supplies no conclusive proof on the point at issue. He was, four years in the service of the Rajah; but he does not say, that during that long period, he ever witnessed any symptoms of even incipient insanity, or had reason to suspect that all was not right with the Rajah's head. It was only a few days before the commission of the dreadful act that he observed an alteration in the Rajah.

At times when he spoke of this subject he appeared much agitated and excited. This I imagine arose from fear, inasmuch as he fancied the officiating authorities at Moorsheadabad were biased against him. Latterly his agitation and anxiety increased from the same cause. Days previous to the occurrence, I remarked nothing in his conversations which savoured of insanity, except excessive agitation which rendered what he said, to some extent, incoherent. He seemed quite lost through a sense of fear.

Now, here is a solution of the problem furnished by Doctor Young. He imputes to fear the 'agitation and excitement', on which Messrs. Herklotts, Hedger, and Strettell rely with such confidence as indicative of the Rajah's insanity—for he distinctly admits that, for days previous to the occurrence, he observed nothing remarkable in the manner and conversation of the Rajah calculated to awaken suspicion of the disturbed state of his mind. His subsequent opinion, however, contradicts that which he entertained at first, but he assigns no satisfactory reason to account for that change; for although the Rajah's agitation and anxiety had indicated

ed, and the increase had even reached to excessiveness, yet it was attributed by him to the same cause,—fear. We are, therefore, at a loss to understand how he afterwards came to construe 'excessive agitation' into insanity. The one statement is opposed to the other, but it is for the Doctor to reconcile the contradiction.

Previous to that day there was nothing unusually remarkable in the Rajah, but after receiving the intelligence of the man's death he became excessively agitated, and a decided change took place in him—such a change as might be expected in a Hindoo of respectability under the apprehension of being arrested, and sent to Moorshedabad, thanuah to thannah. He was uneasy; and betrayed symptoms of fear of being apprehended and sent to Berhampore.

It was fear, and nothing but fear, which operated so strongly on the 'Rajah's' feelings, and caused the agitation and excitement under which he seemed so painfully to labor, and subsequently served to effect a change in his conversations and manner.' We repeat again and again that 'agitation and excitement' do not imply insanity, since circumstances trifling and inconsequential in themselves, are apt, and have been known to produce agitation, anxiety, and excitement even to a very great extent.

His eyes presented a wildness of appearance and were slightly red in color. He did not complain of pain in the head, but did so of sleeplessness. I believe, at the immediate time of his death, there was incipient functional derangement in the brain, temporary however, and brought on by the agitation. Unquestionably at the time of his death, that functional derangement was enough to prevent his knowing what he was then doing. I do not believe that at the time of his death, medically speaking, he was a responsible agent.

We again say that 'wildness' or 'redness' of the eye is not a safe criterion to judge of madness. As the Rajah was addicted to intoxicating drugs, it is not improbable the 'wildness' or 'redness' spoken of might have been occasioned by too free a use of them. The Doctor says there was an incipient functional derangement of the brain; but as the head was not opened and the brain examined, after the death of the Rajah, this point could not be determined with positive certainty. The Doctor adds that 'incipient functional derangement,' prevented the Rajah's knowing what he was doing, yet he was perfectly alive, as admitted, to the indignity, to which he apprehended he would be subjected by being paraded from *thanah* to *thannah*, and expressed his belief that the officiating authorities of Moorshedabad were prejudiced against him. How could he talk of the bias of the officiating authorities, if his right hand did not know what his left hand did? Such is not the conduct of a man laboring under 'incipient functional derangement of the brain;' he would, to our thinking, be perfectly indifferent on all subjects. If he did not know what he was doing, how did he manage to write a long document, and ask two European gentlemen to subscribe to it, explaining to them at the same time that it was his will. Not only does the Doctor make no objection to Mr. Merklott's reference to him, about the propriety of signing any paper, but he actually joins that gentleman and Mr. Strettell in witnessing the will. The Doctor further declares that the functional derangement was brought on by agitation? but this functional derangement may be produced in a case affecting life, or property, without its positively amounting to insanity. 'It is not an uncommon occurrence in the Upper Provinces to find a man murder another, and then destroy himself to escape the gallows; but the act has never been imputed to the effect of insanity. If the Rajah was not a responsible agent, at the time of his demise, his irresponsibility clearly nullified the will; and it should not have been witnessed; but it *was* subscribed to, even with the knowledge that it was written by the Rajah while laboring under functional derangement in the brain, which had incapacitated him from knowing what he was doing. These are inconsistencies, which deprive the Doctor's professional opinion of its full force and value. The explanation given afterwards in regard to the 'irresponsibility' at the time of the production of the will and the Rajah's demise, does not reconcile the contradiction, and is therefore unsatisfactory. It is strange that the 'functional derangement' should have come just when the Rajah was about to commit suicide, and not before, when from all his conduct it appeared evident that he had meditated on self-destruction for some days previously: otherwise it is difficult to account for his anxiety to dispose of his extensive property to the best advantage.

The examination of Kessub and the other native witnesses are in direct opposition to those of the European gentlemen; but it is not necessary to compare them, as we have entered into a full detail of particulars on the subject of the investigation lately held by the Coroner, and we shall therefore conclude with expressing our con-

viction that we consider the verdict of the Jury to be perfectly consistent with the facts elicited at the inquest.

Since the above article was written and transmitted to the press, we have seen the *Englishman* of the 11th November, and are glad to find our contemporary's opinion accords with our own. One thing seems to us very remarkable, that although Mr. Strettell believed the Rajah not to be in the full possession of his senses, when he brought out his will, and requested him and Mr. Herklotts to subscribe to it, as attesting witness to his signature, he incautiously allowed the Rajah to retire under the excuse of procuring a few rupees. If the Rajah was beside himself, as supposed by Mr. Strettell and Mr. Herklotts, we protest, we are unable to recognize the propriety of the former's recommendation to the Rajah to conceal himself; for it would have been of no service to the latter, who would, in all probability, have soon betrayed his lurking place by his fantastic tricks; if Mr. Strettell was really haunted with the suspicion that the Rajah was laboring under a fit of insanity, we are surprised that an apprehension of the unhappy man committing some fatal mischief, if permitted to withdraw, was not aroused in his mind; and, that instead of allowing the Rajah to leave him, under whatever pretext, he did not try to dissuade him from it. Suicide is not uncommon among the natives, of this country; but heretofore they were not known to adopt the refined European mode of destroying themselves. Instead of blowing out their brains with a pistol or a musket, or cutting their throats with a razor, they were hitherto contented to adopt the vulgar and barbarous method of putting an end to their lives either by hanging or drowning. We should like to know what opinion medical men entertain in regard to the state of mind of women, who voluntarily immolate themselves, as Suttees, on the funeral pile; and we should further be glad to learn, at what period of this business 'incipient functional derangement of the brain' commences and terminates. If a *woman* can be supposed to be capable of destroying herself, without the deprivation of her reason, we are at a loss to conceive why it should be deemed incredible that a *man* should possess equal firmness to commit the same act without laying his memory open to the reproach of insanity.

